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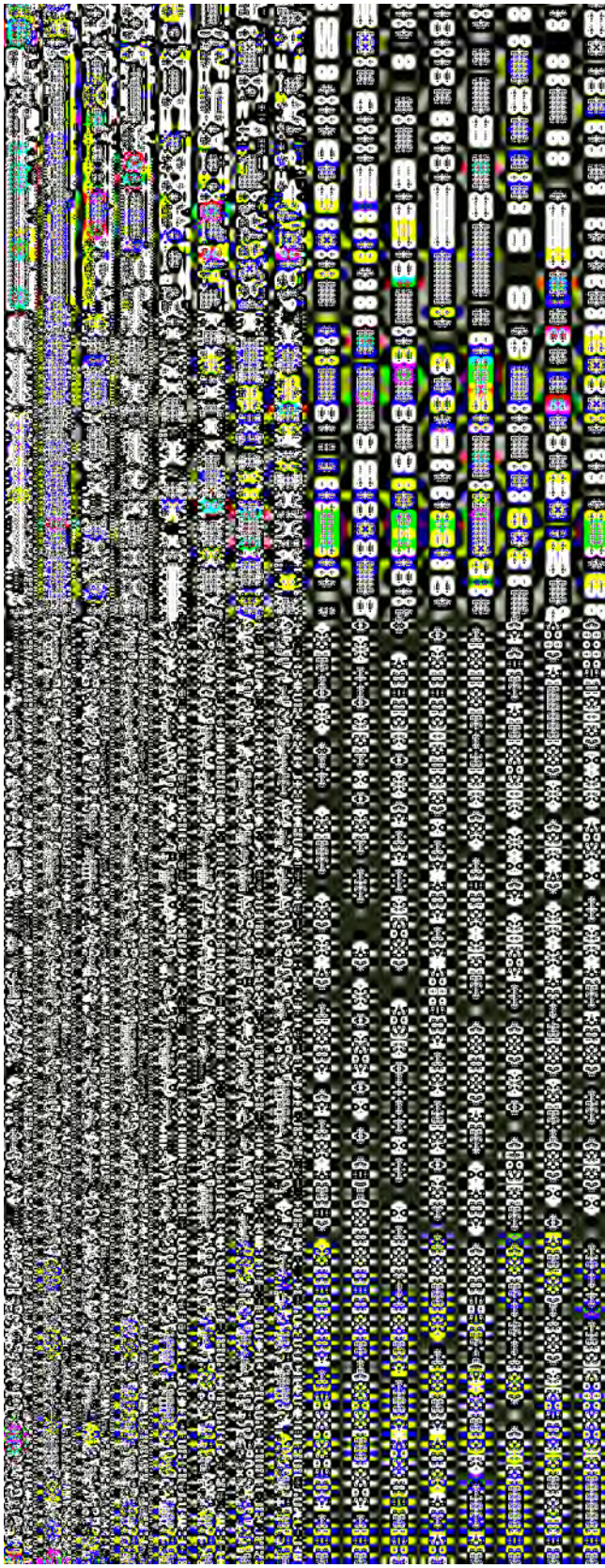
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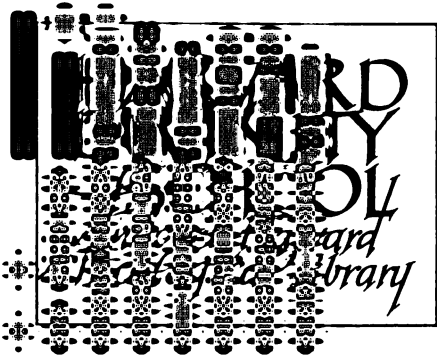
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OF GIVING 2





2/6

THE VOICE OF THANKSGIVING No. 2

That I may publish with the Voice of Thanksgiving,
and tell of all thy wondrous works—*Psalms 26:7*

PREPARED BY

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

D. B. Towner, Mus. Doc.
MUSICAL EDITOR



Price: 50 cents per copy, postpaid.
\$4.80 per dozen, \$40.00 per hundred, transportation extra.

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no. 2

Introduction

THE Moody Bible Institute has long wanted a Hymn Book such as "The Voice of Thanksgiving." It is a generous collection of hymns hallowed by association with the past, and yet it contains many new ones of the kind that moisten the eye, revive the spiritual life of God's children, and bring conviction and salvation to the lost and erring. The title is suggested by the beautiful 26th Psalm, where David expresses his attachment to God's house and the worship of His holy name, saying in the translation of Bishop Horsley,—"I wash my hands in innocency, and ever am about Thy altar, O! Jehovah, to listen to the voice of thanksgiving, and to recite all Thy wondrous deeds."

A book to meet the needs of the hundreds of students from all parts of the world who pass through this Institute each year, and where church and gospel music has always been an outstanding feature of its curriculum, ought to possess merits commending it to a wide circle. We believe it will grow speedily in favor wherever it is known and carry a blessing wherever it goes.

JAMES M. GRAY.

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
September 1, 1913.

Preface to No. 2

We believe "The Voice of Thanksgiving No. 2" is a decided improvement over its predecessor, containing nearly seventy hymns, psalms and gospel songs not in the earlier book, care being given to the words as well as the tunes. Teachers in the Music Course of the Moody Bible Institute have given of their best—Dr. D. B. Towner and Professors John B. Trowbridge, E. O. Sellers, George S. Schuler and Homer A. Hammontree. The repertoire of the late James McGranahan also has been called upon for some of his most popular Psalm tunes and several Gospel songs that have not yet become generally known. Coronation Hymnal, compiled chiefly by the poet theologian, the late Adoniram Judson Gordon, has yielded up more of its treasures to us than before, including his own classic, "We'll Say Good Morning in Glory." And last, but not least, room has been found for more of the old standards like the "Crusader's Hymn," "Ein Feste Burg," "Amsterdam," and others.

Particular thanks for courtesies are due to Mrs. A. J. Gordon, Mrs. Robert Lowry, Mrs. W. H. Doane, Mrs. May A. Stephens, Mrs. Norman H. Camp, Dr. A. B. Simpson and Messrs. Charles M. Alexander, O. E. Pugh, David E. Roberts, Donald E. Young and Oscar A. Miller, as well as the United Presbyterian Board of Publication.

JAMES M. GRAY.


The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago,
September 1, 1916.

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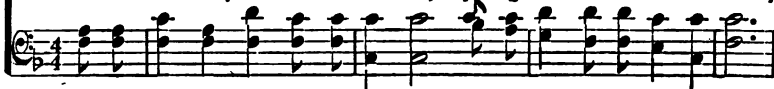

1 I Shall See the King in His Beauty.

A. J. G., 1898.


A. J. GORDON.



1. I shall see the King in His beau-ty, In the land that is far a-way,
2. To be-hold the Chief of Ten Thousand, Ah! my soul this were joy e-nough;
3. Who can tell the rap-tur-ous meeting, When the Lord shall bring home His own?
4. Oh! to none will the King be a stran-ger Of the throngs who sur-round His seat;
5. I shall see Him, I shall be like Him, By one glance of His face transformed;

When the shad-ows at length have lift-ed, And the dark-ness has turned to day.
 'Twill suf-fice for the bliss of heav-en, That the Lamb is the light there-of.
 With one sight all His saints are rav-ish-ed, The Lamb in the midst of the throne.
 For the hearts of the saved will know Him, By the prints of the nails in His feet.
 And this bo-dy of sin and dark-ness To the im-age of Christ conformed.



CHORUS.



I shall see Him in the glo-ry, - The Lamb that once was slain; How I'll then re-



sound the sto-ry, With all the ransomed train! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!



To the Lamb that once was slain; Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.



JAMES M. GRAY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. In all the gos-pel of God's grace, Is there a word more sweet
 2. Why should we ev - er har - bor doubt, Or shrink in trem-bling fear,
 3. How can we an - y lon - ger live In for - mer ways of sin,
 4. Where is the soul of vi - sion large Who loves the hu - man race?

Than that, with glad and ho - ly joy, In cho - rus we re - peat?
 Why rath - er not in con - fi - dence The Throne of Grace draw near?
 When heav'n - ly pow'r is ours, to make And keep us pure with - in?
 Let him pro - claim wher - e'er he goes This mes - sage of free grace.

CHORUS.

For God so loved the world that He gave His Son, His on - ly be - got - ten
 For God so loved the world,

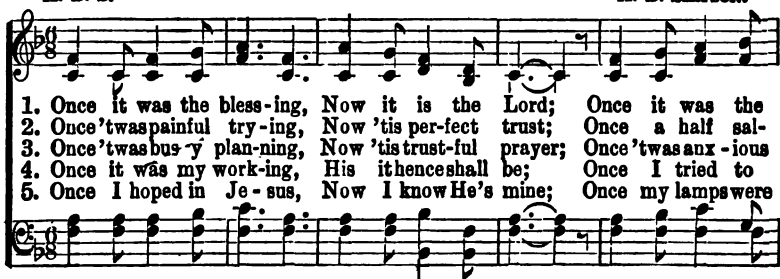
Son, That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him should not per - ish, should not

per - ish, But have ev - er - last - ing life, Ev - er - last - - ing life.
 Should have ev - er - last - ing life.

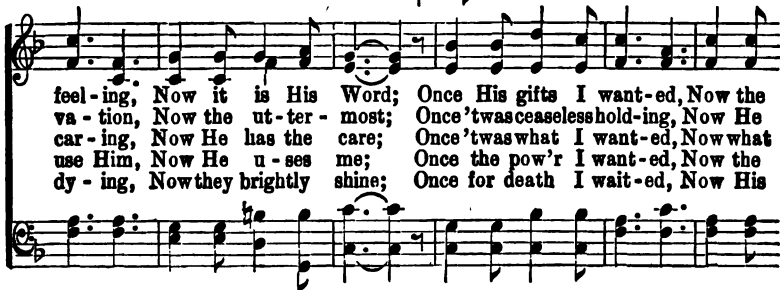
Once It Was the Blessing.

A. B. S.

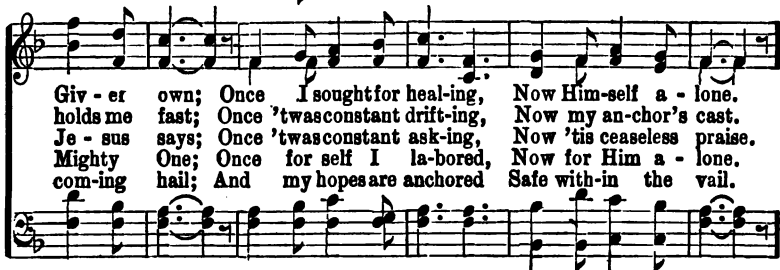
A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Once it was the bless-ing, Now it is the Lord; Once it was the
 2. Once 'twaspainful try-ing, Now 'tis per-fect trust; Once a half sal-
 3. Once 'twasbus-y plan-ning, Now 'tis trust-ful prayer; Once 'twas anx-ious
 4. Once it was my work-ing, His it hence shall be; Once I tried to
 5. Once I hoped in Je-sus, Now I know He's mine; Once my lamps were



feel-ing, Now it is His Word; Once His gifts I want-ed, Now the
 va-tion, Now the ut-ter-most; Once 'twas ceaseless hold-ing, Now He
 car-ing, Now He has the care; Once 'twas what I want-ed, Now what
 use Him, Now He u-ses me; Once the pow'r I want-ed, Now the
 dy-ing, Now they brightly shine; Once for death I wait-ed, Now His




Giv-er own; Once I sought for heal-ing, Now Him-self a-lone.
 holds me fast; Once 'twas constant drift-ing, Now my an-chor's cast.
 Je-sus says; Once 'twas constant ask-ing, Now 'tis ceaseless praise.
 Mighty One; Once for self I la-bored, Now for Him a-lone.
 com-ing hail; And my hopes are anchored Safe with-in the vail.

CHORUS.



All in all for-ev-er, Je-sus will I sing;

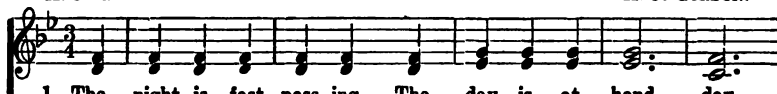


Ev-'ry-thing in Je-sus And Je-sus ev-'ry-thing.


We'll Say Good Morning in Glory.

A. J. G.

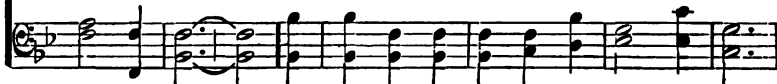
A. J. GORDON.



1. The night is fast pass-ing, The day is at hand, day
 2. With harps and with trum-pets The glo - ri - fied band, glo -
 3. The Lamb on Mount Zi - on With nail pierc-ed hand, nail
 4. Then sing, wea - ry pil-grims, You're near-ing the strand, near-




is at hand, We've sight-ed the moun-tains of Beau - lah land,
 ri - fied band, Are sound-ing their wel-come to Beau - lah land,
 pierc-ed hand, Has o-pened the por-tals of Beau - lah land,
 ing the strand, Where loved ones a-wait you in Beau - lah land,



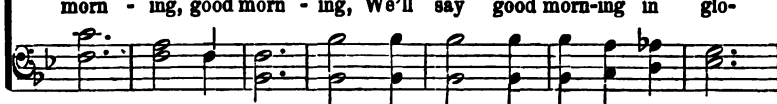

REFRAIN.




Sweet Beau - lah land. We'll say good morning in glo - ry, good

morn - ing, good morn - ing, We'll say good morn-ing in glo -

ry, When the dark-ness has turned to day.



Only a Step.

GEORGE WALKER-WHITCOMB.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. How far to the Sav-iour of men can it be? On - ly a step,
 2. How far from bad hab - its 'till kept in God's will? On - ly a step,
 3. How far to the rap - ture he gives to the blest? On - ly a step,

on - ly a step. How far from your bondage un - til you are free?
 on - ly a step. How far 'till a heav-en your sad heart will fill?
 on - ly a step. How far 'till no bur-dens can rob you of rest?

CHORUS.

On - ly a step, on - ly a step. On - ly a step, you may

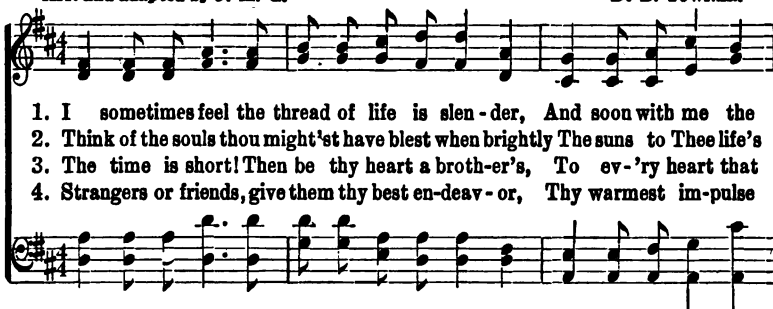
take it now, On - ly a step, at His Cross to bow, Out of your

sin to the smile of His face, On - ly a step, O mar - vel - ous grace!

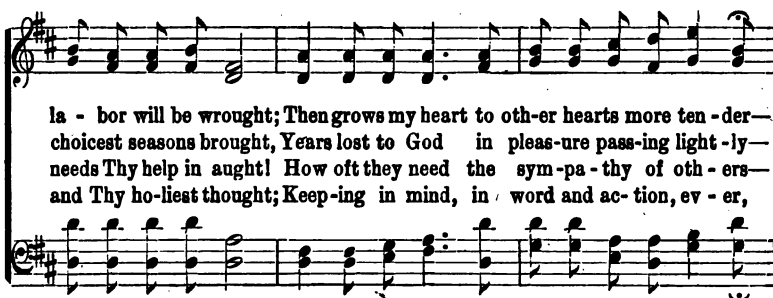
The Time Is Short.

Author unknown.
Arr. and adapted by J. M. G.

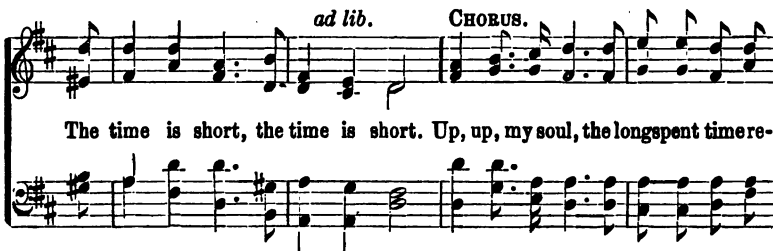
D. B. TOWNER.



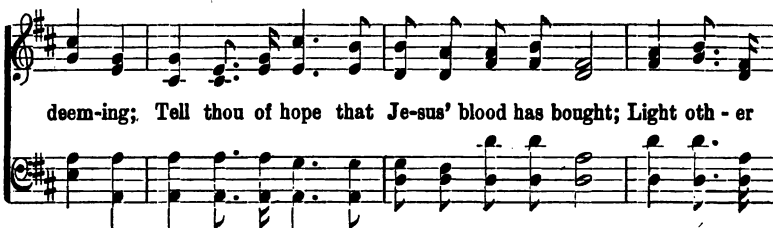
1. I sometimes feel the thread of life is slen-der, And soon with me the
2. Think of the souls thou might'st have blest when brightly The suns to Thee life's
3. The time is short! Then be thy heart a broth-er's, To ev-'ry heart that
4. Strangers or friends, give them thy best en-deav-or, Thy warmest im-pulse



la - bor will be wrought; Then grows my heart to oth-er hearts more ten-der—
choicest seasons brought, Years lost to God in pleas-ure pass-ing light-ly—
needs Thy help in aught! How oft they need the sym-pa-thy of oth-ers—
and Thy ho-liest thought; Keep-ing in mind, in word and ac-tion, ev-er,



ad lib. CHORUS.
The time is short, the time is short. Up, up, my soul, the longspen time re-



deem-ing; Tell thou of hope that Je-sus' blood has bought; Light oth-er

The Time Is Short.

ad lib.

lamps while yet the light is beaming— The time is short, the time is short.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first line. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

7

God Holds the Key.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

(LLANELLY, 8. 4. 8. 8. 4.)

DAVID E. ROBERTS.

1. God holds the key of all un-known, And I am glad,
 2. What if to - mor - row's cares were here With-out its rest,
 3. The ver - y dim - ness of my sight Makes me se - cure,
 4. I can - not read His fu - ture plan, But this I know
 5. E - nough; this cov - ers all my wants, And so I rest,

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

If oth - er hands should hold the key, Or if He
 I'd rath - er He'd un - lock the day, And, as the
 For, grop - ing in my mist - y way, I feel His
 I have the smil - ing of His face, And all the
 For, what I can - not, He can see, And, in His

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

rit.


trust - ed it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.
 hours swing o - pen, say, "My will is best," "My will is best."
 hand; I hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."
 ref - uge of His grace, While here be - low, While here be - low.
 care I safe shall be, For - ev - er blest, For - ev - er blest.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.



8 Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace.

J. H. SAMMIS.



D. B. TOWNER.





1. Fa - ther, my fee - ble faith takes hold On that strong hand of Thine;
2. As Je - sus calm - ly lay at rest On storm-tossed Gal - i - lee,
3. The bark once tossed from crest to crest In long, un - s - qual strife,

And feels its grasp her own en - fold, Im-part-ing strength di - vine;
And slept, as ere on Mary's breast, He slept in in - fan - cy;
Shall bear me buoy - ant on the breast Of seas that sought my life;





And sings her cheer - ful song at ease, While lean - ing hard on Thee, —
My soul shall find from care re - lease, How - ev - er rough the sea, —
And He who bade the tu - mult cease, Shall hear my song of glee, —

ritard.

“Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace Whose mind is stayed on Thee”
per - fect peace, Whose mind is stayed on Thee.”



My Heart is Resting, O My God.

ANNA L. WARING.

SWISS MELODY.



1. My heart is rest - ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing.
2. I thirst for springs of heav'nly life, And here all day they rise;
3. And a "new song" is in my mouth, To long-loved mu - sic set—
4. I have a her - i - tage of joy That yet I must not see;
5. There is a cer - tain-ty of love, That sets my heart at rest;



My heart is at the se - cret source Of ev - 'ry pre - cious thing.
 I seek the treas - ure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.
 Glo - ry to Thee for all the grace I have not tast - ed yet!
 The hand that bled to make it mine Is keep - ing it for me.
 A - calm as - sur - ance for to - day That what Thou dost is best.



CHORUS.



O peace of God that pass - eth thought, I dai - ly, hour - ly sing,



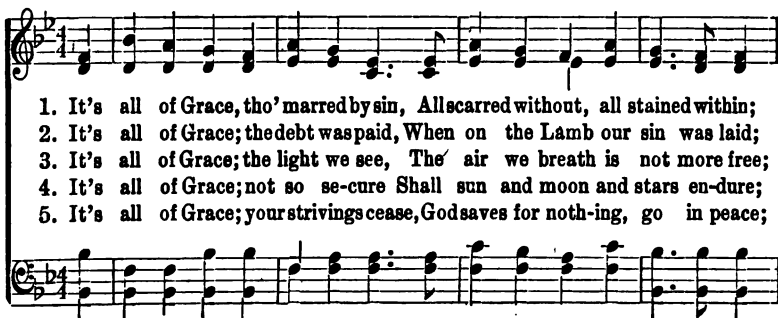
My heart is at the se - cret source Of ev - 'ry pre - cious thing.



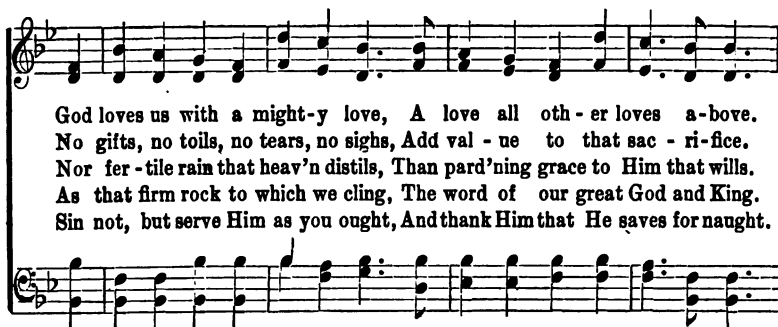
It's All of Grace.

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. It's all of Grace, tho' marred by sin, All scarred without, all stained within;
2. It's all of Grace; the debt was paid, When on the Lamb our sin was laid;
3. It's all of Grace; the light we see, The air we breathe is not more free;
4. It's all of Grace; not so secure Shall sun and moon and stars endure;
5. It's all of Grace; your strivings cease, God saves for nothing, go in peace;

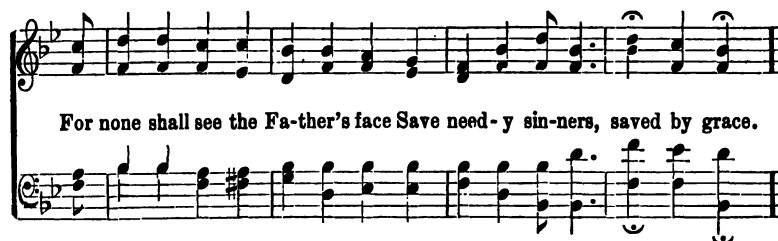


God loves us with a mighty love, A love all other loves above.
 No gifts, no toils, no tears, no sighs, Add value to that sacrifice.
 Nor fertile rain that heaven distills, Than pard'ning grace to Him that wills.
 As that firm rock to which we cling, The word of our great God and King.
 Sin not, but serve Him as you ought, And thank Him that He saves for naught.

CHORUS.



It's all of Grace; a gift we take Which God bestows for Jesus' sake;



For none shall see the Father's face Save needy sinners, saved by grace.

Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



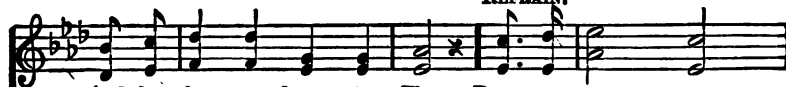
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the



love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 grace di-vine; May my soul look up with a stead-fast hope
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
 nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

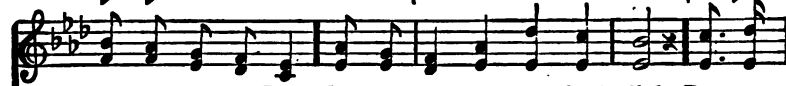


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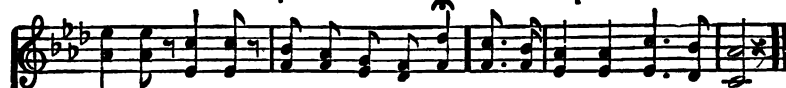


And be clos-er drawn to Thee. Draw me near-er,
 And my will be lost in Thine.
 I commune as friend with friend!
 Till I rest in peace with Thee.

near-er, near-er,



near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me



near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

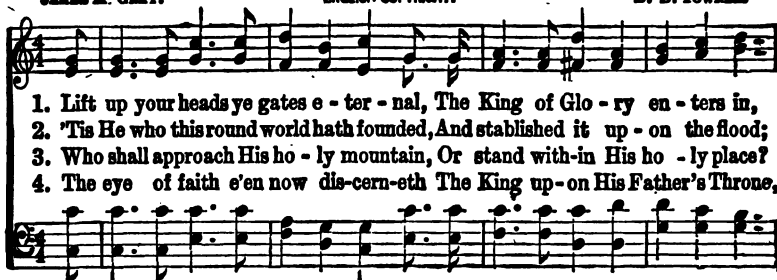


Who is the King of Glory?

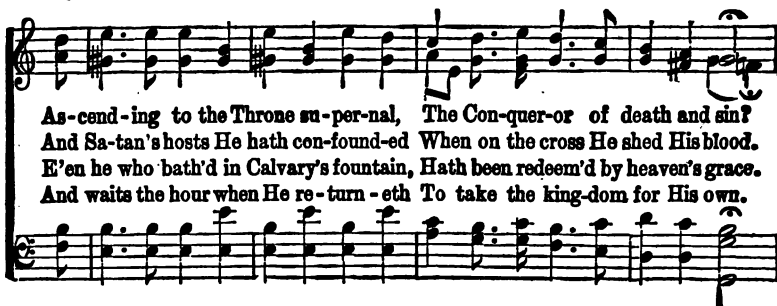
JAMES M. GRAY.

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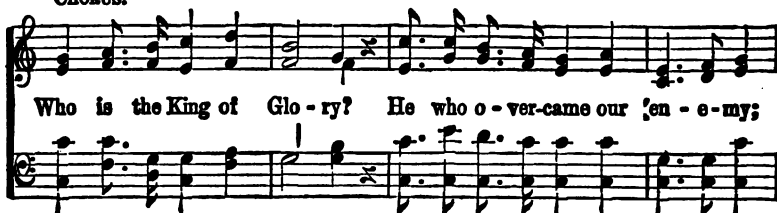


1. Lift up your heads ye gates e - ter - nal, The King of Glo - ry en - ters in,
2. 'Tis He who this round world hath founded, And stablished it up - on the flood;
3. Who shall approach His ho - ly mountain, Or stand with-in His ho - ly place?
4. The eye of faith e'en now dis-cern-eth The King up-on His Father's Throne,

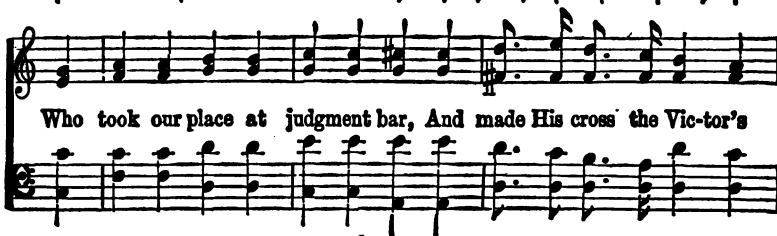


As-cend-ing to the Throne su-per-nal, The Con-quer-or of death and sin?
And Sa-tan's hosts He hath con-found-ed When on the cross He shed His blood.
E'en he who bath'd in Calvary's fountain, Hath been redeem'd by heaven's grace.
And waits the hour when He re-turn-eth To take the king-dom for His own.

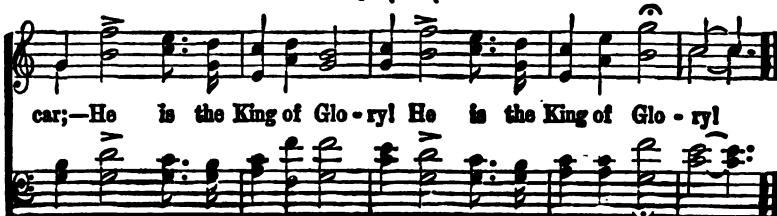
CHORUS.



Who is the King of Glo - ry? He who o-ver-came our 'en - e-my;



Who took our place at judgment bar, And made His cross the Vic-tor's




car;-He is the King of Glo - ry! He is the King of Glo - ry!

It is Well with My Soul.


H. G. SFAFFORD.

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P. P. BLISS.




1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When
 2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
 3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The




sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
 sin — not in part but the whole,—Is nailed to His cross, and I
 clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the

taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
 help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 Lord shall de-scend,—“E - ven so”— it is well with my soul.



CHORUS.



It is well with my soul,.... It is well, it is well with my soul!
 It is well with my soul,



"There Remaineth a Rest."

JAMES M. GRAY.

HOMER A. HAMMONTREE.

1. O, broth-er, be-loved in Christ Je - sus, I hail thee as
 2. Think not that His rest is in heav-en, Tho' heav-en is
 3. For Je - sus on Cal - va - ry's moun-tain, By dy - ing thy
 4. O, cease from thy works and thy la - bor, Thy doubt and mis-

one of the blest; Our God hath redeemed and hath saved thee,
 promised thee, too; But here on the earth mid its tur-moil,
 pen-al-ty paid, And ren-dered to God an ob-la-tion
 giv-ing give o'er; Let joy and let peace in be-liev-ing

REFRAIN.

But, O, hast thou en-tered His rest?
 A heav-en is wait-ing for you. There re-main-eth a
 Which peace ev-er - last-ing hath made.
 Thy sin-wound-ed spir-it re-store.

rest for God's peo-ple, O, fear and an-xi-e-ty cease! If


rit.

Je - sus hath sat-is-fied heav-en, His people on earth may have peace.


Only a Sinner.

JAMES M. GRAY.

D. B. TOWNER.




1. Naught have I got-ten but what I received; Grace hath bestowed it since
 2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
 3. Tears un-a-vail-ing, no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
 4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows, Lov-ing his Sav-iour, to




I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clud-ed, pride I a-base; I'm
 God to de-part; Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case, I
 else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But
 tell what he knows; Once more to tell it would I em-brace—I'm

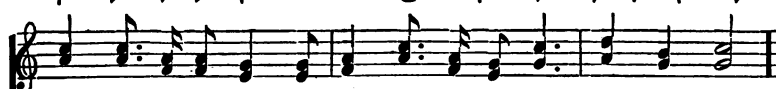
CHORUS.



on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
 now am a sin-ner saved by grace! On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace,
 now I'm a sin-ner saved by grace!
 on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!



On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto-ry, to

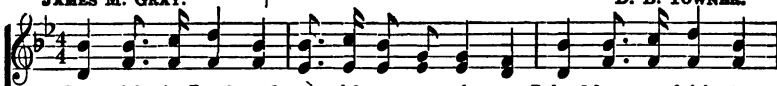


God be the glo-ry,—I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

Christian Fellowship Song.

JAMES M. GRAY.

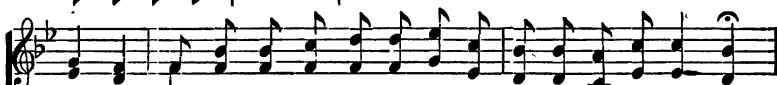
D. B. TOWNER.



1. One with the Lord, and one with one an-oth-er, Joined by our faith to
2. By blood redeemed, and heirs of God'ssal-va-tion, Called by His Son to
3. Blended our tears as for eachoth-er car-ing, Min-gled our prayers, each
4. "God bless the School that D. L. Moody found-ed; Firm may she stand, by



Christ, the el-der Broth-er, Blest is our fel-low-ship, ev-er grow-ing
toll in ev-'ry na-tion, Far in the har-vest field reap-ing we may
oth-er's burdens bear-ing, Shar-ing the prom-is-es, e-ven an-gels
foes of truth surround-ed! Rich-es of grace be-stowed may she ne-ver



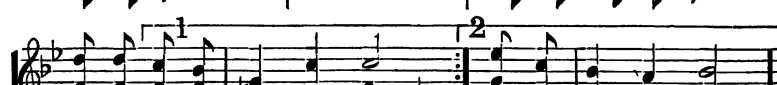
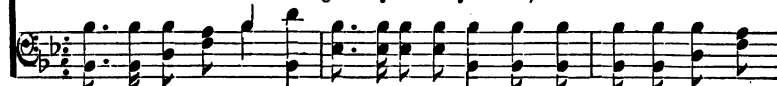
fond-er, Prom-ise of the bet-ter things in glo-ry o-ver yon-der!
wan-der, La-den with the gold-en grain we'll meet in glo-ry yon-der!
pon-der, Man-sions are a-wait-ing us in glo-ry o-ver yon-der!
squander, Keep-ing true to God and man her re-cord o-ver yon-der."



CHORUS.



Glo-ry o-ver yon-der, o-ver yon-der, When Je-sus comes in
glo-ry o-ver yon-der,



glo-ry, We shall part no more, We shall part no more.



That Beautiful Name.

JEAN PERRY. alt.

MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP.

1. I know of a Name, A beau-ti-ful Name, That an-gels bro't
 2. I know of a Name, A beau-ti-ful Name, That un-to a
 3. The One of that Name, My Sav-iour be-came, My Sav-iour of
 4. I love that blest Name; That won-der-ful Name, Made high-er than

down to earth; They whis-pered it low, One night long a-go,
 Babe was given; The stars glittered bright Thro'out that glad night,
 Cal-va-ry; My sins nailed Him there, My bur-dens He bare,
 all in heav'n; 'Twas whis-pered, I know, In my heart long ago,—

CHORUS.
 To a maid-en of low-ly birth.
 And an-gels praised God in heav'n. That beau-ti-ful Name, That
 He suffered all this for me.
 To Je-sus my life I've given.

beau-ti-ful Name, From sin has power to free us! That beau-ti-ful

Name, That wonder-ful Name, That matchless Name is Je-sus!

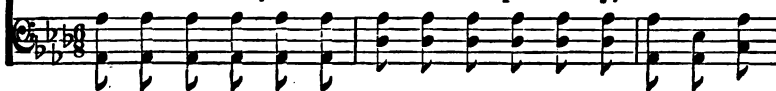
Jesus is Calling Thee.

ANNA B. RUSSELL.

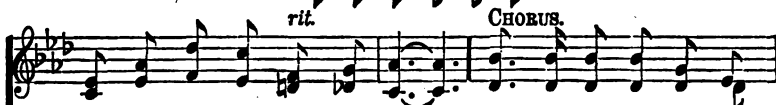
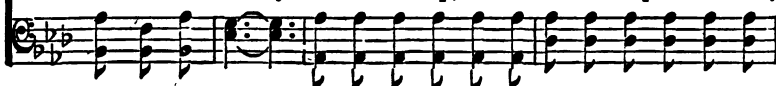
ERNEST O. SELLERS.



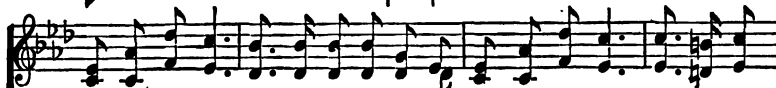
1. Ten-der - ly, gra-cious-ly Je - sus in - vit-eth thee, "Come un - to
2. Paid He the price for thy soul on Mount Cal - va - ry, Pierc-ed His
3. Turn not a - way while the Spir - it is call-ing thee, O - pen to
4. List to His voice, He has called thee re - peat-ed - ly, Break from the



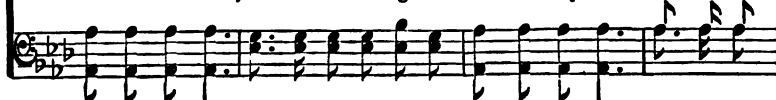
Me and find rest." Pleads He so lov-ing - ly, waits He so pa-tient-ly,
hands and His side; Will-ing - ly, free - ly He suf-fered such ag - o - ny,
Him thy heart's door; Bid Him to en - ter and cleanse thy heart thoroughly,
chains that en - thrall; Grieve not the Spir-it lest He should depart from thee,



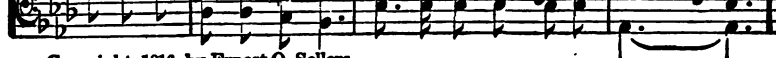
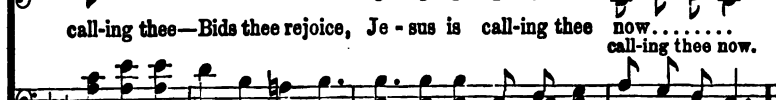
Of - fers thee all that is best.
Bid Him come in to a - bide. Je - sus is call-ing thee—
Free thee from guilt ev - er - more.
Nev - er a - gain on thee call.



List to His voice, Je - sus is calling thee—make Him your choice, Je - sus is



call-ing thee—Bids thee rejoice, Je - sus is call-ing thee now.....
call-ing thee now.



He Is Caring for Me.

HARRIET H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.



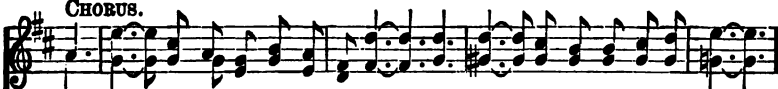
1. I know that my Father is car-ing For all of His children be-low;
2. I fear not tho' peril surround me, He's promised to shield me from harm;
3. One world is but dust in His balance, One sea but a drop in His hand;



I know that thro' sunshine and shadow, He guides me wherev-er I go.
 Tho' doubt and temptation as-sail me; I'm safe in His sheltering arm.
 One soul in His sight is more precious Than treasures of o-cean and land.



CHORUS.



I trust Him thro' all of life's journey, For clear-ly the way He can see;



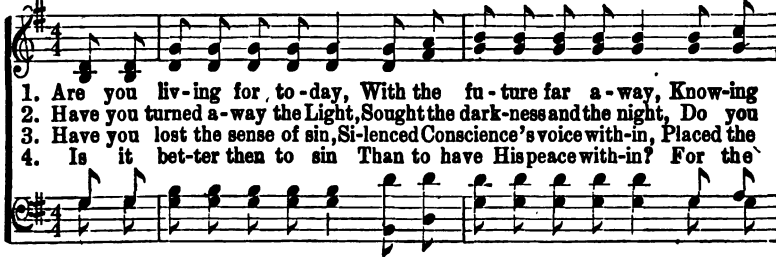
I hold to His hand in the dark-ness; I know He is car-ing for me.



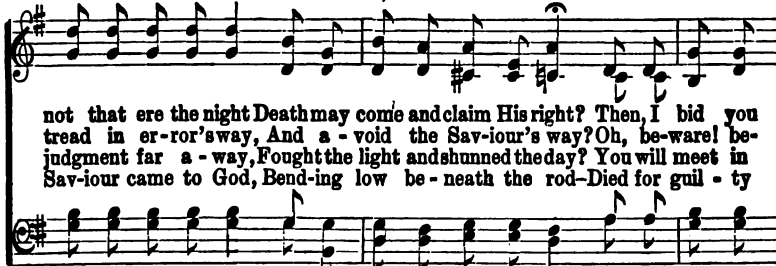
The Judgment Day.

OSWALD J. SMITH

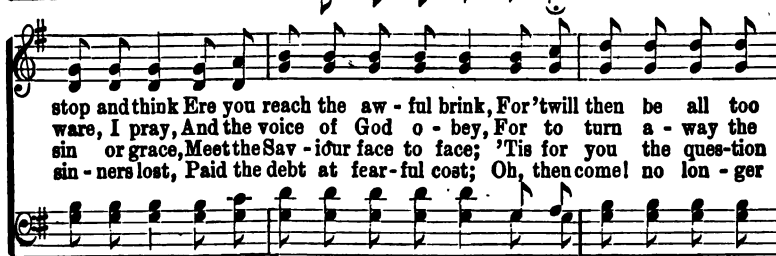
D. B. TOWNER



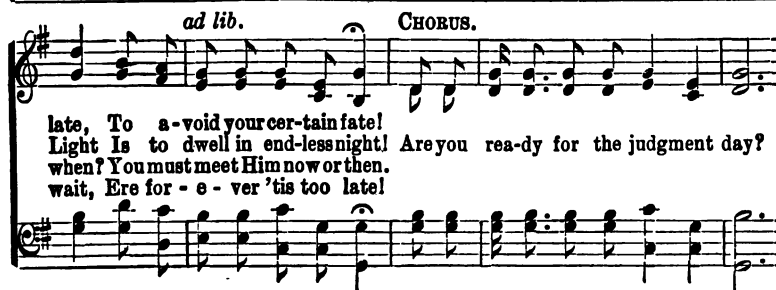
1. Are you liv-ing for to-day, With the fu-ture far a-way, Know-ing
 2. Have you turned a-way the Light, Sought the dark-ness and the night, Do you
 3. Have you lost the sense of sin, Si-lenced Conscience's voice with-in, Placed the
 4. Is it bet-ter then to sin Than to have His peace with-in? For the



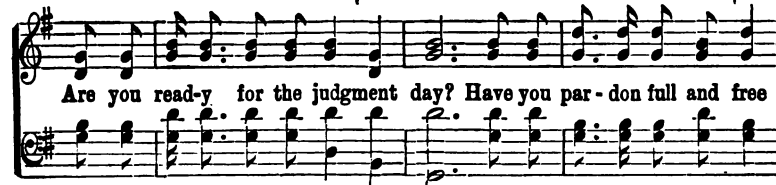
not that ere the night Death may come and claim His right? Then, I bid you
 tread in er-ror's way, And a-void the Sav-iour's way? Oh, be-ware! be-
 judgment far a-way, Fought the light and shunned the day? You will meet in
 Sav-iour came to God, Bend-ing low be-neath the rod-Died for guil-ty



stop and think Ere you reach the aw-ful brink, For'twill then be all too
 ware, I pray, And the voice of God o-bey, For to turn a-way the
 sin or grace, Meet the Sav-iour face to face; 'Tis for you the ques-tion
 sin-ners lost, Paid the debt at fear-ful cost; Oh, then come! no lon-ger



ad lib. CHORUS.
 late, To a-void your cer-tain fate!
 Light is to dwell in end-less night! Are you rea-dy for the judg-ment day?
 when? You must meet Him now or then.
 wait, Ere for-e-ver 'tis too late!



Are you read-y for the judg-ment day? Have you par-don full and free

The Judgment Day.

Through the Sav-iourslain for thee? Are you read-y for the judg-ment day?

21 God Will Give His Children Peace.

JAMES M. GRAY.

D. B. TOWNER.

Theme suggested by an unknown author.

1. Like sweetmu-sic soft - ly break - ing On the troub-led dreamer's sleep,
 2. Far a-bove the din and striv - ing Of life's wide and rest - less sea,
 3. All my doubts and questions still - ing, All the fears that press the soul,
 4. When the day has reached its twi - light, And my bark its ha - ven nears,

Comesthepromise down from heav-en, God will all His chil-dren keep.
 Thro'the sing-ing and the sob-bingComesthismes-sage sweetto me.
 Tell-ing of a love un - changing Does this ech - o ev - er roll.
 Still theprom-ise lives un - brok-en In the glad e - ter - nal years.

REFRAIN.

"Per-fectpeace, per-fectpeace, God will give His chil-dren peace."
 Perfectpeace, perfect peace.

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I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY DANA SHINDLER.

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ENGLISH COPYRIGHT.

GEORGE S. SCHULER.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry but a
 2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er is the
 3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing; O my long-ing heart is

night; Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing Towhere the
 light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y
 there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y, I long have

CHORUS.
 streamlets are ev-er flow-ing.
 tears there, nor an-y dy-ing. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger,
 wan-dered, for-lorn and wear-y.

I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;.... I'm a
 I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;
ad lib.

pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

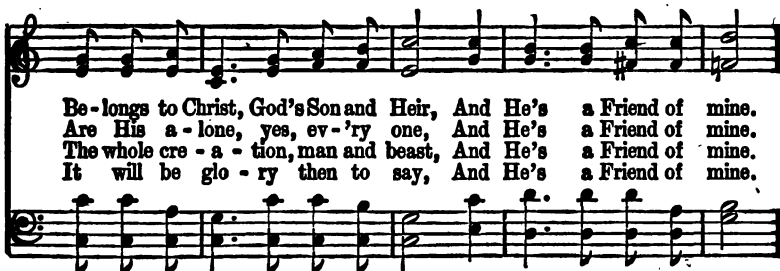
He's a Friend of Mine.

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

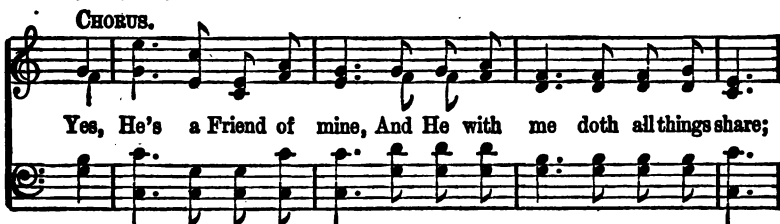


1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth of ev-'ry mine
 2. The sil-ver moon, the gold-en sun, The count-less stars that shine,
 3. He dai-ly spreads a glo-rious feast, And at His ta-ble dine
 4. And when He comes in bright ar-ray, And leads the conquering line,



Be-longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.
 Are His a-lone, yes, ev-'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.
 The whole cre-a-tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.
 It will be glo-ry then to say, And He's a Friend of mine.

CHORUS.



Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;



Since all is Christ's, and Christ is mine, Why should I have a



care? For Je-sus is a Friend of mine....

"A Little While."

J. H. SAMMIS.

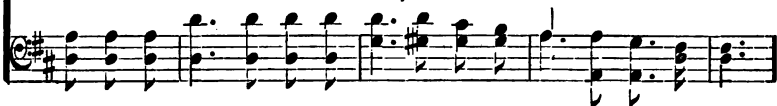
D. B. TOWNER.



1. "A lit-tle while,"-be brave, be strong, Hold fast the hope, He'll not be long;
2. "A lit-tle while" to do and bear, And one an-oth-er's load to share;
3. "A lit-tle while!" how swift-ly sped, So brief a night we shall not dread;
4. "A lit-tle while!" oh, who would grieve, This scene of pain and death to leave,
5. "A lit-tle while!" "A lit-tle while!" We may not pass an-oth-er stile



For His great love will nev-er rest Un-til He folds us to His breast.
 The watch to keep, the lamp to trim, And then,-for-ev-er be with Him.
 But e'en the dark-est hour be-guile, With that sweet word, "A lit-tle while."
 To mount on ea-gle's wing and soar To rest with Him for-ev-er-more?
 Till with our own be-loved we meet, A-round our dear Re-deem-er's feet:



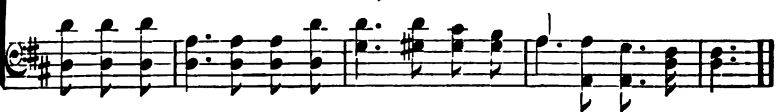
CHORUS.



"A lit-tle while!" "A lit-tle while!" Oh, bless-ed hope, "A lit-tle while!"



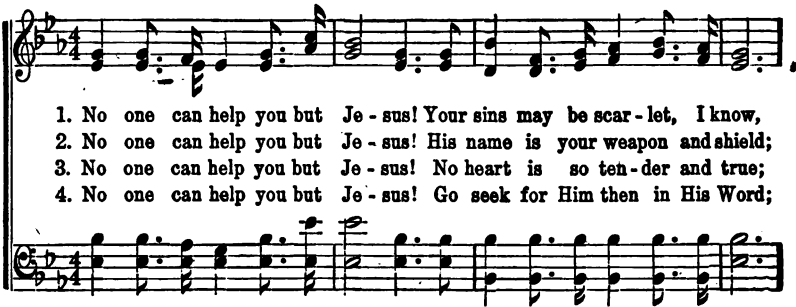
Then free from care and toil we'll rise, To walk with Him in Par-a-dise.



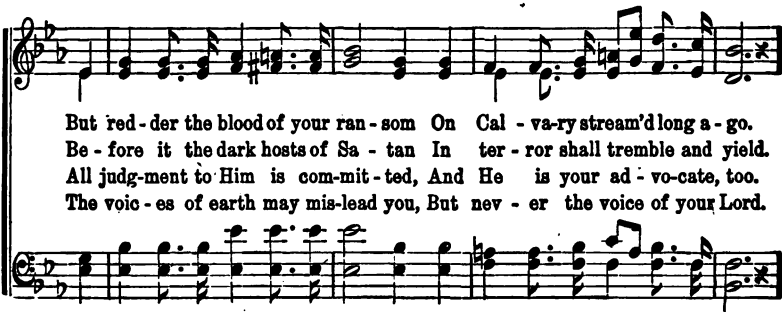
25 No One Can Help You But Jesus.

A. A. P.

D. B. TOWNER.

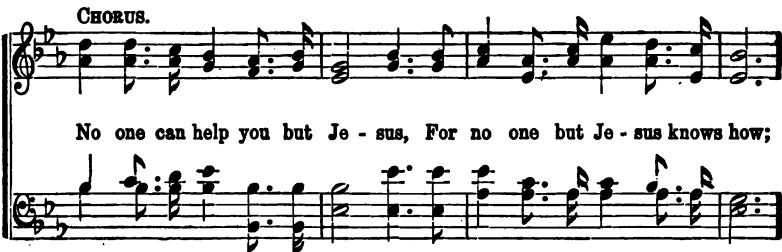


1. No one can help you but Je - sus! Your sins may be scar - let, I know,
 2. No one can help you but Je - sus! His name is your weapon and shield;
 3. No one can help you but Je - sus! No heart is so ten - der and true;
 4. No one can help you but Je - sus! Go seek for Him then in His Word;

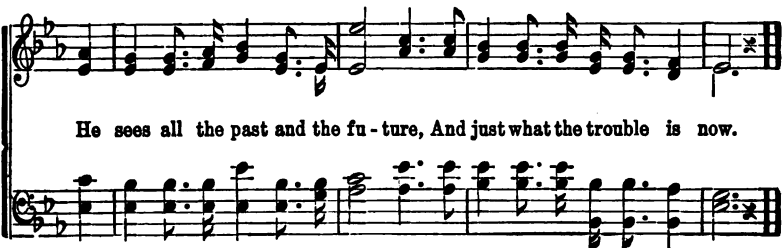


But red - der the blood of your ran - som On Cal - va - ry stream'd long a - go.
 Be - fore it the dark hosts of Sa - tan In ter - ror shall tremble and yield.
 All judg - ment to Him is com - mit - ted, And He is your ad - vo - cate, too.
 The voic - es of earth may mis - lead you, But nev - er the voice of your Lord.

CHORUS.



No one can help you but Je - sus, For no one but Je - sus knows how;



He sees all the past and the fu - ture, And just what the trouble is now.

Ride On in Majesty.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes "Ho-san-na" cry;
 2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies of the sky
 3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fier - est strife is nigh;
 4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;

O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.
 Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes, To see th' approaching sac - ri - fice.
 The Fa - ther on His sapphire throne A - waits His own a - noint - ed Son.
 Bow Thy meek head to mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.

CHORUS.

Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly
 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Ride on! ride on! In low - ly pomp, in

pomp ride on to die! O Christ, Thy tri - umphs now be -
 low - ly pomp ride on to die! O Christ, Thy tri - umphs now be - gia, Thy

gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
 tri - umphs now be - gia O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.

The Wonderful Blood.

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. I stood in a-maze and won - der, That God should forgive my sin!
2. I stood in per-verse re - bel - lion, De - ny-ing my Lord's con - trol;
3. The blood of my Lord has cleansed me, Day breaks on my soul's dark night;
4. O tell of its pow'r transform-ing, Wher-ev - er men yearn for peace;



That e - vil of heart and e - vil of life, Sal - va - tion I
 The Sav-iour's sweet call, the Spi - rit's low plea, Bro't hope to my
 Once foul, now I'm clean, once dead, now I live, Once blind, I have
 The - err - ing it guides, brings strength to the weak, For sin gives com-



CHORUS.

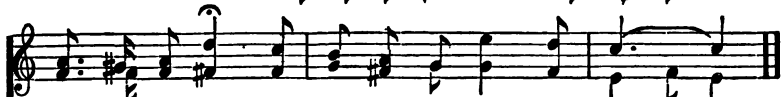


still may win!
 sin - sick soul.
 found my sight.
 plete re - lease.

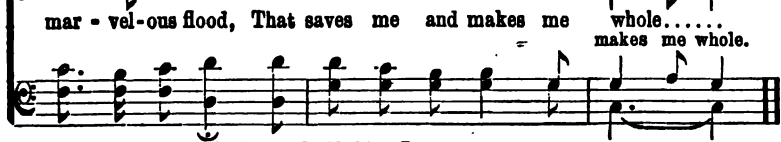
'Tis the won - der - ful blood, the blood of my Lord, That



pur - ges my sin and cleans-es my soul! 'Tis the won - der - ful blood,



mar - vel-ous flood, That saves me and makes me whole.....
 makes me whole.



Look and Live.

J. H. SAMMIS.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. It is writ - ten in the Book, Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis a
 2. See the cross up - lift - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Who - so -
 3. When He rose up thro' the sky, Hal - le - lu - jah! All their
 4. We'll pro - claim it far and wide, Hal - le - lu - jah! O ye

word of price - less worth, Hear and heed it, all the earth: There's sal -
 ev - er will be - lieve, Life e - ter - nal shall re - ceive, For the
 sins are blot - ted out, Who be - lieve and do not doubt; Then to
 sons of men take heed, And lay hold of life in - deed; Send it

va - tion in a look, Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus Christ and live.
 soul shall nev - er die, Hal - le - lu - jah! That will look to Him and live.
 Him lift up thine eye, Hal - le - lu - jah! And thy soul shall ev - er live.
 forth on wind and tide, Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Him, yes, look and live.

CHORUS.


Look and live, look and live, Look, look to Him, and live! For the

message is to you; There is nothing you can do, On - ly look, look and live!

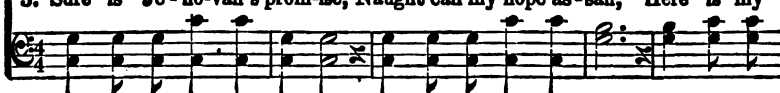

Safe in Jehovah's Keeping.

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON.

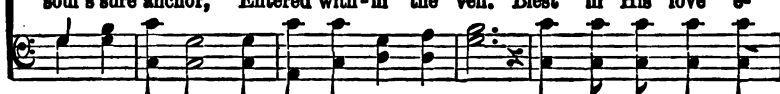

D. B. TOWNER.




1. Safe in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Led by His glo-rious arm, God is Him-
 2. Safe in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Safe in temp-ta-tion's hour, Safe in the
 3. Sure is Je-ho-vah's prom-ise, Naught can my hope as-sail; Here is my


self my ref-uge, A pres-ent help from harm. Fears may at times dis-
 midst of per-ils, Kept by Al-might-y power. Safe when the tem-pest
 soul's sure anchor, Entered with-in the veil. Blest in His love e-


gress me, Griets may my soul an- noy; God is my strength and por-tion,
 rag-es, Safe tho' the night be long; E'en when my sky is dark-est
 ter-nal, What can I want be-side! Safe thro' the blood that cleanseth,



CHORUS.



God my ex-ceed-ing joy.
 God is my strength and song. Safe in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Led by His
 Safe in the Christ that died.

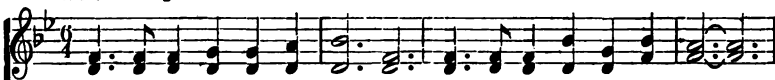



glo-rious arm, God is Himself my ref-uge, A pres-ent help from harm.

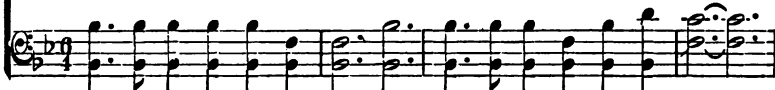


JULIA H. JOHNSTON.
Words arranged.

HOMER A. HAMMONTREE.



1. Come, for the Sa-viour is call-ing, Come to Him, just as you are;....
2. You need not wait to grow bet-ter, Ev-'ry such ef-fort is vain;...
3. Come as you are without fear-ing, Je-sus is wait-ing to save;...
4. Come, for the Sav-iour is plead-ing, He loves and longs to for-give;...



Haste, for the shad-ows are fall-ing, Gates of the night are a - jar.....
Je - sus can break ev-'ry fet-ter, Blot out your guilt and your stain....
Yes, for the vil-est of sin-ners His life a ran-som He gave....
He of-fers you free sal - va - tion, Ac-cept His par-don and live.....



CHORUS.



Just as you are with-out wait-ing, Tho' you have wandered a - far,....

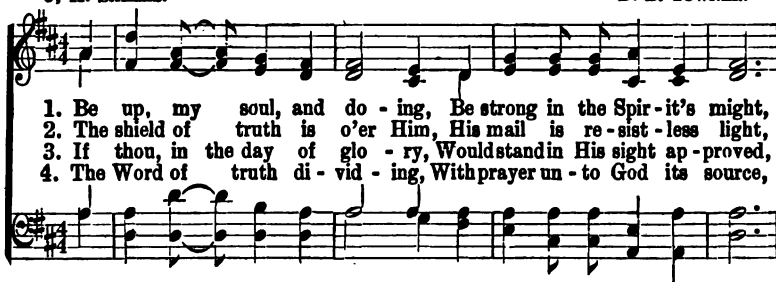


He will re-ceive, if you on-ly be-lieve, O come to Him just as you are....

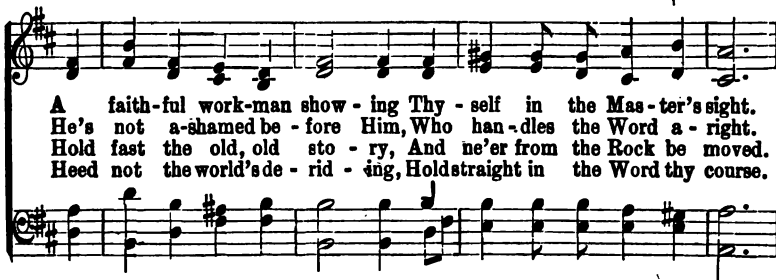


J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Be up, my soul, and do - ing, Be strong in the Spir - it's might,
 2. The shield of truth is o'er Him, His mail is re - sist - less light,
 3. If thou, in the day of glo - ry, Wouldstand in His sight ap - proved,
 4. The Word of truth di - vid - ing, With prayer un - to God its source,



A faith - ful work - man show - ing Thy - self in the Mas - ter's sight.
 He's not a - shamed be - fore Him, Who han - dles the Word a - right.
 Hold fast the old, old sto - ry, And ne'er from the Rock be moved.
 Heed not the world's de - rid - ing, Hold straight in the Word thy course.

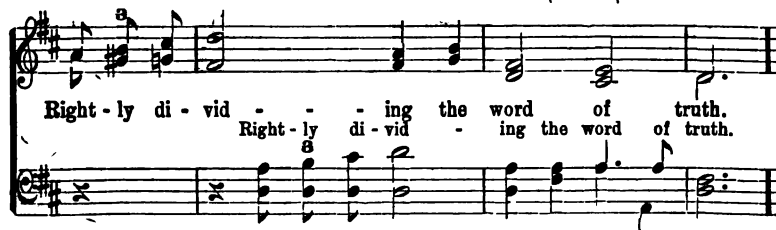
CHORUS.



Stud - y to show thy - self ap - proved un - to God
 ap - proved. un - to God.



A work - man that need - eth not to be a - shamed,

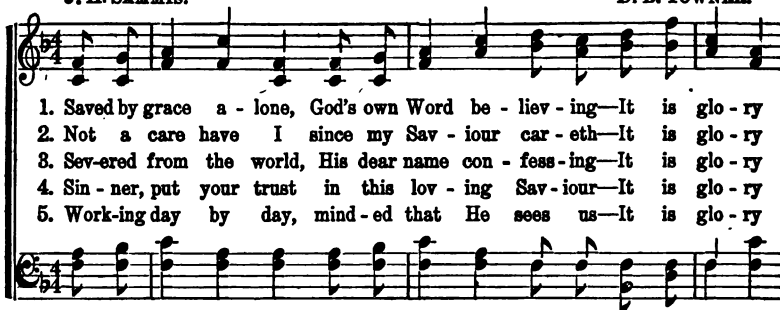


Right - ly di - vid - - - ing the word of truth.
 Right - ly di - vid - - - ing the word of truth.

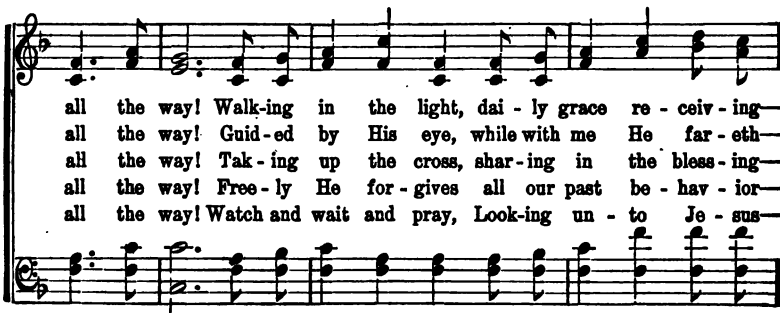
Glory All the Way.

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

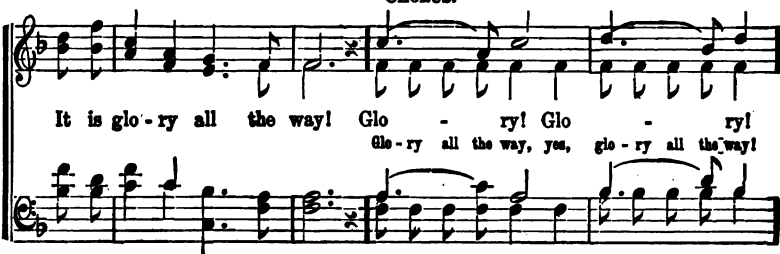


1. Saved by grace a - lone, God's own Word be - liev - ing—It is glo - ry
 2. Not a care have I since my Sav - iour car - eth—It is glo - ry
 3. Sev - ered from the world, His dear name con - fess - ing—It is glo - ry
 4. Sin - ner, put your trust in this lov - ing Sav - iour—It is glo - ry
 5. Work - ing day by day, mind - ed that He sees us—It is glo - ry



all the way! Walk - ing in the light, dai - ly grace re - ceiv - ing—
 all the way! Guid - ed by His eye, while with me He far - eth—
 all the way! Tak - ing up the cross, shar - ing in the bless - ing—
 all the way! Free - ly He for - gives all our past be - hav - ior—
 all the way! Watch and wait and pray, Look - ing un - to Je - sus—

CHORUS.



It is glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!
 Glo - ry all the way, yes, glo - ry all the way!



It is glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry!
 It is glo - ry, glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry all the way, yes,

Glory All the Way.



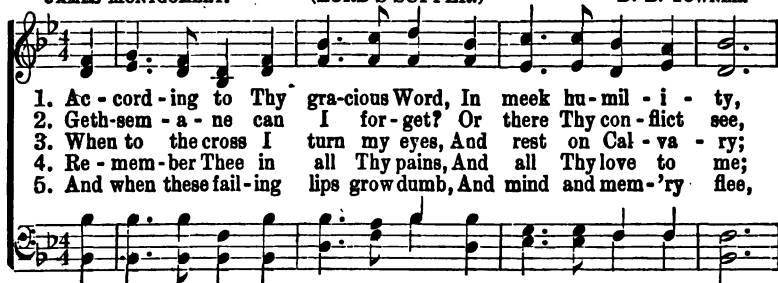
Glo - - ry! It is glo - ry all the way!.....
glo - ry all the way! It is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry all the way!

33 According to Thy Gracious Word.

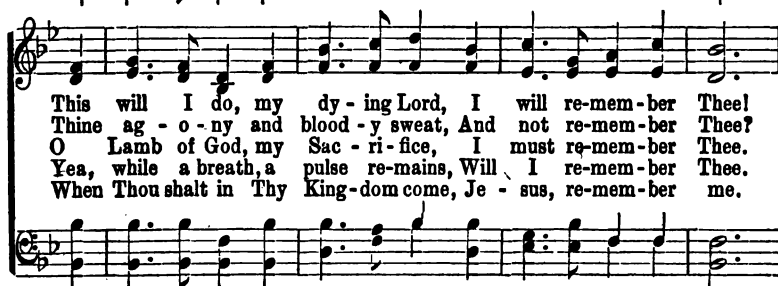
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(LORD'S SUPPER.)

D. B. TOWNER.

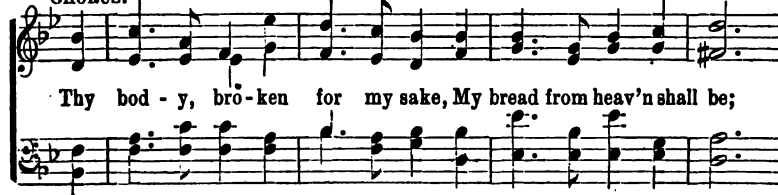


1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious Word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
2. Geth - sem - a - ne can I for - get? Or there Thy con - flict see,
3. When to the cross I turn my eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry;
4. Re - mem - ber Thee in all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me;
5. And when these fail - ing lips grow dumb, And mind and mem - ry flee,



This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee!
Thine ag - o - ny and blood - y sweat, And not re - mem - ber Thee?
O Lamb of God, my Sac - ri - fice, I must re - mem - ber Thee.
Yea, while a breath, a pulse re - mains, Will I re - mem - ber Thee.
When Thou shalt in Thy King - dom come, Je - sus, re - mem - ber me.

CHORUS.




Thy bod - y, bro - ken for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;





Thy tes - ta - men - tal cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber Thee.

ALFRED MIDLANE.


JAMES McGRANAHAN.




1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare;
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death;
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee;
 4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy pre-cious name;



Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
 Quick - en the smould'ring em - bers now By Thine Al-might-y breath.
 But hun-g'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!
 And, by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.



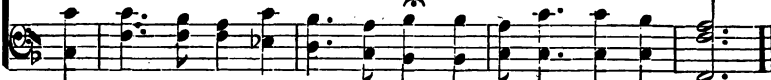
CHORUS.



Re - vive!.... re - vive!.... And give re-fresh-ing showers;
 Re - vive Thy work! re - vive Thy work! And give, oh give re-fresh-ing show'rs;

The glo - ry shall be all Thine own; The bless-ing shall be ours.



Take a Step Nearer.

AVIS M. BURGESSON.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Are you dis-couraged and burdened with care? Is your sky darkened by
2. Do you feel crushed by the Temp-ter to-day? Are you a-fraid of the
3. Jes-us stands rea-dy to shield you from harm, Lean on His migh-ty, all



gloom and despair? Be not dis-heart-ened, your Sav-iour is there,
clouds o'er your way? Be not dismayed-trust the Lord as your stay,
pow-er-ful arm; Safe in His keep-ing, no fears can a-larm,



CHORUS.



Take a step near-er to Je-sus! Take a step near-er, near-er to



Je-sus! He's waiting just o-ver the way, He's long-ing to bless you,



His will now o-bey; Just take a step near-er to Je-sus.



JULIA A. JOHNSTON,

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, hast Thou mes - sag - es to send? Here am I,
 2. Sav - iour, is there not some low - ly task to do? O send me,
 3. Dost Thou need a hand to bear a shin - ing light? Use my hand,
 4. Working, wait - ing, what - so - e'er Thy ho - ly will, Here am I.

Here am I! Wait - ing, list'n - ing at Thy feet I low - ly bend,
 O send me! Gird me now for serv - ice, make me strong and true,
 Use my hand! Dost Thou need a pa - tient watch - er in the night?
 Here am I! Mas - ter, let me Thy de - sire a - lone ful - fill,

CHORUS.

Here am I— O do not pass me by!
 Send me on some er - rand, Lord, for thee. Read - y for Thy serv - ice,
 Let me serve Thee, Lord, at Thy com - mand.
 Keep me to Thy heart for - ev - er nigh.

Mas - ter, here am I! Hush my heart to hear Thee call - ing from on high.

Choose Thou for me, let me still re - ply—O Mas - ter, here am I!

Full Surrender.

Rebecca S. Pollard.

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D. B. Towner.

1. Sav - ior, 'tis a full sur-ren - der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
 2. As I come in deep con-tri - tion, At this con-se - crat-ed hour,
 3. No with-hold-ing—full con-fess - ion; Pleas-ures, rich - es, all must flee;
 4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
 5. Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!

Thou my Lead-er and De-fend-er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
 Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe - ti - tion, Let me feel the Spir-it's pow'r!
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos-sess - ion! I no more, but Thou in me.
 This my rapt - ure, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin - ing shore.
 Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra - tion! I am His, and He is mine.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren-der all!
 I sur-ren-der all! I sur-renderall!

All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur-ren - der all!

O Wonderful Love.

RHODA B. STARIN.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O the won-der-ful love of Je - sus, It fills my heart with joy;
 2. O the won-der-ful love of Je - sus, It cures the sin - sick soul;
 3. O the won-der-ful love of Je - sus, We'll tell it o'er and o'er;

O the won-der-ful love of Je - sus Gives peace naught can de-stroy;
 O the won-der-ful love of Je - sus Can make the bod - y whole;
 O the won-der-ful love of Je - sus, We'll sing from shore to shore.

'Tis man - na to my spir - it, 'Tis hon - ey to my soul;
 It com-forts ev - 'ry sor - row, It takes a - way all care;
 O take this love of Je - sus, Your heart let Him con - trol;

O the won-der-ful love of Je - sus Brings hap - pi - ness un - told;
 O the won-der-ful love of Je - sus Brings bliss be - yond com - pare;
 Shout the won-der-ful love of Je - sus While end - less a - ges roll;

O the won-der-ful love of Je - sus Brings hap - pi - ness un - told.
 O the won-der-ful love of Je - sus Brings bliss be - yond com - pare.
 Shout the won-der-ful love of Je - sus While end - less a - ges roll.

Christ Alone Has Power to Save.

J. B. T.

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.



1. When toss'd on Gal-i-lee's rough wave, And fear their anxious hearts oppress'd,
2. When he who sight had nev-er known, Came to the Lord with pleading voice,
3. When death had come to Beth-a - ny, And one be-loved lay in the tomb,
4. When tri - als thiek my path surround, When hope departs and clouds descend,



The Master's voice spoke firm and clear, And calm'd the angry waves to rest.
That word and touch made darkness flee, And bade the sor-row-ful re - joice.
He raised the dead to life a - gain, Re - stor - ing joy, dis - pers - ing gloom.
A gen - tle voice speaks from a - bove, And all the dark fore-bod - ings end.



CHORUS.



It was His voice that still'd the wave, His healing touch new vision gave;
It was His voice that still'd the wave, His heal-ing touch new vision gave;



His might has triumphed o'er the grave, Our Christ a-lone has power to save.
His might has tri - umphed o'er the grave, Our Christ has power to save.



He Saves Me.

OSWALD J. SMITH.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. He saves me! He saves me! Oh, praise His precious name! He shed His
 2. He saves me! He saves me! And makes me pure with-in; He gives me
 3. He saves me! He saves me! His will is my de-light; And one day

blood on Calv'ry's tree, For me He bore the shame. He brought from heaven's
 power from day to day To conquer all my sin. Temp-ta-tion can-not
 'mid the Glo-ry Land I'll walk in garments white; And there with dear ones

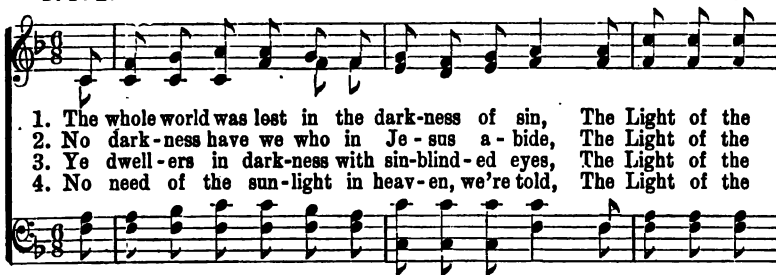
throne on high Sal-va-tion full and free; He saves me! He saves me,
 lay me low, He ev-er is my stay; He saves me! He saves me,
 gone be-fore I'll sing on heaven's strand, "He saves me! He saves me!"

Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty! He saves, He saves me!
 How-ev-er fierce the fray. He saves, He saves me!
 On this I take my stand. He saves, He saves me!
 He saves, He save me. He saves me!

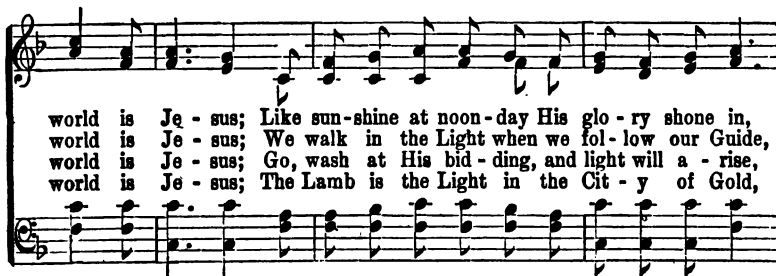
41 The Light of the World Is Jesus.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

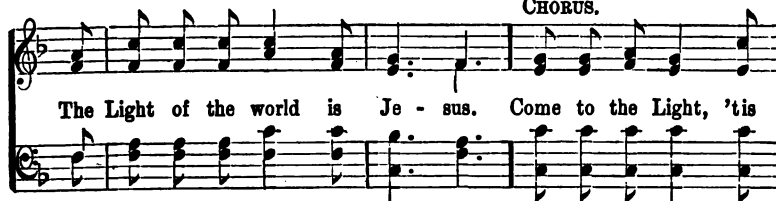


1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin, The Light of the
 2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the
 3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the
 4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the



world is Je - sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo - ry shone in,
 world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide,
 world is Je - sus; Go, wash at His bid - ding, and light will a - rise,
 world is Je - sus; The Lamb is the Light in the Cit - y of Gold,

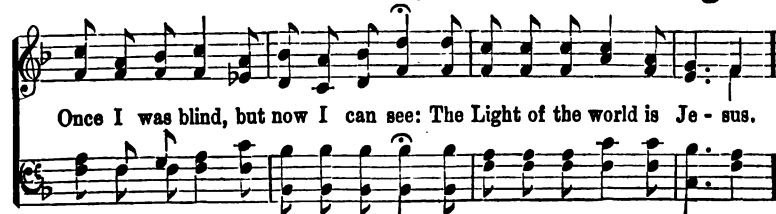
CHORUS.



The Light of the world is Je - sus. Come to the Light, 'tis



shin - ing for thee; Sweet - ly the Light has dawned up - on me,

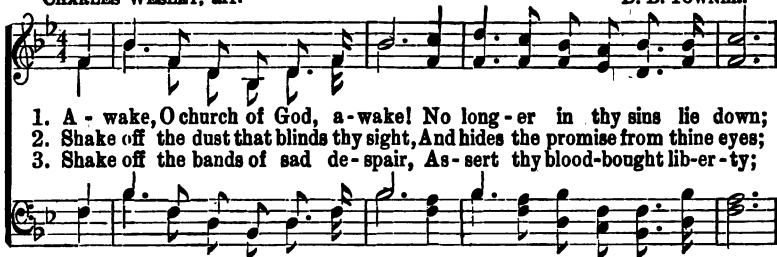


Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

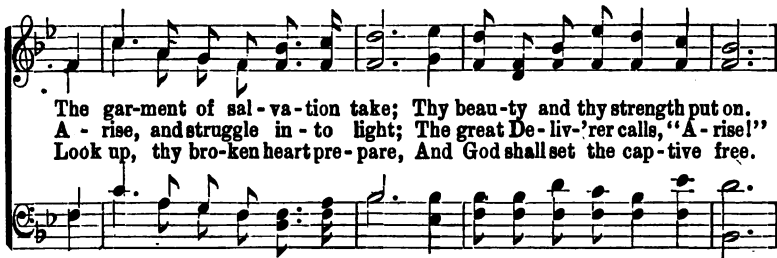
42 Awake! O Church of God, Awake!

CHARLES WESLEY, arr.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. A - wake, O church of God, a-wake! No long-er in thy sins lie down;
 2. Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight, And hides the promise from thine eyes;
 3. Shake off the bands of sad de-spair, As-sert thy blood-bought lib-er-ty;



The gar-ment of sal-va-tion take; Thy beau-ty and thy strength put on.
 A - rise, and struggle in - to light; The great De-liv-'rer calls, "A - rise!"
 Look up, thy bro-ken heart pre-pare, And God shall set the cap-tive free.

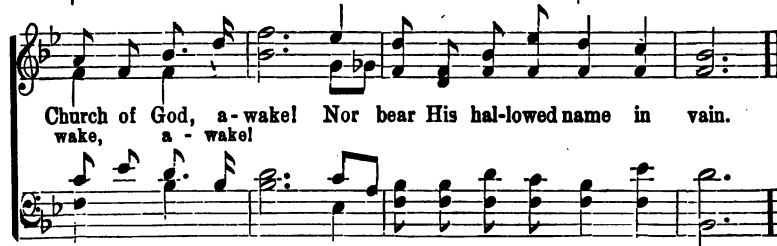
CHORUS.



A - wake, O Church of God, a - wake!
 A - wake, O Church of God, a - wake, a - wake!



Be purged from ev - 'ry sin - ful stain; A - wake, O
 A - wake, a -




Church of God, a-wake! Nor bear His hal-lowed name in vain.
 wake, a - wake!



The Old Time Fire.

W. H. BATHURST, SET.

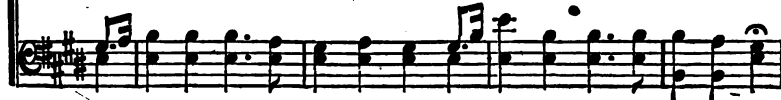
D. B. TOWNER.



1. O for that flame of liv - ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old;
 2. Where is that Spir - it, Lord, Who dwelt in Abram's breast, and sealed Him Thine;
 3. That Spir - it, who from age to age, Proclaim'd Thy love, and taught Thy ways
 4. Is not Thy grace as might - y now As when E - li - jah felt its pow'r—
 5. Re - member, Lord, the ancient days; Re - new Thy work, Thy grace restore;

Which bade their souls to heav'n as - pire, Calm in dis - tress, in dan - ger bold!
 Who made Paul's heart with sor - row melt, And glow with en - er - gy di - vine?
 Bright - ened Is - ai - ah's viv - id page, And breath'd in Da - vid's hallowed lays?
 When glo - ry beam'd from Mo - ses' brow, Or Job en - dured the try - ing hour?
 And while to Thee our hearts we raise, On us Thy Ho - ly Spir - it pour!



CHORUS.



Send the old time fire up-on us, Lord! Send the old time fire up-on us, Lord!




Send the old time fire up-on us, Lord, And burn up all the dross!



Fret Not, Faint Not, Fear Not.

JAMES M. GRAY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Fret not, He loves thee, Je-sus is thy friend, Fret not, He loves thee, loves thee
 2. Faint not, He holds thee with His own righthand, Faint not, He holds thee and can
 3. Fear not, He keeps thee Who doth never sleep, Fear not, He keeps thee, Shepherd

to the end; Work-ers of in-i-qui-ty may flour-ish for a day,
 of His sheep; Round a-bout Je-ru-sa-lem the hills are as of yore,

ad lib.
 But wait thou ev-er on the Lord, and on Him roll thy way.
 But dark-ness and the light are one to Him who calls thee "Mine."
 And so a-round His peo-ple stands the Sav-iour ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Fret not, faint not, fear not, Je-sus is thy friend!

He loves, He holds, He keeps thee, He keeps thee to the end.

When the Shadows Flee.

JAMES ROWE.

E. O. SELLERS.

1. Smil-ing skies will bend a-bove us, When the shad-ows flee; Heart now
 2. Fet-ters nev - er-more will bind us, When the shad-ows flee; This dark
 3. We shall view our home su-per - nal, When the shad-ows flee; We shall

cold a-gain will love us, When the shad'-ows flee; We shall lose our care and
 vale will be be-hind us, When the shad-ows flee; There will be no tem-pest
 meet our King e-ter-nal, When the shad-ows flee; There, where death will reach us

sow-row, Trouble nev - er-more to bor-row, On that blessed, peaceful morn-ing,
 sweeping, In our loving Father' keeping We shall wake, where none are weeping,
 never, There, where naught our heart shall sever, We shall dwell with Christ forever,

CHORUS.


When the shad-ows flee. With e-ter-nal day be-fore us, And our Sav-iour

rit.
 watch-ing o'er us, We shall join the end-less cho-rus, When the shad-ows flee.

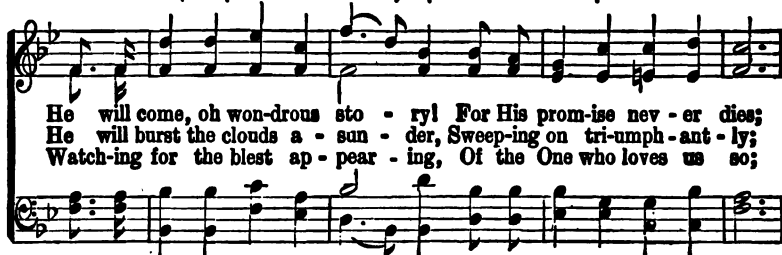
Christ is Coming Back Again.

OSWALD J. SMITH.

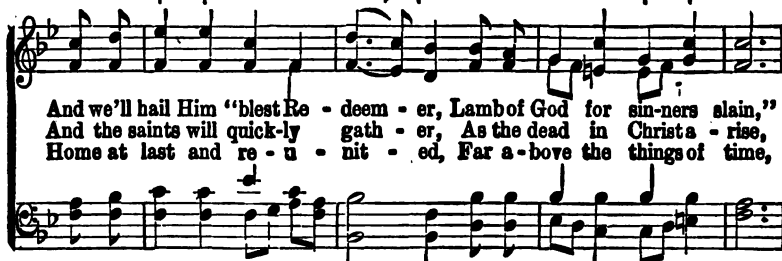
D. B. TOWNER.



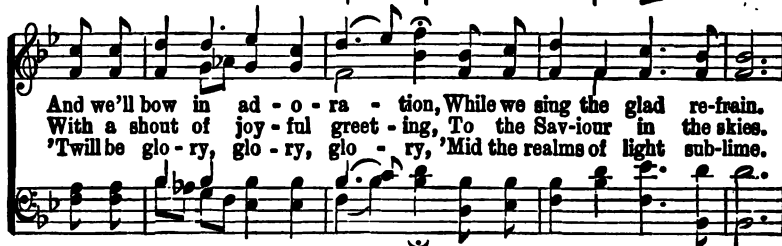
1. He will come, the Lord of Glo - ry, From His home beyond the skies;
 2. With the trump of God re - sound - ing, And a shout of vic - to - ry,
 3. Day of days, we wait and lan - guish, 'Mid a world of sin and woe,



He will come, oh won-drous sto - ry! For His prom - ise nev - er dies;
 He will burst the clouds a - sun - der, Sweep - ing on tri - umph - ant - ly;
 Watch - ing for the blest ap - pear - ing, Of the One who loves us so;



And we'll hail Him "blest Re - deem - er, Lamb of God for sin - ners slain,"
 And the saints will quick - ly gath - er, As the dead in Christa - rise,
 Home at last and re - u - nit - ed, Far a - bove the things of time,



And we'll bow in ad - o - ra - tion, While we sing the glad re - frain.
 With a shout of joy - ful greet - ing, To the Sav - iour in the skies.
 'Twill be glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, 'Mid the realms of light sub - lime.

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Prince of
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Christ is Coming Back Again.

Peace! E - ter - nal King! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 Prince of peace! E - ter - nal King! Hal - le - lu - jah!

lu - jah! Let the vaults of heav - en ring;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Let the vaults of heav - en ring;

Land and hon - or, praise and glo - ry, To the Lamb for sin - ners slain;

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is com - ing back a - gain!

47

Where He Leads Me.

1. I can hear my Savior calling, :||
 "Take thy cross and follow, follow Me."
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, :||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgement, :||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
4. He will give me grace and glory, :||
 And go with me, with me all the way.

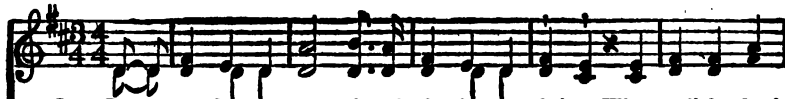
CHORUS. — Where He leads me I will follow, :||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

E. W. BLANDLY.

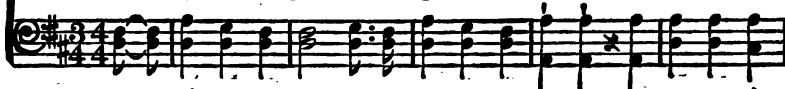
Christ Returneth.

E. L. TURNER.

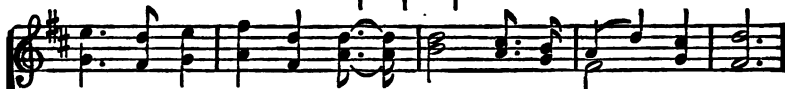
JAMES MCGRAHANAN.



1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While His hosts cry Ho-san-na, from heaven de-scend-ing, With glo-ri-fied
4. O joy! O de-light! should we go without dy-ing, No sickness, no



dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
 chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
 saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad-ness, no dread, and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our



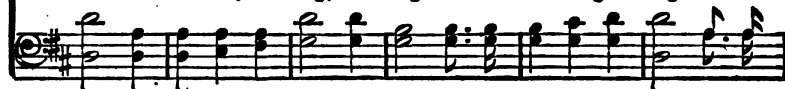
full-ness of glo-ry To re-ceive from the world His own.
 blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re- ceives His own.
 ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re- ceive "His own."
 Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re- ceives His own.



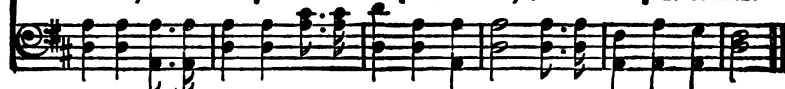
CHORUS.



O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-



turneth, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.




I Am Waiting, Thou Art Willing.



Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY.

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D. B. TOWNER.




1. He - ly Spir - it, bend - ing low - ly, Bring I Thee my heart and will;
 2. Lord, I ask it, hard - ly knowing What this won - drous gift may be;
 3. Make me in Thy roy - al pal - ace Ves - sel wor - thy for my King;
 4. Prom - ise and command com - bin - ing Doubt to chase and faith to lift;


Cleanse Thou me and make me ho - ly, And with Thine own ful - ness fill -
 But Thy mer - cy, ev - er flow - ing, Will its mean - ing let me see.
 With Thy good - ness fill my chal - ice From Thy nev - er - fail - ing spring -
 Self re - nounc - ing, all re - sign - ing, I would seek this might - y gift.



CHORUS.



He - ly Spir - it, Thy in - fill - ing Is the gift for which I pray;





I am wait - ing, Thou art will - ing, Fill me with Thy - self to - day.



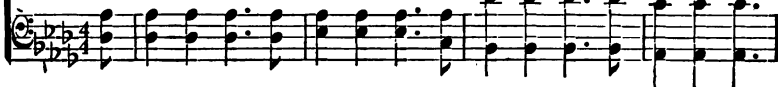

50 The Lookout Answers "All is Well!"

RALPH ATKINSON.


D. B. TOWNER.




1. The night is dark, the waves run high, No moon nor stars in yon-der sky,
2. I sleep up - on the billows' crest, Like John up - on the Master's breast;
3. By grief and sin thy soul op-pressed, And all a-round thee in un-rest,
4. No sleep e'er dims our Pi-lot's eyes, He's e'er at-ten-tive to our cries;
5. Rest peace-ful-ly up - on the deep, For Je - sus ev - er-more will keep;



What cheer a-bove the storm-y swell? The Lookout's answer, "All is well."
 For He my ev - 'ry fear doth quell With His good message, "All is well."
 How blest to hear the Lookout's bell, And Je - sus call-ing, "All is well."
 He'll save us from a sin-ner's shell, And cheer our hearts with, "All is well."
 The word pass on, to oth - ers tell The Lookout's an-swer, "All is well."




REFRAIN.



"All is well!" "All is well!" What cheer to know that "all is well!"
 "All is well!" "All is well!"

"All is well!" "All is well!" The Lookout answers "All is well!"
 "All is well!" "All is well!"



The Next Step.

A. A. P.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I can-not see - - be-yond the mo-ment; To-mor-row's
 2. With each temp-ta - - tion, Thou has prom-ised The grace to
 3. For-get-ting all - - the wear-y fail-ures The sin-ful,
 4. The storm that gath - - er round my path-way May hide the

strength comes not to-day; But bless-ed Lord, I trust Thy
 con-quer and to bear; A way of sure es-cape pro-
 self-ish past has known, Witheyes that look right on-ward
 next step from my sight, But faith can walk with God in

CHORUS.
 keep-ing For just the next step of my way. O Je-sus,
 vid-ed From ev-'ry sub-tle, se-cret snare. a-lone,
 al-way, I will to fol-low Thee a-right.
 dark-ness, And He will guide that step a-right.

keep my next step faithful To paths marked out by God for me! Hold Thou me

up, O might-y Sav-iour! My strength and hope are all in Thee.

Come Home!

Arr. by JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. A - far from home, be-set by fear, O stray-ing one, by guilt op-pressed,
 2. A - rise, and seek thy Father's face; The feast of love is spread for thee;
 3. The homeward path take then to-day; Thou art not left to walk a - lone;
 4. Why long-er wait? thou art a son, Thy Father's house should be thy place;

Thy Sav-iour's tender plead-ing hear, He call - eth, "Come to Me, and rest!"
 His par - don free, His boundless grace, Are all for Thee; O come and see!
 The Spir - it waits to show the way, He safe - ly guides and keeps His own.
 Thy birthright claim, O wand'ring one; Re - turn, and see thy Fa-ther's face!

CHORUS.

Come home! thy Saviour calls thee; Come home! no more in darkness roam;
 Come home! Come home!

rall.
 Come home! thy Father loves thee; Come home! O wayward child, come home!
 Come home! come home!

Launch Out.

A. B. SIMPSON.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A
 2. O man - y, a - las, on - ly stand on the shore, And
 3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
 4. O let us launch out on this o - cean so broad Where

bound-less and fath-om-less flood: Launch out in the deep, cut a
 gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven - tured its
 lin - ger so near to the shore, The surf and the slime that beat
 floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; O let us be lost in the

way the shore line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
 depths to ex - plore Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
 o - ver the strand Sweep o'er them their floods ev - er - more.
 mer - cy of God Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

CHORUS.


Launch out..... in - to the deep, O let the shore-line
 O launch out in the deep,

go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.

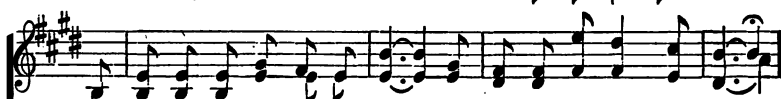
Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart.

ADAPTED BY E. O. S.

E. O. SELLERS.



1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way,
 2. For - ev - er, O Lord, is Thy Word Established and fixed on high;
 3. At morn-ing, at noon, and at night, I ev - er will give Thee praise;
 4. Thro' Him whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Saviour and Morn-ing Star,



To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'n-ly way.
 Thy faith-ful-ness un - to all men A - bid-eth for-ev - er nigh.
 For Thou art my por-tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days.
 Sal - va-tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.


CHORUS. Ps. 119: 11.



Thy Word have I hid in my heart,..... That I might not
 in my heart,



sin a-against Thee;..... That I might not sin, That
 a - gainst Thee;



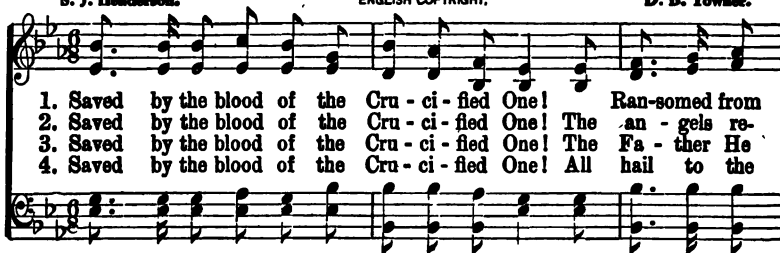
ad lib.
 I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.

Saved by the Blood.

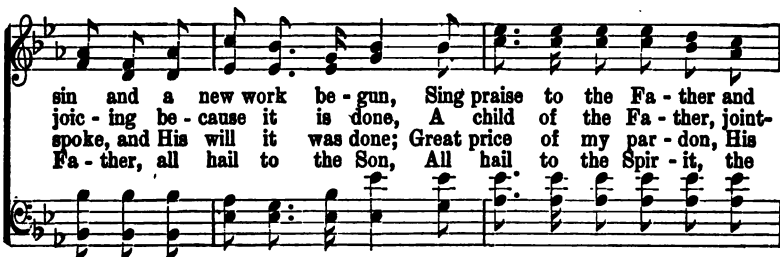
S. J. Henderson.

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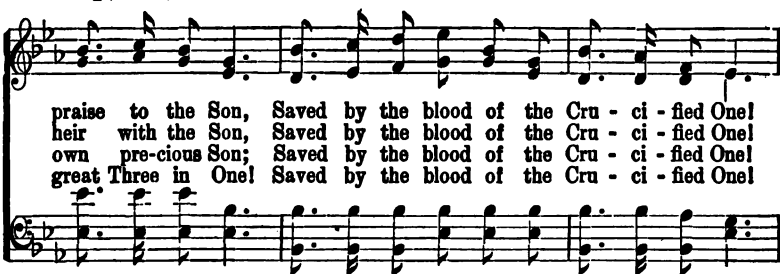
D. B. Towner.



1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Ran-somed from
 2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The an - gels re-
 3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther He
 4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the



sin and a new work be - gun, Sing praise to the Fa - ther and
 joic - ing be - cause it is done, A child of the Fa - ther, joint-
 spoke, and His will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His
 Fa - ther, all hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the

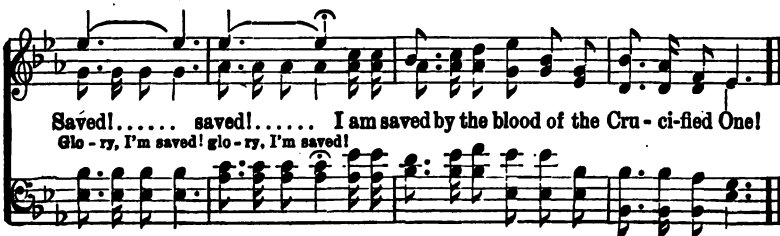


praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 own pre - cious Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

CHORUS.



Saved!..... saved!..... My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone!
 Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!



Saved!..... saved!..... I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!

O Friend Without Jesus,

ROSEON GILMORE STOTT.

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D. B. TOWNER.

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1. I have a Saviour Who's pleading a-bove; Have you? Have you?
2. I have a Shepherd Who leads all the way; Have you? Have you?
3. I have a Fa-ther, Who hears when I call; Have you? Have you?
4. Who could reject Him, my Sav-iour and King! Will you? Will you?
Have you? Have you?

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It features a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is written on a five-line staff. Below the staff, there are four lines of lyrics, each corresponding to a line of the melody. The lyrics are: 1. I have a Saviour Who's pleading a-bove; Have you? Have you? 2. I have a Shepherd Who leads all the way; Have you? Have you? 3. I have a Fa-ther, Who hears when I call; Have you? Have you? 4. Who could reject Him, my Sav-iour and King! Will you? Will you? Have you? Have you? The music is in 4/4 time, as indicated by the '4' in the bottom left corner of the staff.

I have a Saviour Who keeps by His love; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
 I have a Shepherd Who seeks when I stray; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
 I have a Father, Who warns ere I fall; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
 I have believ'd Him; His love makes me sing; O friend, I receiv'd Him; Will you?

CHORUS.

My dear lov - ing Sav-iour, my Keep - er, my King, My

The musical notation for the chorus is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

bless - ed Re-deem-er, Thy prais - es I sing! Yes, I have a

Mas - ter so gen - tle and true; O friend with - out Je - sus, Have you?

Lean on His Arms!

EDGAR LEWIS.

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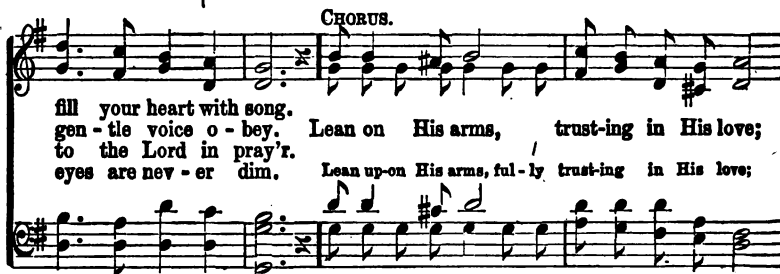
L. E. JONES.



1. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
 2. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
 3. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
 4. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,



help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing He'll
 brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
 bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
 leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His



CHORUS.

fill your heart with song.
 gen - tle voice o - bey. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;
 to the Lord in pray'r.
 eyes are nev - er dim. Lean up-on His arms, ful - ly trust-ing in His love;



Lean on His arms, all His mer - cies prove; Lean on His
 Lean up - on His arms, and all His mer - cies prove; Lean up - on His

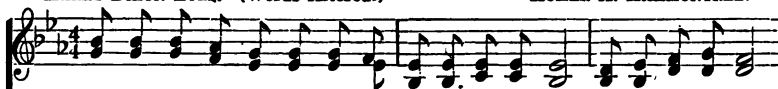


arms, look-ing home a-bove; Just lean on the Sav-iour's arms!
 arms, ev - er

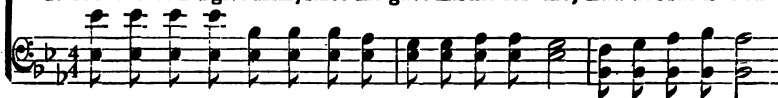
Will You Make Him Yours Today?

HARRY DIXON LOER. (Words Altered.)

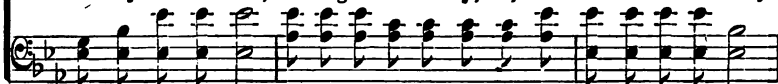
HOMER A. HAMMONTREE.



1. I have found in Je - sus the Re-deem-er from all sin; By His love di-vine
2. I am stand-ing firm-ly on the promises so strong, They're a rock un-moved,
3. Tho' the path before me may besometimes dark and drear, He's a faith-ful Guide,
4. All I have I'd give Him, since He gave His life for me, Law was sat-is-fied



this sal-vation's mine; O make Him your Saviour, as His prais-es I be-gin;
 by the a-ges proved; They are sealed in Jesus, to Whom all the worlds be-long;
 ev - er at my side; In my heart I love Him, and love cast-eth out all fear;
 when my Sav-iour died; Trusting in His mer-cy, O, re-ceive Him and be free;



CHORUS.



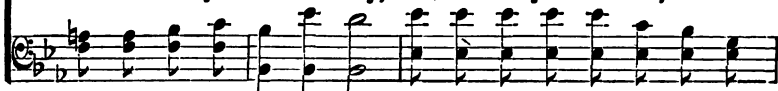
Will you make Him yours to - day? He is will - ing,
 He is 'will - ing, He is wait - ing,



He is will - ing, He is wait - ing, Je - sus' pre - cious
 He is will - ing, He is wait - ing,



blood can wash your sins a - way; He would be your Sav-iour, but the



Will You Make Him Yours Today?

choos - ing is for you, Will you make Him yours to - day?

59

Something For Jesus.

SYLVANUS D. PHELPS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav-iour, Thy dy - ing love, Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
 2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee, That each de -
 4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in

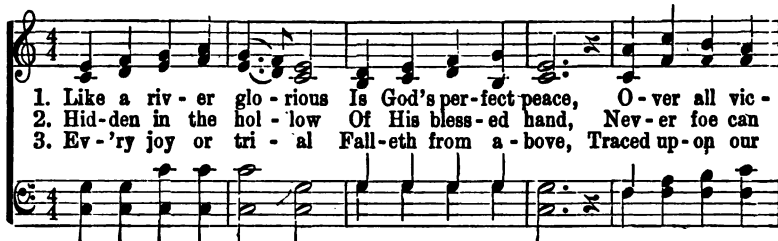
aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -
 faith looks up, Je - sus to Thee; Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
 part - ing day, Hence-forth may see, Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
 grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ransomed

fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.
 love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Some - thing for Thee.
 kindness done, Some wanderers sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.
 soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee. A - MEN.

Perfect Peace and Rest.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

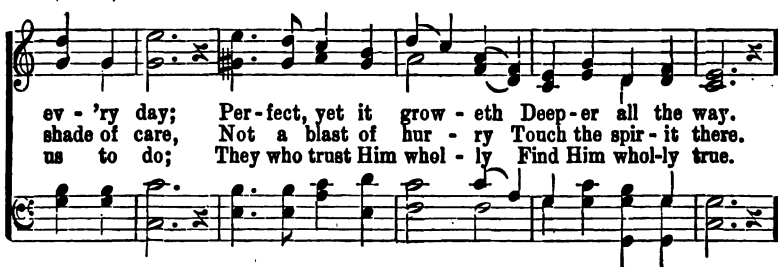
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
 3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our



to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth Full - er
 fol - low, Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry, Not a
 di - al By the Sun of Love; We must trust Him full - y, All for



ev - 'ry day; Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
 shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.
 us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true.

CHORUS.



Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are full - y blest;



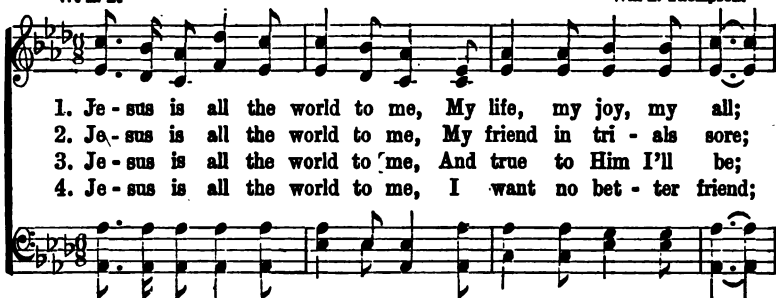
rall.
 Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

Jesus is All the World to Me.

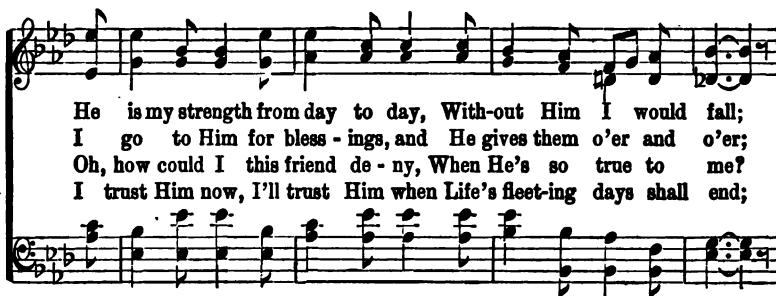
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W. L. T.

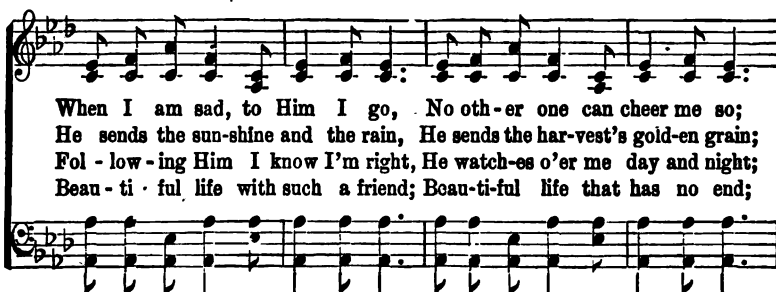
Will L. Thompson.



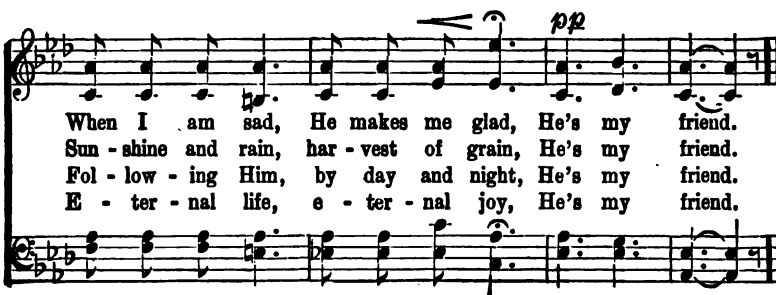
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall;
I go to Him for bless - ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er;
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end;



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the har-vest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti-ful life that has no end;




When I am sad, He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.


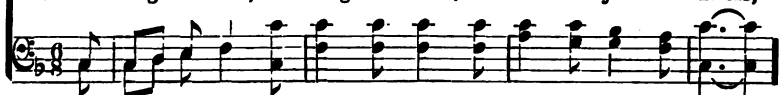
62 He Shall Reign from Sea to Sea.

A. J. GORDON.


JAMES McGRANAHAN.




1. O Church of Christ, be - hold at last The prom - ised sign ap - pear, —
2. With gird - ed loins, make haste, make haste, Thy wit - ness to com - plete,
3. And thou, O Is - rael, long in dust, A - rise and come a - way!
4. Thy scat - tered sons are gath - 'ring home, The fig - tree buds a - gain;
5. Then sing a - loud, O Pil - grim Church, Brief con - flict yet re - mains,



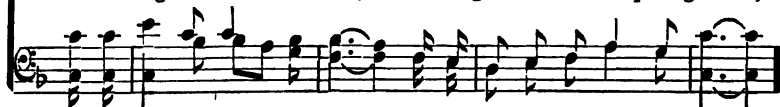
The gos - pel preached in all the world; And lo! the King draws near.
That Christ may take His throne and bring All na - tions to His feet.
See how the sun of right - eous - ness Sheds forth the beams of day.
A lit - tle while and Da - vid's Son On Da - vid's throne shall reign.
And then Im - man - u - el de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.



CHORUS.



He shall reign from sea to sea; When He girds on His con - qu'ring sword,



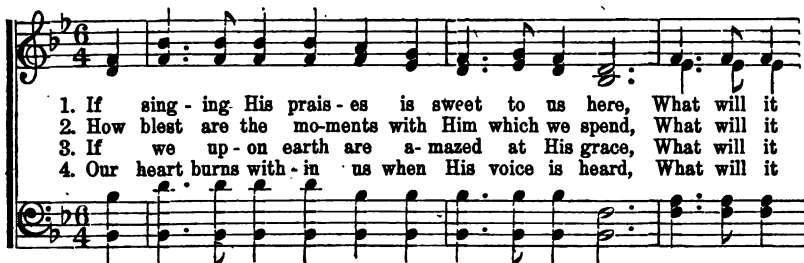
All the ends of the earth shall see The sal - va - tion of our God.



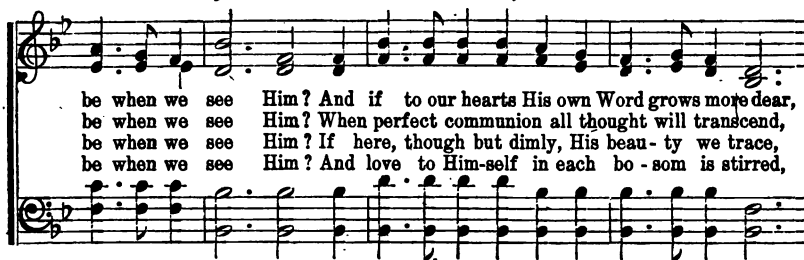
63 What Will It Be When We See Him?

ADA R. HABERSHON.

D. B. TOWNER.

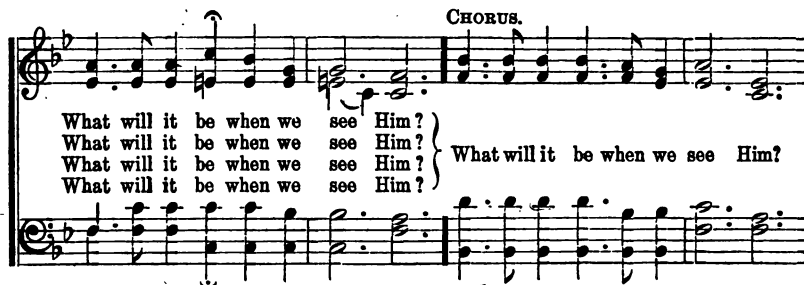


1. If sing - ing His prais - es is sweet to us here, What will it
 2. How blest are the mo - ments with Him which we spend, What will it
 3. If we up - on earth are a - mazed at His grace, What will it
 4. Our heart burns with - in us when His voice is heard, What will it

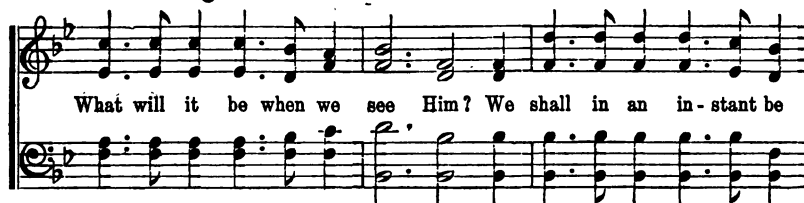


be when we see Him? And if to our hearts His own Word grows more dear,
 be when we see Him? When perfect communion all thought will transcend,
 be when we see Him? If here, though but dimly, His beau - ty we trace,
 be when we see Him? And love to Him-self in each bo - som is stirred,

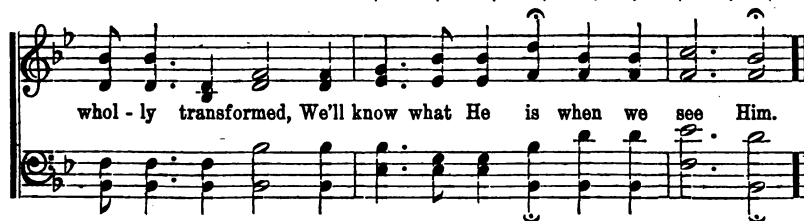
CHORUS.



What will it be when we see Him?
 What will it be when we see Him?
 What will it be when we see Him?
 What will it be when we see Him?



What will it be when we see Him? We shall in an in - stant be



whol - ly transformed, We'll know what He is when we see Him.

Where Shall Wisdom be Found?

JAMES M. GRAY.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. There is wis - dom that gold can - not buy, Nor may sil - ver be
2. Thro' the land of the liv - ing we search, And we sound in the
3. And we ask of the birds of the air, Of the wind, and the
4. In the fear of the Lord it is found, In de - part - ing from



weighed for its price; Nor will o - nyx and ru - by, or crys - tal and pearl,
 depths of the sea; But the breadth and the depth ne'er respond to our quest,
 light - ning on high; But the ru - mor and fame and the mention there-of,
 e - vil and sin; In re - ceiv - ing the Sav - iour, the Wisdom of God,



CHORUS.

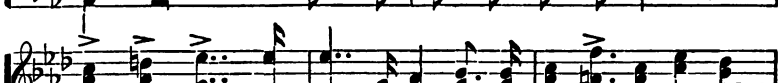


Pre - cious jew - els or cor - al suf - fice.
 Where the se - cret of wis - dom may be. Where shall wis - dom be
 On - ly flash from the clouds of the sky.
 Doth the way in - to wis - dom be - gin.

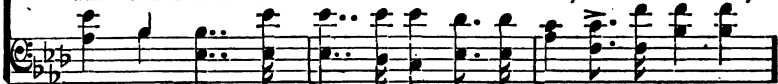


found? And the place of un - der - stand - ing,

Who can tell?



who can know? Be - hold! the fear of the Lord, that is wis - dom,



Where Shall Wisdom be Found?

And to de - part from e - vil is un - der - stand - ing.

65

I Give Myself to Thee.

MARY J. MASON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sav-iour, who died for me, I give my-self to Thee; Thy love so
 2. But Lord, the flesh is weak; Thy gracious aid I seek; For Thou the
 3. May it be joy to me To fol-low on - ly Thee; Thy faith-ful
 4. Sav-iour, with me a-bide; Be ev - er near my side; Sup-port, de-

full, so free, Claims all my pow'rs, Be this my pur-pose high,
 word must speak, That makes me strong, Then let me hear Thy voice,
 serv - ant be, Thine to the end; For Thee I'll do and dare,
 fend and guide; I look to Thee, I lay my hand in Thine,

To serve Thee till I die, Wheth-er my path shall lie 'Mid thorns or flow'rs.
 Thou art my on - ly choice; O bid my heart re-joice, Be Thou my song.
 For Thee the cross I'll bear, To Thee di-rect my prayer, On Thee de-pend.
 And fleet-ing joys re-sign, If I may call Thee mine, E - ter - nal - ly.

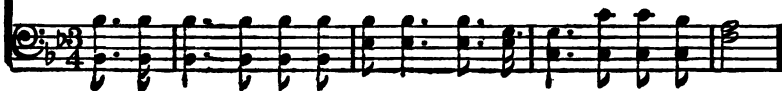
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS.



1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or, tem - pest-tost,



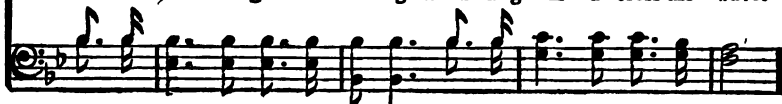
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



CHORUS.



Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



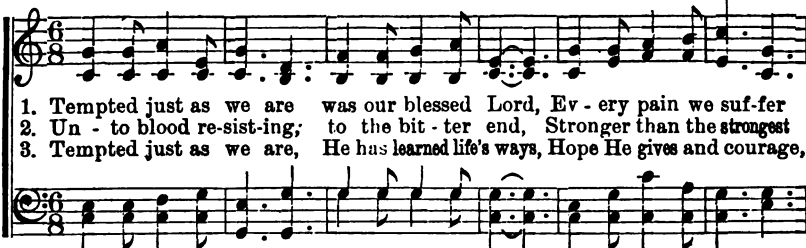
Some poor faint-ing, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.



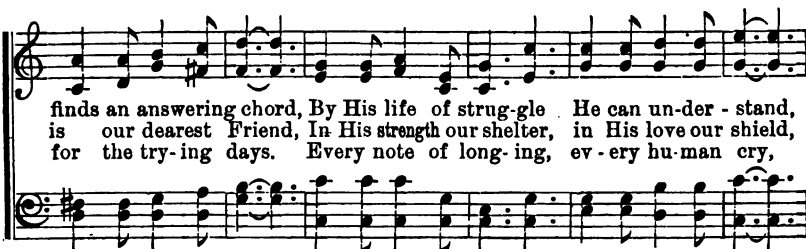
Tempted As We Are.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

D. B. TOWNER.

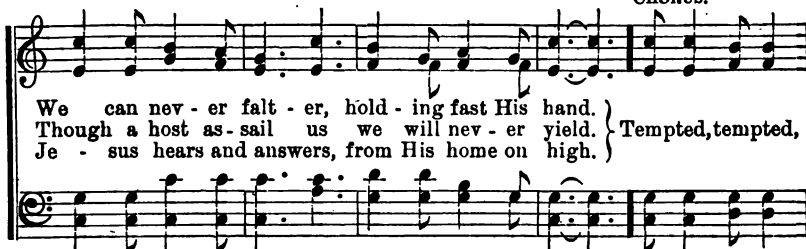


1. Tempted just as we are was our blessed Lord, Ev - ery pain we suf - fer
 2. Un - to blood re - sist - ing; to the bit - ter end, Stronger than the strong - est
 3. Tempted just as we are, He has learned life's ways, Hope He gives and courage,

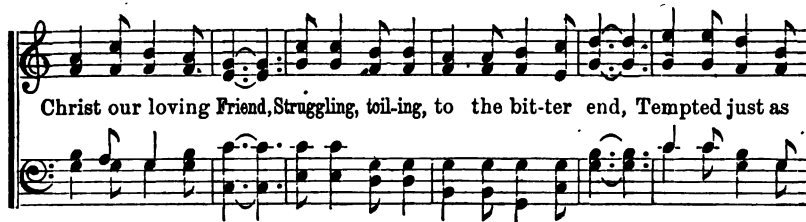


finds an answering chord, By His life of strug - gle He can un - der - stand,
 is our dearest Friend, In His strength our shelter, in His love our shield,
 for the try - ing days. Every note of long - ing, ev - ery hu - man cry,

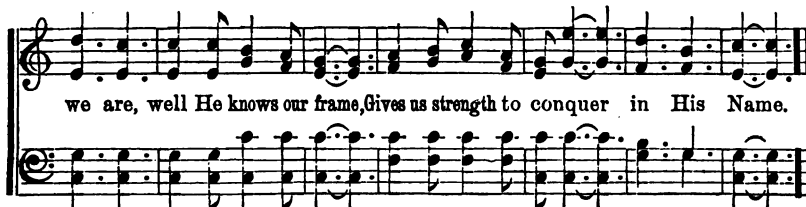
CHORUS.



We can nev - er falt - er, hold - ing fast His hand. }
 Though a host as - sail us we will nev - er yield. } Tempted, tempted,
 Je - sus hears and answers, from His home on high. }



Christ our loving Friend, Struggling, toil - ing, to the bit - ter end, Tempted just as

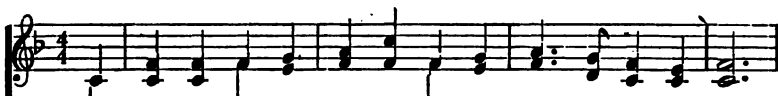


we are, well He knows our frame, Gives us strength to conquer in His Name.



He Rolls the Sea Away.

EMMA PITT.


D. B. TOWNER.



1. In an-cient days when Is-rael's host In dark-est bond-age lay,
 2. The waves of sin swept o'er my soul, Temp-ta-tions held their away;
 3. Tho' doubts and fears ob-scure my path, With Je-sus I will stay;
 4. Dear Je-sus, when in my last hour I face tow'rd realms of day,


The might-y pow'r of God was shown, He rolled the sea a-way.
 The Lord spoke peace, and par-don gave, He rolled the sea a-way.
 He'll keep you near His lov-ing heart, And roll the sea a-way.
 Thy pres-ence then shall pi-lot me, And roll the sea a-way.




CHORUS.



He rolls the sea a-way! He rolls the sea a-way! With

Je-sus ev-er near, No foe have I to fear, He rolls the sea a-way!



Enter Thou My Heart!

H. D. SPEAR.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Spir - it of re - fin - ing fire, En - ter Thou my heart!
 2. Spir - it of re - fin - ing fire, En - ter Thou my heart!
 3. Spir - it of re - fin - ing fire, En - ter Thou my heart!

Free from sin, my soul in - spire— En - ter Thou my heart!
 Lift me up to some-thing higher, En - ter Thou my heart!
 Make me know Thine own de - sire, En - ter Thou my heart!

Fit me for Thine own em - ploy, Cleanse from dross and all al - loy;
 Long my soul hath been con - tent, With the things of small in - tent;
 Turn my tho'ts from self to Thee, Set my soul from bond-age free;

Let me know Thy pres-ence's joy, En - ter Thou my heart!
 Show me that for which I'm meant—En - ter Thou my heart!
 Reign and rule in all for me— En - ter Thou my heart!

Worthy Is the Lamb.

WILLIAM EVANS.

WILLIAM EVANS.

O wor - thy is the Lamb, For fall - en sin - ners slain!
 A Proph - et true is He, God's will He doth fore - tell;
 Our priest - ly Ad - vo - cate, At God's righthand He stands!
 All hail our com - ing King, Whose right it is to reign!

O come, let us a - dore, And chant this ho - ly strain.
 The Spir - it sev - en - fold In Him doth al - ways dwell.
 For us to in - ter - cede, He meets the law's de - mands;
 The King and Lord of all, Whose king - dom ne'er shall wane!

Come, bless and mag - ni - fy the Lord, His praise let all make known;
 Our ig - no - rance He doth dis - pel, Our doubts and fears re - move;
 For us He did from sin re - deem With His most pre - cious blood,
 Thy Church, with anx - ious, long - ing heart, A - waits the mid - night cry,

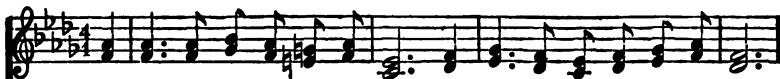
Let ev - 'ry na - tion, tongue, and tribe, Laud Him who sits up - on the throne.
 His word - it is our lamp and guide, Un - til we meet in heav'n a - bove.
 To make us heav'n - ly priests and kings, That we may live and reign with God.
 "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!" at last, Give praise to Him who reigns on high!

He Knows it All!

Words altered by D. B. T.

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D. B. TOWNER.



1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end - less striv - ing day by day,
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
3. He knows when faint and worn we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink
4. He knows—oh, tho't so full of bliss! For though on earth our joys we miss,

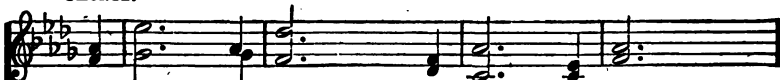


The souls that weep, the souls that pray— He knows it all!
The wounds the world has nev - er seen— He knows it all!
Of dark de - spair we pause and shrink— He knows it all!
We still can bear it, feel - ing this— He knows it all!

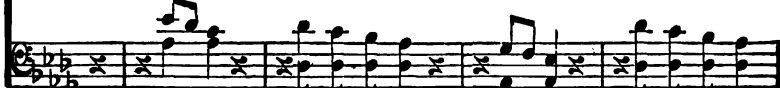
He knows it all!



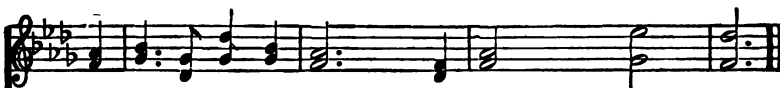
CHORUS.



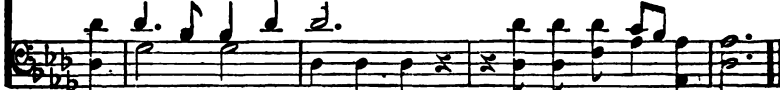
He knows it all, He knows it all,



He knows, He knows it all, He knows, He knows it all,



The bit - ter, wea - ry way— He knows it all!

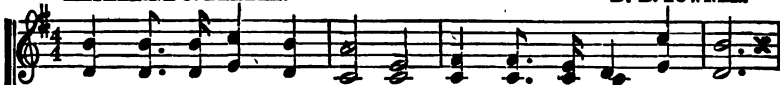


The bit - ter, wea - ry way— The Sav - iour knows it all!

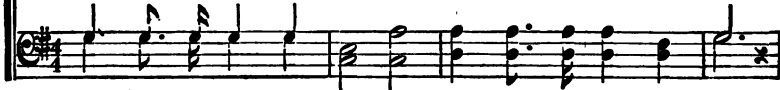
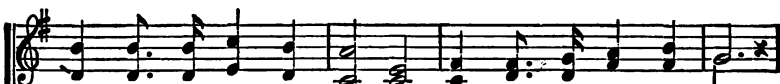
Speak Just a Word.

KATHERINE O. BARKER.

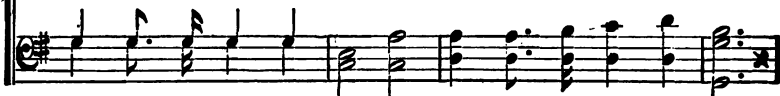
D. B. TOWNER.




1. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how He died for you,
 2. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how He helps you live,
 3. Speak just a word for Je - sus,— Do not for oth - ers wait;
 4. Speak just a word for Je - sus,— Why should you doubt or fear?
 5. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell of His love for men!


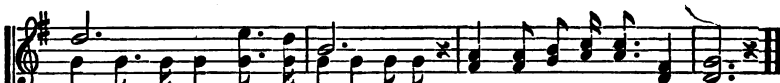
Oft - en re - peat the sto - ry, Won - der - ful, glad and true!
 Tell of the strength and com - fort Which He will free - ly give!
 Glad - ly pro - claim the mes - sage Ere it shall be too late!
 Sure - ly His love will bless it; Some one will glad - ly hear.
 Some one dis - tressed may list - en, Will - ing to trust Him then.




CHORUS.



Speak just a word, Ev - er to Him be true;
 Speak just a word, just a word for Je - sus,

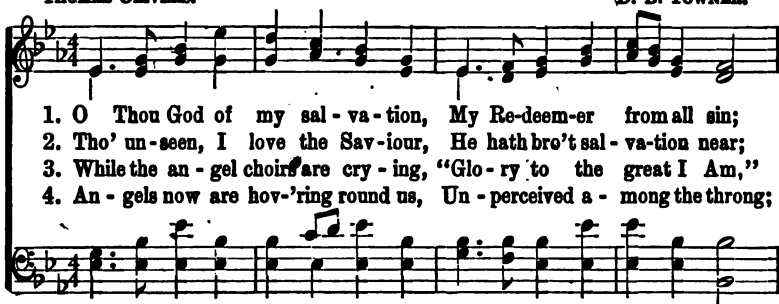
Speak just a word, Tell what He's do - ing for you!
 Speak just a word, just a word for Je - sus,



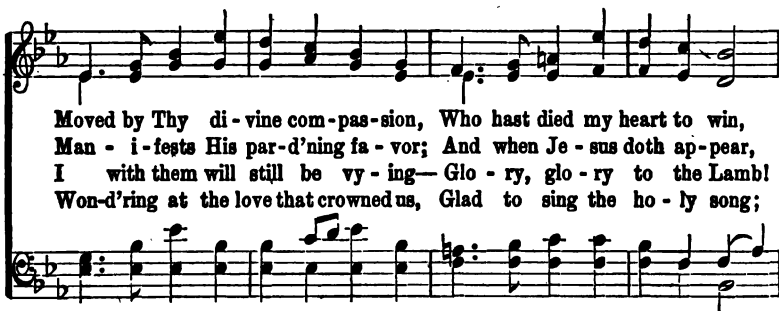
O Thou God of My Salvation.

THOMAS OLIVERS.

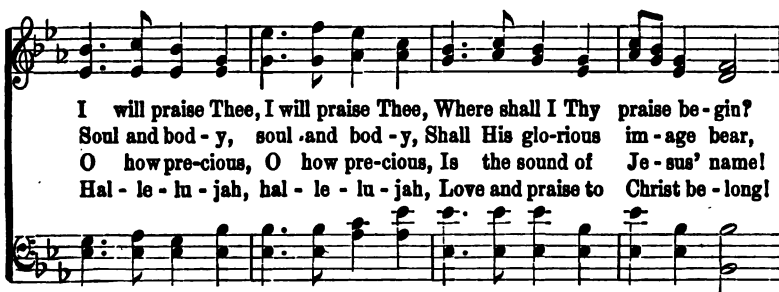
D. B. TOWNER.



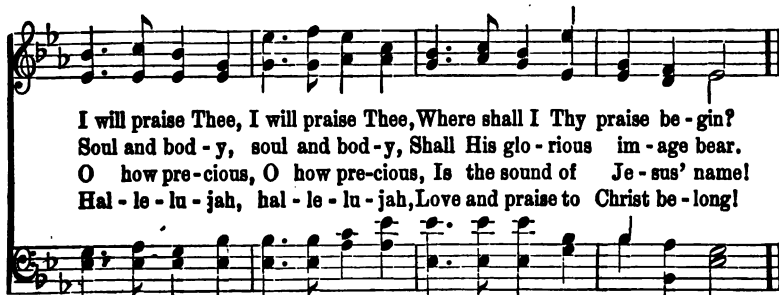
1. O Thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re-deem-er from all sin;
 2. Tho' un - seen, I love the Sav-iour, He hath bro't sal - va - tion near;
 3. While the an - gel choir are cry - ing, "Glo - ry to the great I Am,"
 4. An - gels now are hov-'ring round us, Un - perceived a - mong the throng;



Moved by Thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win,
 Man - i - fests His par - d'ning fa - vor; And when Je - sus doth ap - pear,
 I with them will still be vy - ing—Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
 Won-d'ring at the love that crowned us, Glad to sing the ho - ly song;



I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, Where shall I Thy praise be - gin?
 Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y, Shall His glo - rious im - age bear,
 O how pre - cious, O how pre - cious, Is the sound of Je - sus' name!
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and praise to Christ be - long!



I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, Where shall I Thy praise be - gin?
 Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y, Shall His glo - rious im - age bear.
 O how pre - cious, O how pre - cious, Is the sound of Je - sus' name!
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and praise to Christ be - long!

Let Him Come.

JAMES M. GRAY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. If an - y man thirst, let him come un-to Me, Let him come!.... Let him
 2. If an - y man thirst, let him come un-to Me, Let him come!.... Let him
 3. If an - y man thirst, let him come un-to Me, Let him come!.... Let him
 4. If an - y man thirst, let him come un-to Me, Let him come!.... Let him
 Let him come!

come! Who-ev - er may hear let him come without fear, Let him come!....
 come! Wher-ev - er he dwell, in a pal - ace or cell, Let him come!....
 come! The great-er the need, let it has - ten his speed, Let him come!....
 come! "When-ev - er he may," is a call for to - day, Let him come!....
 Let him come! Let him come!

REFRAIN.

Let him come!..... Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give,
 Let him come!

Let him free - ly par - take, and e - ter - nal - ly live; Let him

come!..... Let him come!..... If an - y man thirst, let him come.
 Let him come! Let him come!

Triumphant Zion.

P. DODDREDGE.

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

1. Tri-um-phat Zi-on! lift thy head From dust and darkness and the dead;
 2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy va-rious charms be known;
 3. No more shall foes un-clean in - vade, And fill thy hol-lowed walls with dread;
 4. God from on high has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ru - in shall re - pair;

Tho' humbled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
 The world thy glo-ries shall con-fess, Decked in the robes of right-eous-ness.
 No more shall hell's in-sult-ing host Their vic-t'ry and their sor-rows boast.
 Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace.

CHORUS.

Rise, crowned with light, O Church of Christ, lift up thy head,— Rise in thy
 Rise, O Church of Christ, a - rise, Church of Christ, lift up thy head,—

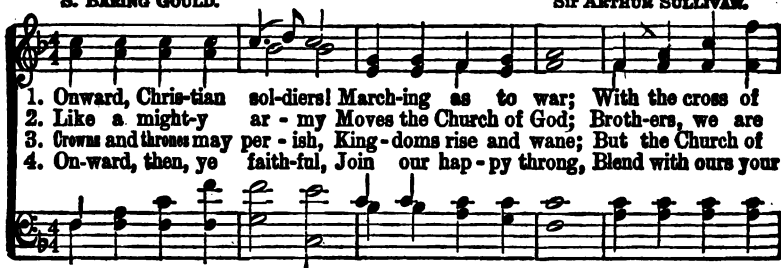
Rise in thy
 might from dust and darkness and the dead; Lift up thine eyes—Behold thy
 might,— dark-ness and the dead; Lift thy long-ing eyes to heav'n,
 ho - ly might,— dust and dark-ness and the dead;

Sav-iour now ap - pears— Glo - rious in pow'r--the Monarch of the years.
 See, thy Sav-iour now ap - pears—

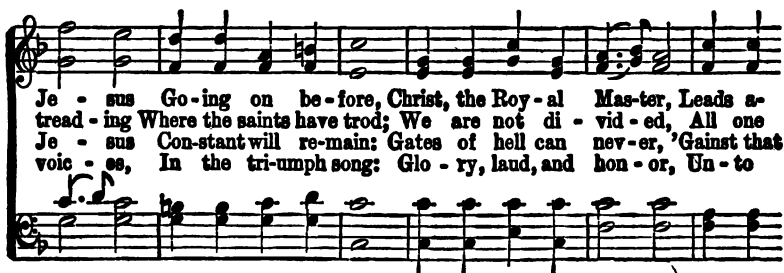
Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING GOULD.

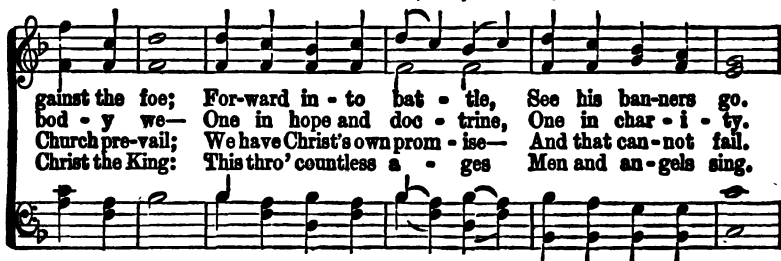
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Chris-tian sol-diers! March-ing as to war; With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of
 4. On-ward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your



Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore, Christ, the Roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-
 tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one
 Je-sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er, 'Gainst that
 voic-es, In the tri-umph song: Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or, Un-to



gainst the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See his ban-ners go.
 bod-y we— One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
 Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own prom-ise— And that can-not fail.
 Christ the King: This thro' count-ess a-ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.



On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! March-ing as to war, With the




With the cross of Je-sus, Go-ing on be-fore,
 cross of

Anywhere with Jesus.


JESSE H. BROWN.

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D. B. TOWNER.



1. An - y - where with Je - sus I, can safe - ly go, An - y - where He
 2. An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may
 3. An - y - where with Je - sus I can go to sleep When the dark'ning




leads me in this world be - low; An - y - where with - out Him dear - est
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
 shadows round a - bout me creep, Know - ing I shall wak - en nev - er



joys would fade, An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
 dear - est ways, An - y - where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam, An - y - where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.



An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can not know;




An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.


Show Us Thy Way.

JOHN E. ZOLLER.


DONALD E. YOUNG.




1. Show us Thy way, O Lord, Show us Thy way,
 2. Show us Thy way, O Lord, Show us Thy way,
 3. Show us Thy way, O Lord, Show us Thy way,
 4. Show us Thy way, O Lord, Show us Thy way,



A - lone we can - not go, for we would stray,
 We'll fol - low none but Thee, cost what it may,
 Our God we'll trust but Thee, hear while we pray,
 Bright - er the path - way glows, as we o - bey,



Thy way is al - ways bright, Thy path is al - ways right,
 Our way would lead us down, Our way is al - ways wrong,
 Purge us from ev - 'ry sin, Cleanse us, with - out, with - in,
 When Thou dost call us home, Grant us Thy glad "Well done,"



Keep us by Thy great might, O Lord di - vine.
 Then lead us, is our song, O Lord di - vine.
 Make us com - plete - ly clean, O Lord di - vine.
 And praise be Thine a - lone, O Lord di - vine.

Step By Step.

JENNIE WILSON.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. I need not ask what time will bring While to my Sav-iour's
 2. I need not fear tho' dark the way, For Je - sus close to
 3. Oft on my path falls gold-en light, And bloom-ing flow-ers
 4. I shall not have to go a-lone From earth in - to the

hand I cling; A song of trust my soul can sing, For
 me doth stay; Un - til the dawn of per - fect day Still
 greet my sight; My Sav-iour's love makes all scenes bright, And
 realms un-known; My Lord doth ne'er for - sake His own, And

CHORUS.

step by step He will lead me. Step by step to the

glo - ry land, My Sav-iour guides with a lov-ing hand; I

go to dwell with the bloodwash'd band, And step by step He will lead me.

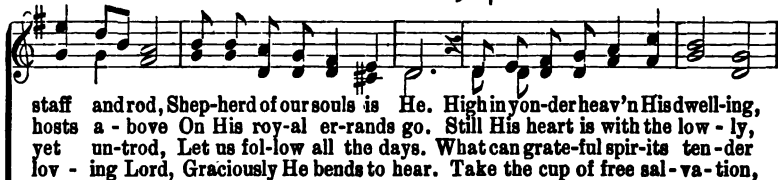
80 Who Is Like the Lord Our God?

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

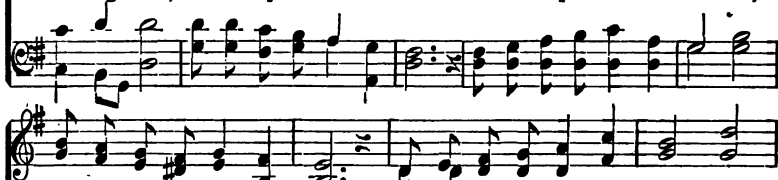
D. B. TOWNER.



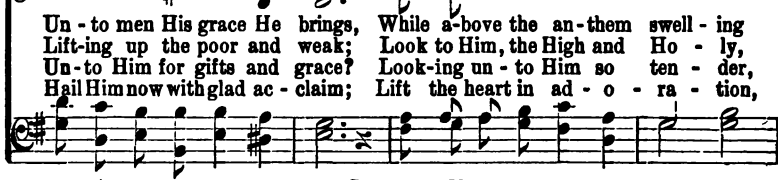
1. Who is like the Lord our God, Fill-ing all e - ter - ni - ty? Guid-ing us with
 2. Who is like our King of love, Mind-ful of His own be-low? Rank on rank His
 3. Who is like the Lord our God, Wonder-ful in works and ways! Thro' the pathways
 4. Let us come with one ac-cord, Let us in His court ap-pear, Prais-ing Him, our



staff and rod, Shep-herd of our souls is He. High in yon-der heav'n His dwel-ling,
 hosts a - bove On His roy-al er-rands go. Still His heart is with the low - ly,
 yet un-trod, Let us fol-low all the days. What can grate-ful spir-its ten-der
 lov - ing Lord, Graciously He bends to hear. Take the cup of free sal - va - tion,

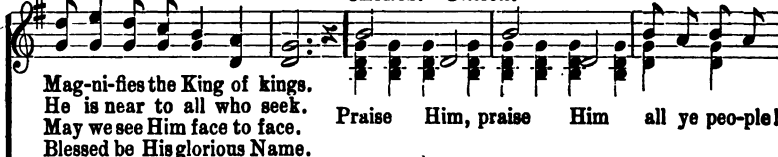


Un - to men His grace He brings, While a - bove the an - them swell - ing
 Lift-ing up the poor and weak; Look to Him, the High and Ho - ly,
 Un - to Him for gifts and grace? Look-ing un - to Him so ten - der,
 Hail Him now with glad ac - claim; Lift the heart in ad - o - ra - tion,



Un - to men His grace He brings, While a - bove the an - them swell - ing
 Lift-ing up the poor and weak; Look to Him, the High and Ho - ly,
 Un - to Him for gifts and grace? Look-ing un - to Him so ten - der,
 Hail Him now with glad ac - claim; Lift the heart in ad - o - ra - tion,

CHORUS. Unison.



Mag-ni-fies the King of kings.
 He is near to all who seek. Praise Him, praise Him all ye peo-ple!
 May we see Him face to face.
 Blessed be His glorious Name.



Shout His prais - es! pow'r and glo - ry Un - to God the



Shout His prais - es! pow'r and glo - ry Un - to God the

Who Is Like the Lord Our God?

Lord be - long. Al - le - lu - ia! Lo, the Church its voice up

HARMONY.

rais - es Al - le - lu - ia! Hear from heav'n the endless song.

81 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

W. F. SHERWIN,

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,

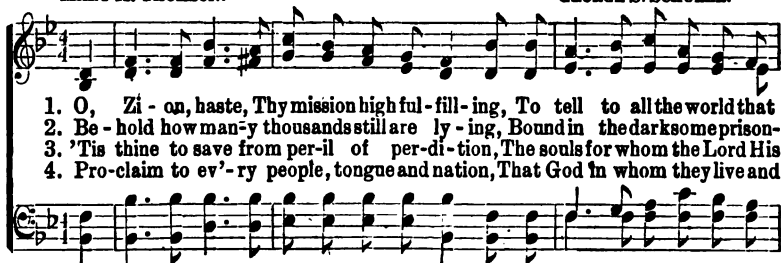
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my Peace, My All in All!

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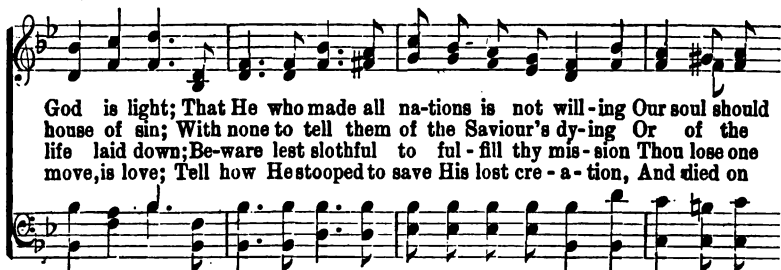
Publish Glad Tidings.

MARY A. THOMSON.

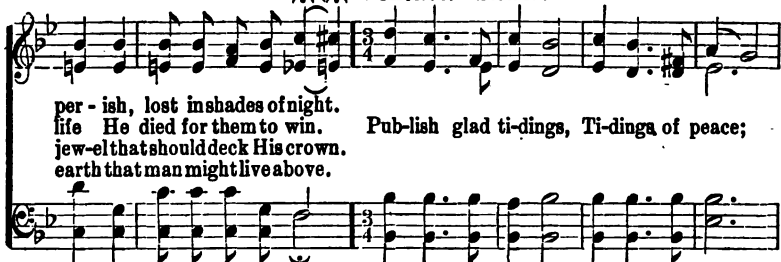
GEORGE S. SCHULER.



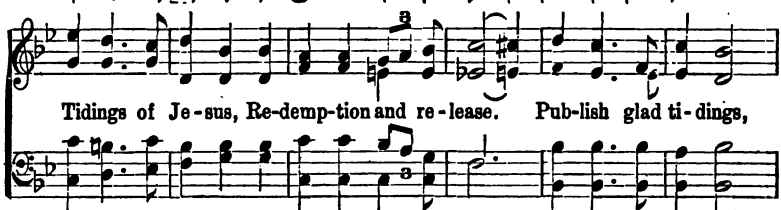
1. O, Zi - on, haste, Thy mission high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the world that
 2. Be - hold how man-y thousands still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark some prison-
 3. 'Tis thine to save from per-il of per-di-tion, The souls for whom the Lord His
 4. Pro-claim to ev'-ry people, tongue and nation, That God in whom they live and



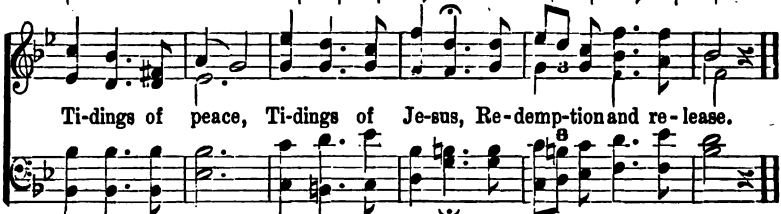
God is light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing Our soul should
 house of sin; With none to tell them of the Saviour's dy-ing Or of the
 life laid down; Be-ware lest slothful to ful-fill thy mis-sion Thou lose one
 move, is love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion, And died on

CHORUS. *Slower.*


per-ish, lost in shades of night.
 life He died for them to win. Pub-lish glad ti-dings, Ti-dings of peace;
 jew-el that should deck His crown.
 earth that man might live above.



Tidings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. Pub-lish glad ti-dings,

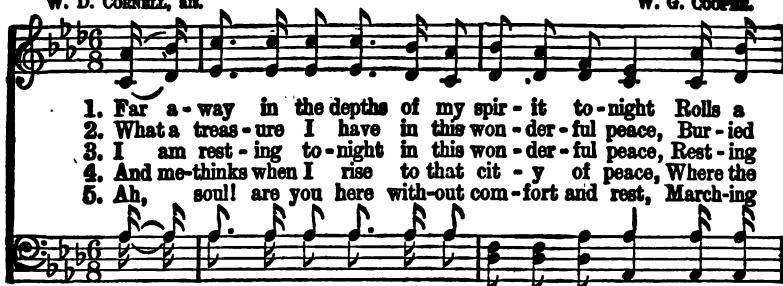


Ti-dings of peace, Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease.

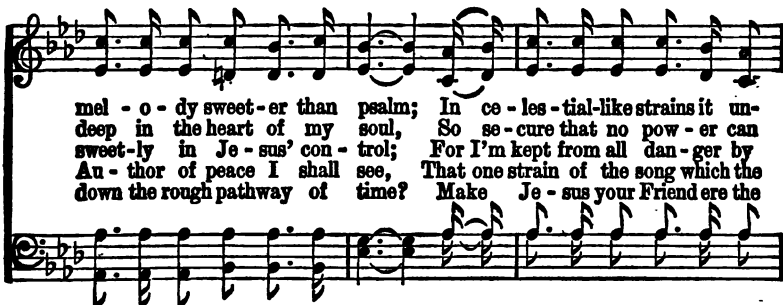
Wonderful Peace.

W. D. CORNELL, arr.

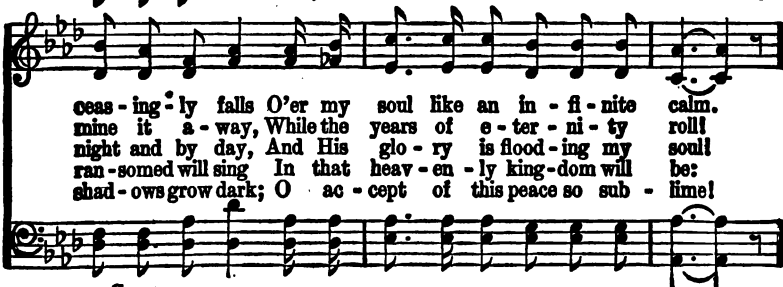
W. G. COOPER.



1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
 4. And me - thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah, soul! are you here with - out com - fort and rest, March - ing

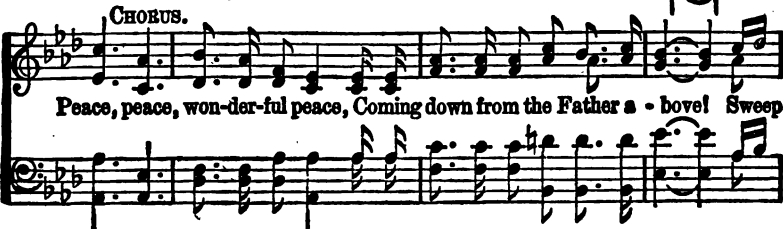


mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial - like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul, So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the

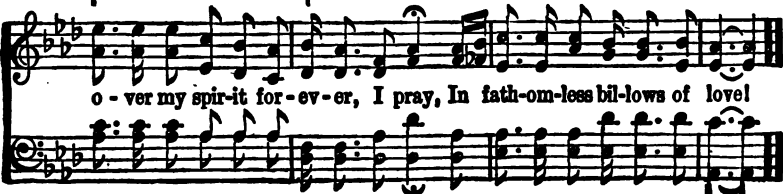


ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul
 ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be:
 shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!

CHORUS.



Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove! Sweep

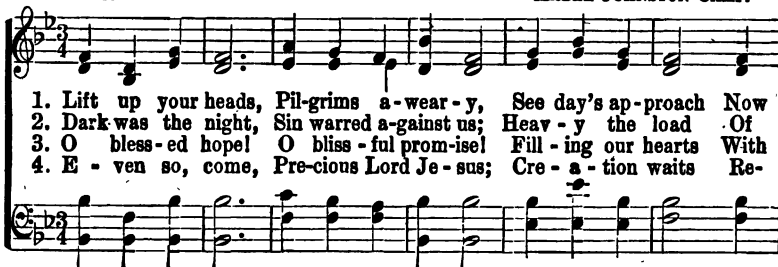


o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath - om - less bil - lows of love!

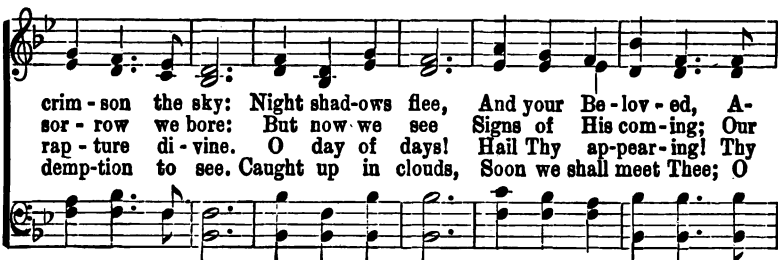
He Is Coming Again.

M. J. C.

MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP.

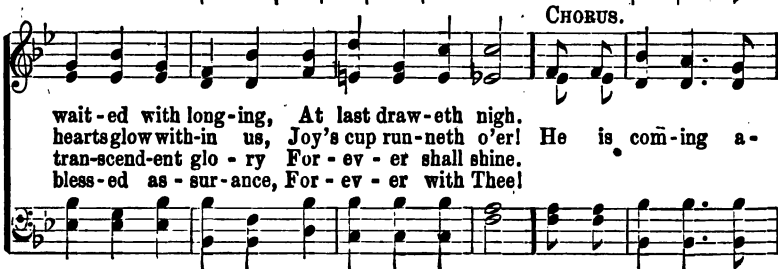


1. Lift up your heads, Pil-grims a-wear-y, See day's ap-proach Now
 2. Dark was the night, Sin warred a-against us; Heav-y the load Of
 3. O bless-ed hope! O bliss-ful prom-ise! Fill-ing our hearts With
 4. E-ven so, come, Pre-cious Lord Je-sus; Cre-a-tion waits Re-

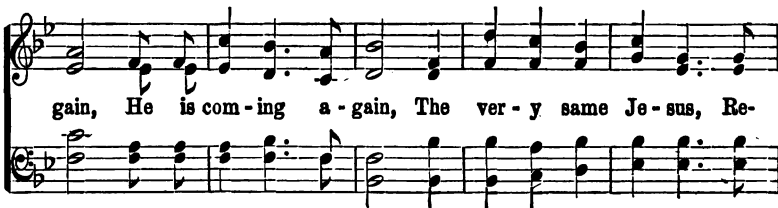


crim-son the sky: Night shad-ows flee, And your Be-lov-ed, A-sor-row we bore: But now we see Signs of His com-ing; Our rap-ture di-vine. O day of days! Hail Thy ap-pear-ing! Thy demp-tion to see. Caught up in clouds, Soon we shall meet Thee; O

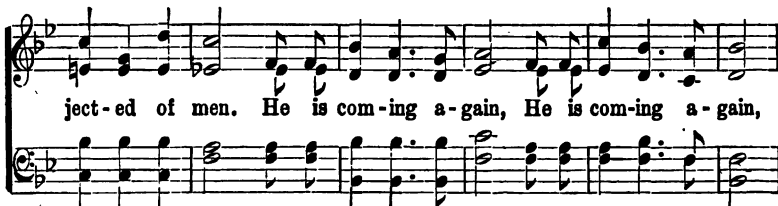
CHORUS.



wait-ed with long-ing, At last draw-eth nigh.
 heartsglow with-in us, Joy's cup run-neth o'er! He is com-ing a-tran-scend-ent glo-ry For-ev-er shall shine.
 bless-ed as-sur-ance, For-ev-er with Thee!

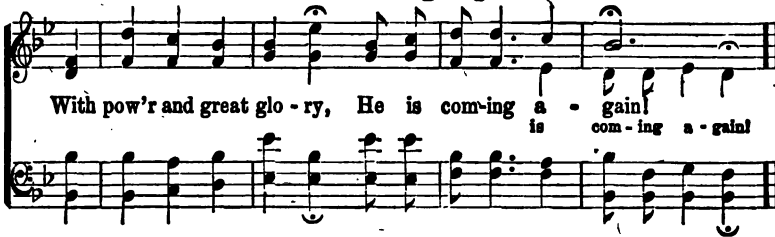


gain, He is com-ing a-gain, The ver-y same Je-sus, Re-



ject-ed of men. He is com-ing a-gain, He is com-ing a-gain,

He Is Coming Again.



With pow'r and great glo - ry, He is com-ing a - gain!
is com-ing a - gain!

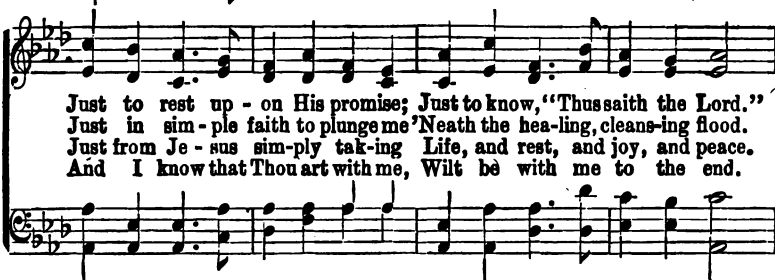
85 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISE M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

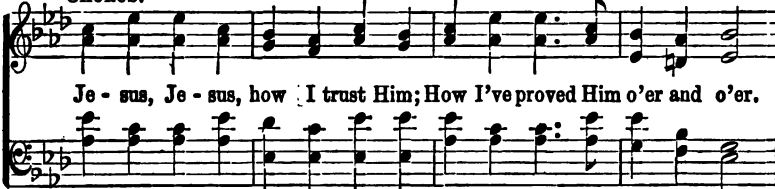


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;

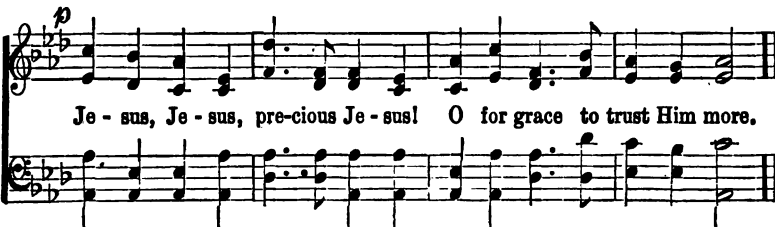


Just to rest up - on His promise; Just to know, "Thussaith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the hea - ling, cleans - ing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er.



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

FRED. P. MORRIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When I stand at last in the gold-en light That shines on the oth - er
 2. When I gaze at last on my Saviour's face That beams with His love di-
 3. When I see at last how the ransomed bring Their trophies un - to His

shore, With my soul entranced by the wondrous sight Of the Lord whom
 vine, Will my heart be sad in that joy - ous place When His eyes look
 name, When they hail Him Saviour, Redeem - er, King, Will my heart be

I a - dore; When my work is done and my cross laid down, Shall I
 in - to mine? When my work is done and my cross laid down, Shall I
 filled with shame? When my work is done and my cross laid down, Shall I

CHORUS.
 take from His hand a star-less crown? A starless crown, . . . no di - a-
 A starless crown,

dem; . . . A starless crown, not one bright gem; When my
 no di - a-dem; not one bright gem;

A Starless Crown.

work is done and my cross laid down, Shall I take from His hand a star-less crown.

87

St. Christopher.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

FREDERICK C. MARER.

1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, Thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wear - y land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess, —
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burn - ing of the noontide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
The won - ders of His glo - rious love And my own worthlessness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross. A - MEN.

God Calling Yet.

GERHARD THRESTERGEM.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing-voice de-spise?
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo-ser lock?
 4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay;

Shall life's swift passing years now fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still, can I de-lay?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.

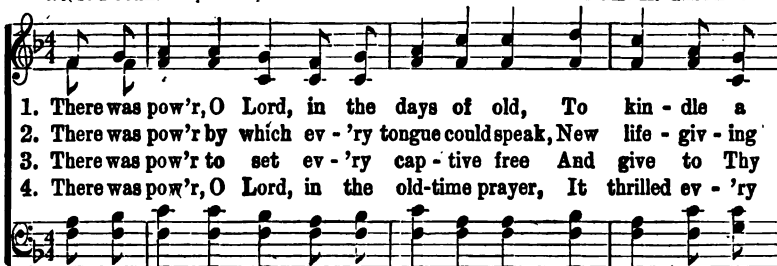
Call-ing, . . . call-ing, . . . God is calling, "Come to Me;" . . .
 God is call-ing, God is call-ing, "Come to Me;"

Call-ing, . . . call-ing, . . . God is call-ing, call-ing thee.
 God is call-ing, God is call-ing.

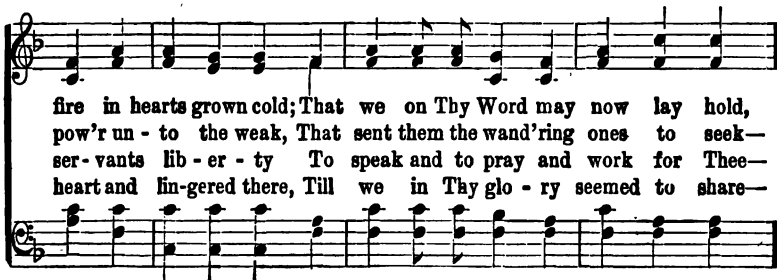
Send the Power Again.

W. C. POOLE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

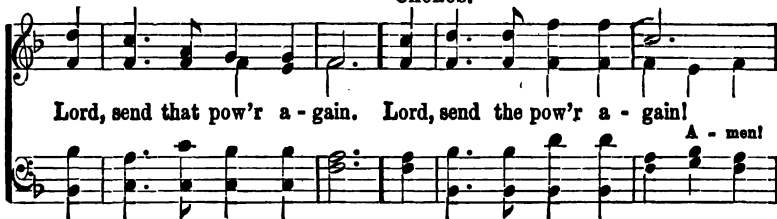


1. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the days of old, To kin - dle a
 2. There was pow'r by which ev - 'ry tongue could speak, New life - giv - ing
 3. There was pow'r to set ev - 'ry cap - tive free And give to Thy
 4. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the old-time prayer, It thrilled ev - 'ry



fire in hearts grown cold; That we on Thy Word may now lay hold,
 pow'r un - to the weak, That sent them the wand'ring ones to seek—
 ser - vants lib - er - ty To speak and to pray and work for Thee—
 heart and lin - gered there, Till we in Thy glo - ry seemed to share—

CHORUS.



Lord, send that pow'r a - gain. Lord, send the pow'r a - gain! A - ment



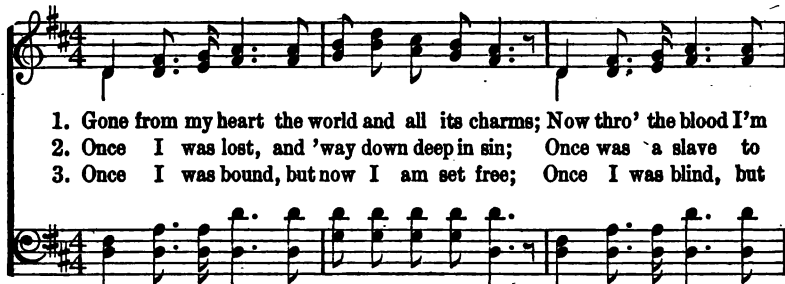
O send the pow'r a - gain! A - ment! We be - lieve on Thy name,



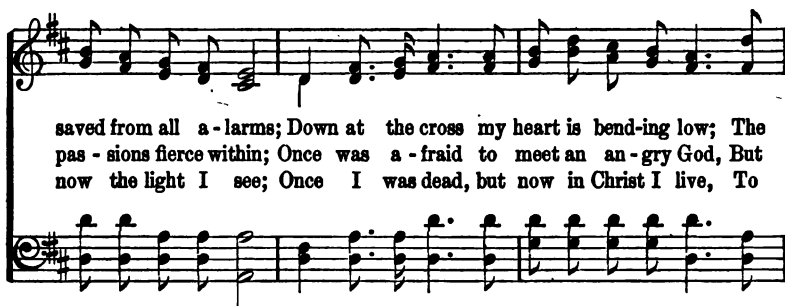
And Thy prom - ise we claim, Lord, send the pow'r a - gain.

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

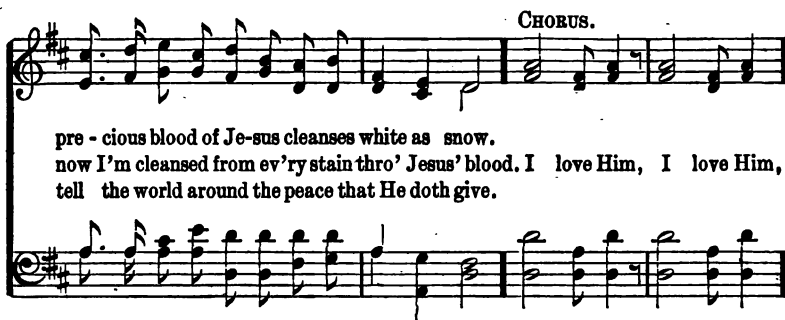
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.
Arr. by D. B. T.


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms; Now thro' the blood I'm
 2. Once I was lost, and 'way down deep in sin; Once was 'a slave to
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

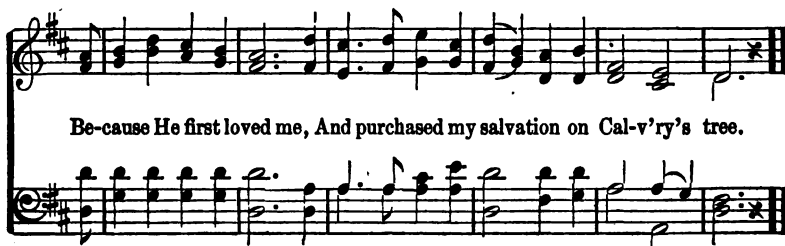


saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low; The
 pas-sions fierce within; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

CHORUS.



pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
 now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
 tell the world around the peace that He doth give.

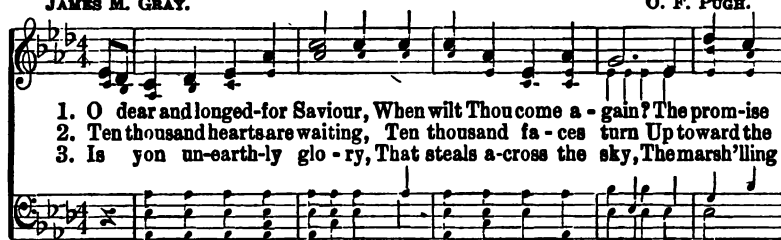


Be-cause He first loved me, And purchased my salvation on Cal-v'ry's tree.

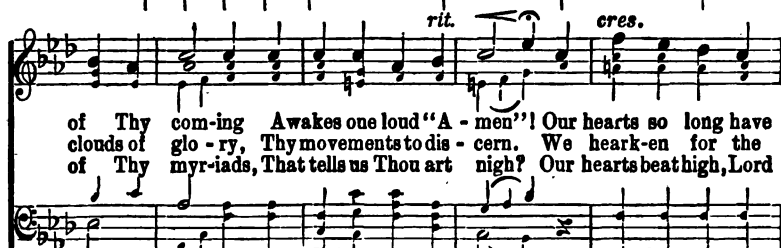
O Hasten Thine Appearing.

JAMES M. GRAY.

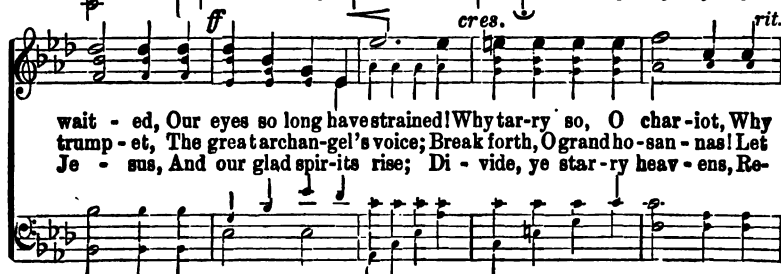
O. F. PUGH.



1. O dear and longed-for Saviour, When wilt Thou come a - gain? The prom - ise
 2. Ten thousand hearts are waiting, Ten thousand fa - ces turn Up toward the
 3. Is yon un - earth - ly glo - ry, That steals a - cross the sky, The marsh'ling

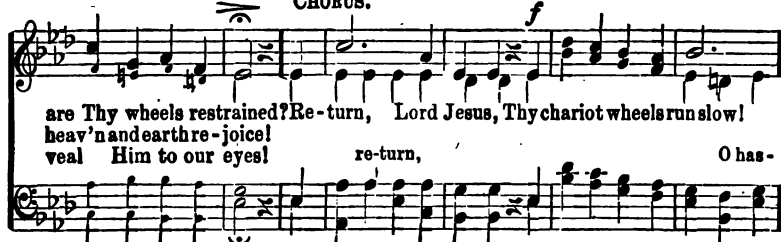


of Thy com - ing Awakes one loud "A - men"! Our hearts so long have
 clouds of glo - ry, Thy move - ments to dis - cern. We heark - en for the
 of Thy myr - iads, That tells us Thou art nigh? Our hearts beat high, Lord

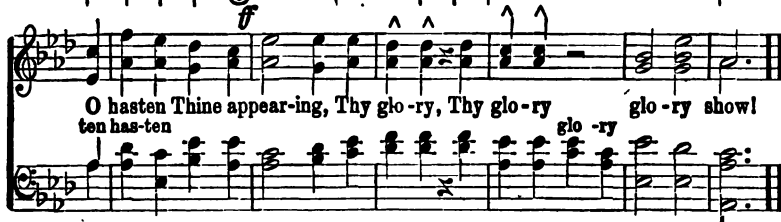


wait - ed, Our eyes so long have strained! Why tar - ry so, O char - iot, Why
 trump - et, The great arch - an - gel's voice; Break forth, O grand ho - san - nas! Let
 Je - sus, And our glad spir - its rise; Di - vide, ye star - ry heav - ens, Re -

CHORUS.



are Thy wheels restrained? Re - turn, Lord Jesus, Thy chariot wheels run slow!
 heav'n and earth re - joice!
 veal Him to our eyes! re - turn, O has -




O hasten Thine appear - ing, Thy glo - ry, Thy glo - ry glo - ry show!
 ten has - ten


What If It Were Today?

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



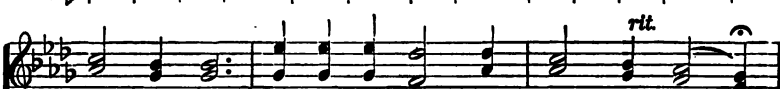
1. Je - sus is com - ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
 2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
 3. Faith - ful and true would He find us here, If He should come to - day?



Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
 Sor - row and sigh - ings shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
 Watch - ing in glad - ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?



Com - ing to claim His cho - sen Bride, All the re - deemed and
 Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him
 Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn - ing light breaks in



pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
 in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
 east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,

a tempo. CHORUS.



What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

What If It Were Today.



joy to my heart'twill bring; Glo - ry! glo - ry! When we shall
Joy to my heart'twill bring, When

crown Him king; Glo - ry! glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
we shall crown Him king, Haste to pre-

way; Glo - ry! glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way; rilard.

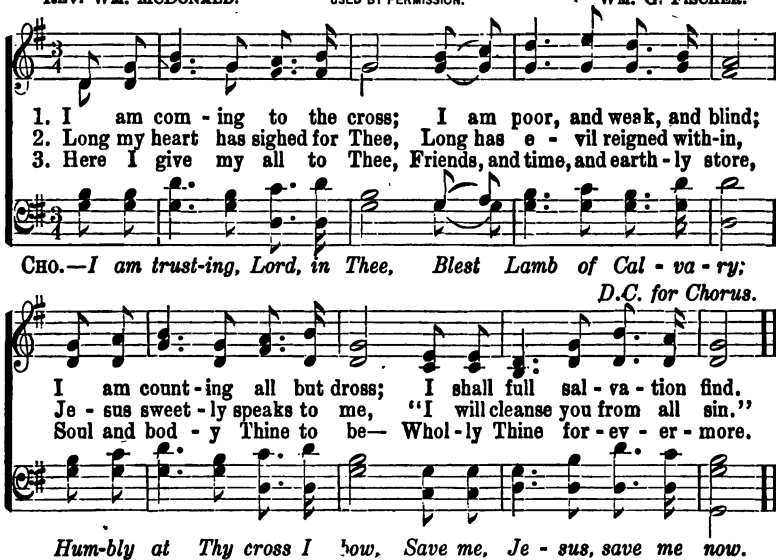
93

I Am Coming to the Cross.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

USED BY PERMISSION.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in,
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store,

CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
D.C. for Chorus.

I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find,
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin,"
Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol-ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow. Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

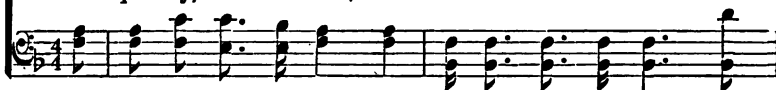
Bringing Back the King.

JAMES M. GRAY.

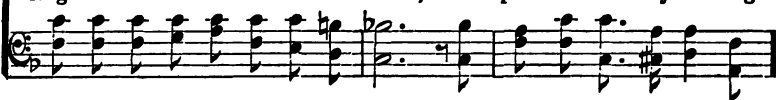
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Why say ye not a word Of bring-ing back the King? Why
2. Dost thou not want to look Up - on His lov - ing face? Dost
3. O hark! cre - a-tion's groans, How can they be as-suaged? How
4. Come quick-ly, bless - ed Lord, Our hearts a wel - come hold! We



speak ye not of Je - sus and His reign? Why tell ye of His king-dom,
 thou not want to see Him glo - ri - fied? Would'st thou not hear His wel-come,
 can our bod-ies know re-demptive joy? How can the war be end-ed
 long to see cre-a-tion's sec-ond birth; The prom-ise of Thy com-ing



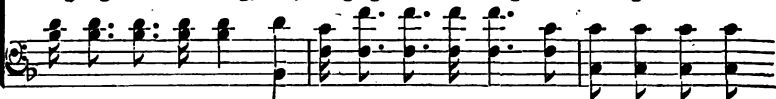
And of its glo-ri-essing, But noth-ing of His com-ing back a-gain?
 And in that ver-y place, Where years a - go we saw Him cru - ci - fied?
 In which we are en-gaged, Un - til He come the law-less to de-destroy?
 To some is grow-ing cold, O has - ten Thy re - turn-ing back to earth.



CHORUS.



Bring-ing back the King, Oh, bringing back the King! The an - gel choirs of



Bringing Back the King.

heav'n their hal - le - lu - jahs sing, Ho-san - na! Bring-ing back the King, Oh,
bring-ing back the King! Ye ransomed, let your joy-ous wel-come ring!

95

Fairest Lord Jesus.

CRUSADERS' HYMN.

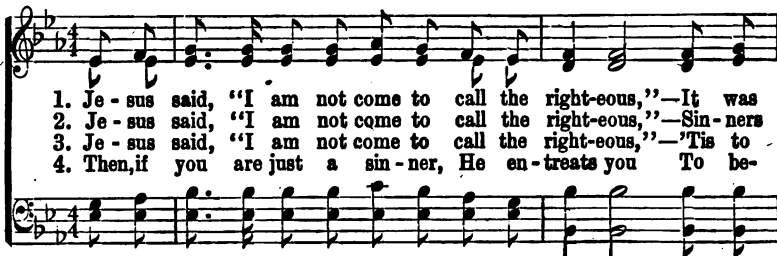
Arr. by RICHARD S. WILLIS.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Rul - er of all na - ture!
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,
O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish,
Robed in the bloom-ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
And all the twink-ling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,
Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown!
Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing!
Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heaven can boast!

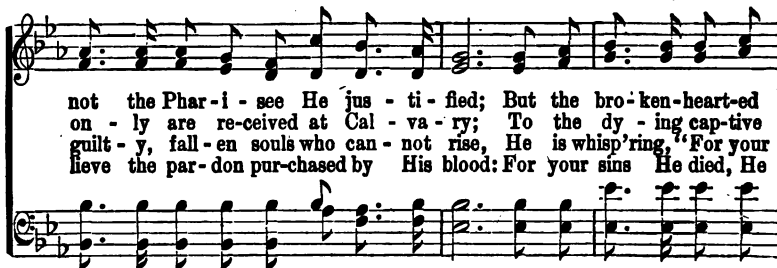
He Came to Call the Sinners.

A. A. P.

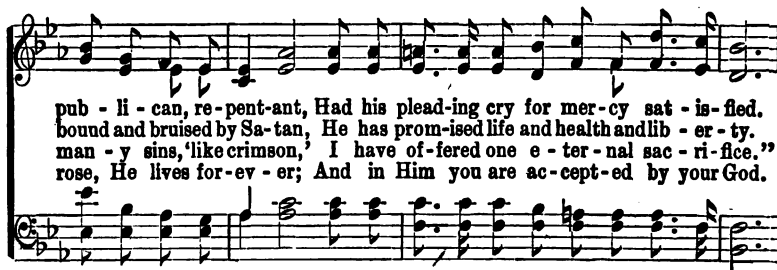
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Je - sus said, "I am not come to call the right-eous,"—It was
 2. Je - sus said, "I am not come to call the right-eous,"—Sin - ners
 3. Je - sus said, "I am not come to call the right-eous,"—"Tis to
 4. Then, if you are just a sin - ner, He en - treats you To be-



not the Phar-i - see He jus - ti - fied; But the bro - ken-heart-ed
 on - ly are re - ceived at Cal - va - ry; To the dy - ing cap - tive
 guilt - y, fall - en souls who can - not rise, He is whis - ring, "For your
 lieve the par - don pur - chased by His blood: For your sins He died, He

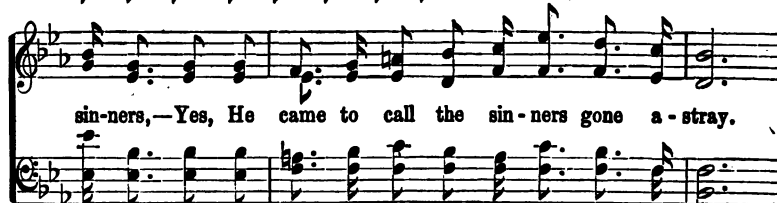


pub - li - can, re - pent - ant, Had his plead - ing cry for mer - cy sat - is - fied.
 bound and bruised by Sa - tan, He has prom - ised life and health and lib - er - ty.
 man - y sins, 'like crimson,' I have of - fered one e - ter - nal sac - ri - fice."
 rose, He lives for - ev - er; And in Him you are ac - cept - ed by your God.

CHORUS.



O He came to call the sin - ners— Just the lost and hope - less



sin - ners,—Yes, He came to call the sin - ners gone a - stray.

He Came to Call the Sinners.



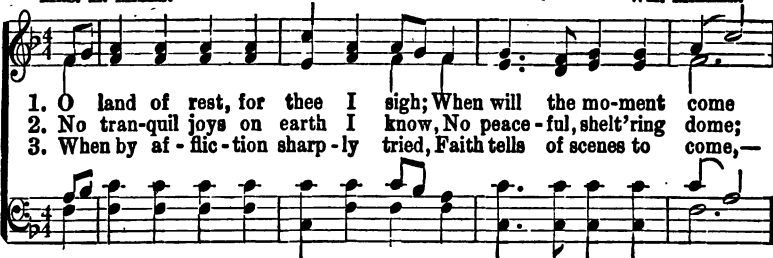
And if you are such a sin-ner— Just a poor and help-less
sin-ner— He is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing you to-day!

97

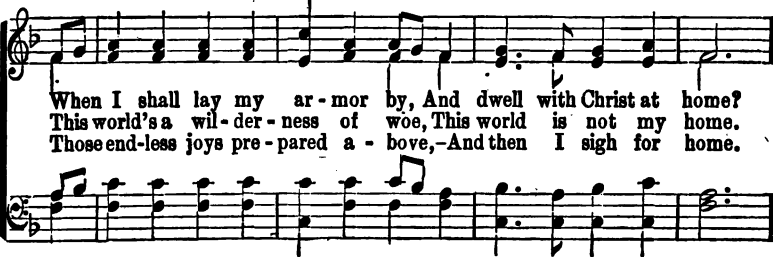
Work Till Jesus Comes.

MRS. E. MILLS.

WM. MILLER.

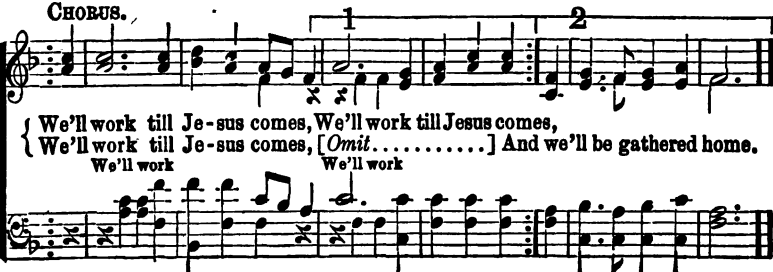


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'ring dome;
3. When by af-flic-tion sharp-ly tried, Faith tells of scenes to come,—



When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
Those end-less joys pre-pared a-bove,— And then I sigh for home.

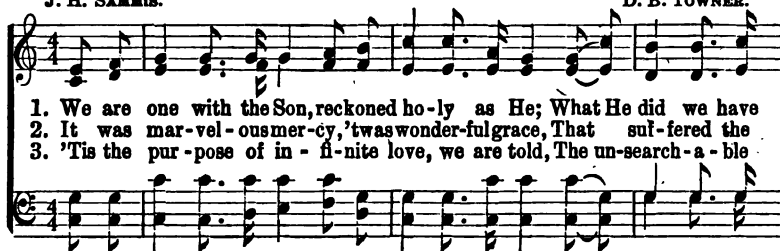
CHORUS.



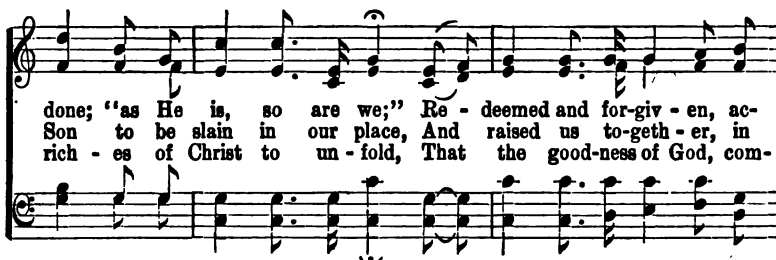
1 2
{ We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Je-sus comes, [Omit.....] And we'll be gathered home.
We'll work We'll work

J. H. SAMMIS.

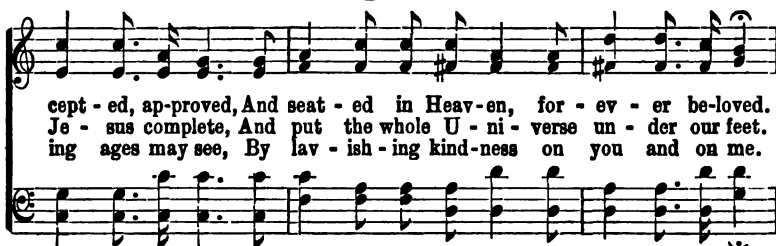
D. B. TOWNER.



1. We are one with the Son, reckoned ho-ly as He; What He did we have
 2. It was mar-vel-ous mer-cy, 'twas won-der-ful grace, That suf-fered the
 3. 'Tis the pur-pose of in-fi-nite love, we are told, The un-search-a-ble

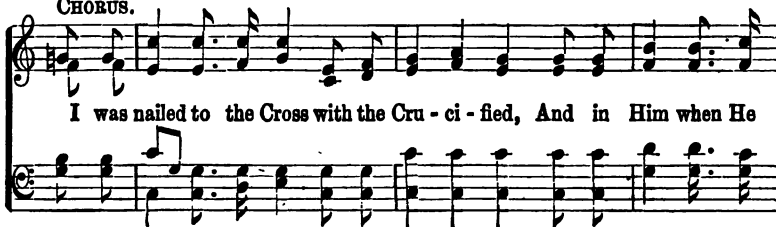


done; "as He is, so are we;" Re-deemed and for-giv-en, ac-
 Son to be slain in our place, And raised us to-gether, in
 rich-es of Christ to un-fold, That the good-ness of God, com-

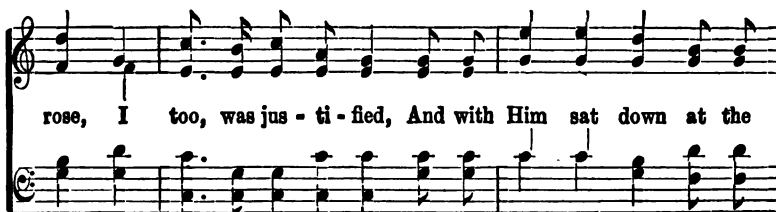


cept-ed, ap-proved, And seat-ed in Heav-en, for-ev-er be-loved.
 Je-sus complete, And put the whole U-ni-verse un-der our feet.
 ing ages may see, By lav-ish-ing kind-ness on you and on me.

CHORUS.



I was nailed to the Cross with the Cru-ci-fied, And in Him when He



rose, I too, was jus-ti-fied, And with Him sat down at the

Our Portion in Christ.

Fa-ther's side, For in Christ for - ev - er, I am glo - ri - fied.

99

The Lord Jehovah Reigns.

ISAAC WATTS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The
 2. The thun-ders of His hand Keep the wide world in awe; His
 3. Thro' all His might-y works A - maz - ing wis-dom shines; Con-
 4. And will this sovereign King Of glo - ry con-de - scend; And

gar - ments He as-sumes Are light and maj - es - ty; His glo - ries
 wrath and jus-tice stand To guard His ho - ly law; And where His
 founds the pow'r of hell, And all their dark de - signs; Strong is His
 will He write His name, My Fa-ther and my Friend? I love His

shine with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.
 love re - solves to bless, His truth con-firms and seals the grace.
 arm and shall ful - fill His great de - crees and sover-eign will.
 name, I love His word; Join all my pow'rs to praise the Lord.

This Is My Duty to Him.

ERNEST L. THOMPSON.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Just to be faith-ful in things that are small, Just to walk steady where
2. Just to be friend-ly to those I dis-like, Just to act kind-ly when
3. Just to drivesome-body's dark-ness a-way, Just to make brighter the
4. Just to let Je-sus have per-fect con-trol, Just to know dai-ly His



oth-ers might fall; Just to be will-ing if Je-sus should call,
 oth-ers would strike; Just to keep bus-y in things that are right,
 world of to-day; Just to strew flow-ers a-long life's path-way,
 grace makes me whole; Just to have heav-en-ly peace in my soul,



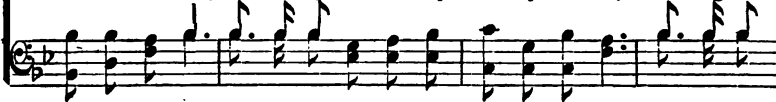
CHORUS.



This is my du-ty to Him. Oh! what a pleas-ure it



is to be true, Mo-ment by moment my du-ty to do; Trust-ing the



Sav-iour to car-ry me thro', This is my du-ty to Him.




Christ Arose.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

Slow.



1. Low in the grave He lay—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the com - ing day—
 2. Vainly they watch His bed—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death cannot keep his prey—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the bars a - way—

CHORUS. *faster.*


Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose With a
 He a - rose,



might-y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
 He a - rose!



dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -

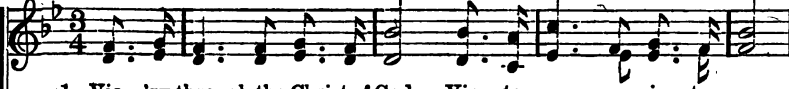


rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a - rose! He a - rose!



Victory Through Christ.

MARY FRAZER.



D. B. TOWHER.



1. Vic - 'ry through the Christ of God Vic - to - ry, yes vic - to - ry.
 2. Vic - 'ry through an arm di - vine, Vic - to - ry, yes vic - to - ry.
 3. Vic - 'ry be thy watch word clear, Vic - to - ry, yes vic - to - ry.
 4. Vic - 'ry till thy lat - est breath, Vic - to - ry, yes vic - to - ry.

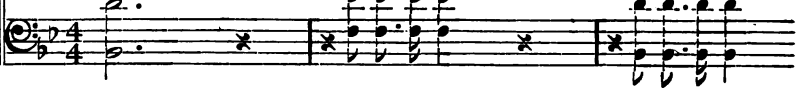



Vic - 'ry through His pre - cious blood, Vic - to - ry, yes vic - to -
 Vic - 'ry all a - long the line, Vic - to - ry, yes vic - to -
 Vic - 'ry sing it like a cheer, Vic - to - ry, yes vic - to -
 Vic - 'ry o'er the sting of death, Vic - to - ry, yes vic - to -

ry. From Sa - tan's claim He sets you free, Once
 ry. Our God, we boast . . . a - lone in thee, . . . Thou
 ry. Thy Cap - tain's eye . . . is watch - ing thee, . . . He
 ry. Tho' sink - ing, still . . . thy song may be, . . . Oh

1st v., etc. From Satan's claim *He sets you free,*

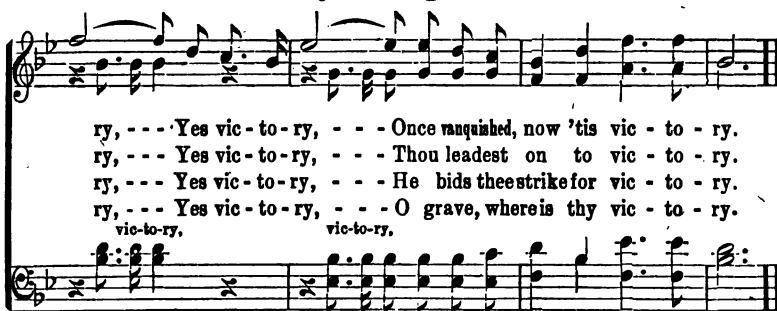



van - quished, now . . . 'tis vic - to - ry, Vic - to -
 lead - est on to vic - to - ry, Vic - to -
 bids thee strike . . . for vic - to - ry, Vic - to -
 grave, where is . . . thy vic - to - ry, Vic - to -

Once vanquished, now 'tis vic - to - ry,



Victory Through Christ.



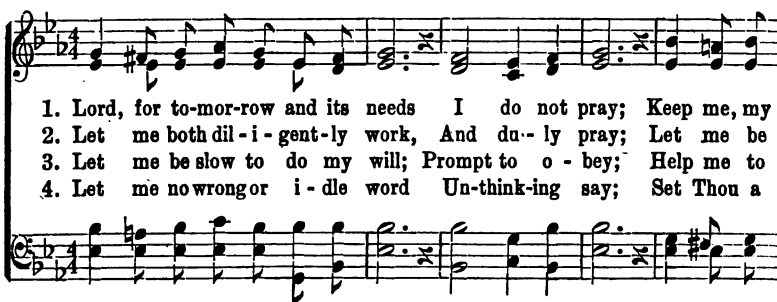
ry, --- Yes vic - to - ry, - - - Once vanquished, now 'tis vic - to - ry.
 ry, --- Yes vic - to - ry, - - - Thou leadest on to vic - to - ry.
 ry, --- Yes vic - to - ry, - - - He bids thee strike for vic - to - ry.
 ry, --- Yes vic - to - ry, - - - O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry.
 vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,

103

Just For Today.

Arranged by J. M. G.

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.



1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my
 2. Let me both dil-i-gent-ly work, And du-ly pray; Let me be
 3. Let me be slow to do my will; Prompt to o-bey; Help me to
 4. Let me no wrong or i-dle word Un-think-ing say; Set Thou a

CHORUS.



God, from stain of sin— Just for to-day.
 kind in word and deed— Just for to-day. Just for to-day,
 sac - ri - fice my-self— Just for to-day.
 seal up - on my lips— Just for to-day.



Just for to-day. Lord, keep me, guide me, hold me, Just for to-day.

Have Faith in God.

M. A. S.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Do you ev - er feel down-heart-ed or dis - cour-aged? Do you
 2. Dark-est night will al - ways come be - fore the dawn-ing, Sil - ver
 3. God is might-y! He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can

ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the bur - dens thrust up - on you
 Min - ists shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour - ney He has promised
 vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear, and care, and sin, and sor - row

make you trem - ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic - t'ry gain? ...
 to be with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al - lowed. ...
 be de - feat - ed By our faith in God's al - might - y, con - qu'ring pow'r. ...
 His love al - lowed.
 con - qu'ring pow'r.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God, Have faith in God, the sun will shine, the sun will shine,

Tho' dark the cloud Tho' dark the cloud may be to - day; may be to - day;

Have Faith in God.



His heart hath planned your path and mine;
 His heart hath planned your path and mine;

Have faith in God, have faith al - way.
 Have faith in God, have faith al-way.

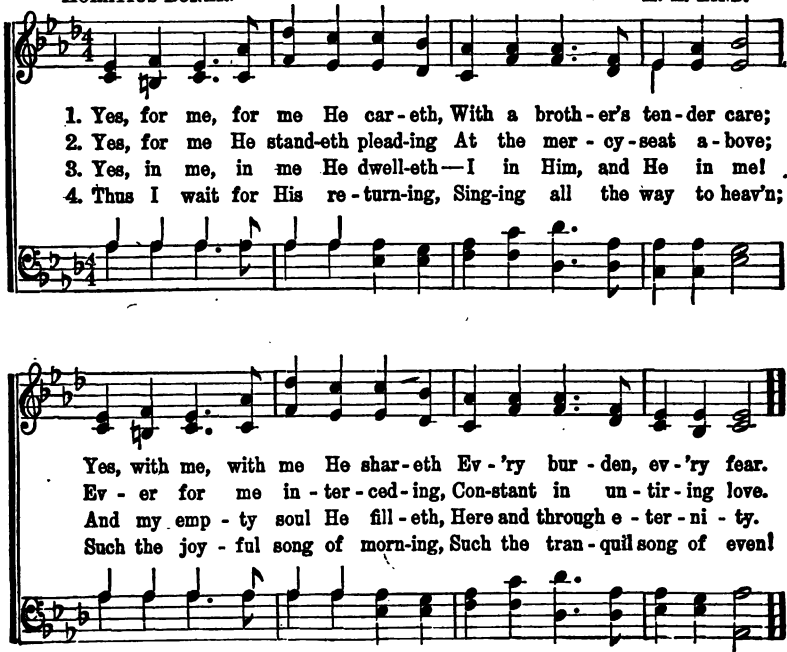
rit.

105

Yes, for Me He Careth.

HORATIUS BONAR.

A. E. LIND.



1. Yes, for me, for me He car-eth, With a broth-er's ten-der care;
 2. Yes, for me He stand-eth plead-ing At the mer-cy-seat a-bove;
 3. Yes, in me, in me He dwell-eth—I in Him, and He in me!
 4. Thus I wait for His re-turn-ing, Sing-ing all the way to heav'n;

Yes, with me, with me He shar-eth Ev-'ry bur-den, ev-'ry fear.
 Ev-er for me in-ter-ced-ing, Con-stant in un-tir-ing love.
 And my emp-ty soul He fill-eth, Here and through e-ter-ni-ty.
 Such the joy-ful song of morn-ing, Such the tran-quil song of even!

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My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
 2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
 3. Troubles al - most overwhelm the soul, Grievs like bil - lows o'er me roll,

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
 An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
 Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob - scure the light of day,

I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure!
 Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock!
 But in Christ I can be bold— I've an an - chor that shall hold!

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
 And it holds, . . . my an - chor holds, Blow your wild est

gale, On my bark so small and frail, I shall nev - er, nev - er
 then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds.



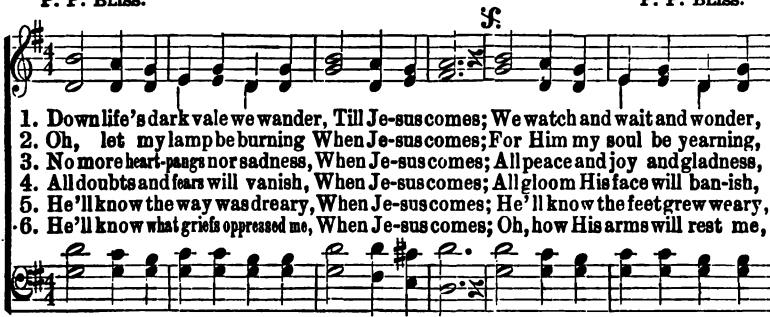
fail; For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds!
For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly holds,

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When Jesus Comes.

P. P. BLISS.

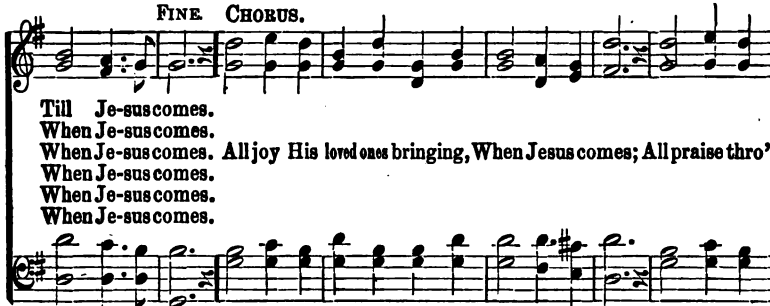
P. P. BLISS.



1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je-sus comes; We watch and wait and wonder,
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Je-sus comes; For Him my soul be yearning,
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Je-sus comes; All peace and joy and gladness,
4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Je-sus comes; All gloom His face will ban-ish,
5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Je-sus comes; He'll know the feet grew weary,
6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Je-sus comes; Oh, how His arms will rest me,

D. S.—All glo-ry, grand, e - ter-nal,

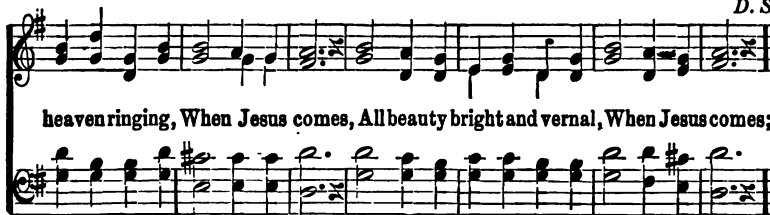
FINE CHORUS.



Till Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes. All joy His loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes; All praise thro'
When Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes.
When Je-sus comes.

When Je-sus comes.

D. S.




heaven ringing, When Jesus comes, All beauty bright and vernal, When Jesus comes;


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FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.




1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;




FINE

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest,
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D.C. Chorus first four lines.


O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Wait till I see the morn - ing, Break on the gold - en shore.


We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS.

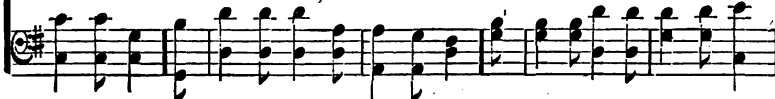
ROBERT LOWRY.




1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But children of the
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Before we reach the
 4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im -


sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
 heav'nly King, But chil-dren of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
 heav'nly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets,
 manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high,
 And thus sur-round the throne, And thus



CHORUS.



And thus surround the throne. We're marching to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
 May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets,
 To fair - er worlds on high. We're marching on to Zi - on,
 sur - round the throne.

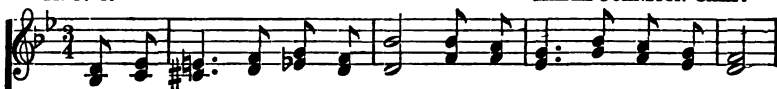



Zi-on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

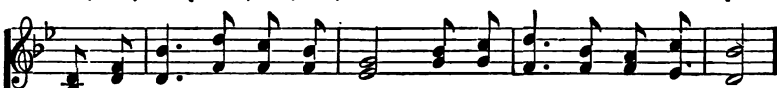
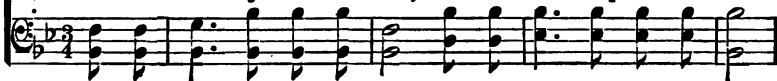


M. J. C.

MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP.



1. Won-drous mys - ter - y di - vine, Hid-den since the world be - gan,
2. Less than least of saints am I, Yet His match-less love suf-ficed
3. Cru - ci - fied with Christ my Lord, Death with Je - sus reck-oned mine;
4. Toased no lon - ger to and fro, By men's doc-trines new and old,
5. Gone all world - ly stress and strife, Glad I tread the path He trod.



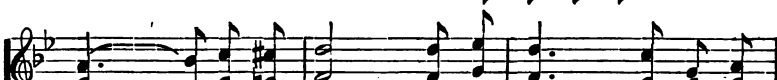
Liv-ing in this heart of mine Is the ris - en Son of man.
 To re-veal His Son in me, — Gra-cious, won-der-work-ing Christ.
 Yet a-live for - ev - er - more, Christ in me by power di - vine.
 But es-tab-lished by His power, Strengthened by His might un - told.
 By His pres-ence now con-formed To the per-fect will of God.



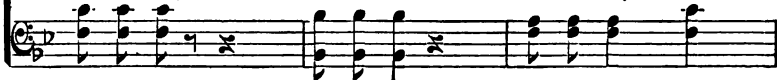
CHORUS.



Christ in me, O won-drous sto - ry! Christ in
 Christ in me, O won-drous sto - ry!



me Christ in me! Christ in me, the hope of
 Christ in me, Christ in me! Christ in me, the



glo - ry! Christ in me, yes, Christ in me!
 hope of glo-ry! Christ in me,



Sleep Not, Soldier.

MRS. E. C. GASKELL.

THEOBALD, KING of NAVARRE.

Arr. by D. B. T.

1. Sleep not, sol-dier of the cross, Foes are lurk-ing all a-round;
 2. Up! and take thy shield and sword; Up! it is the call of heav'n;
 3. Break thro' all the force of ill; Tread the might of pas-sion down;
 4. Thro' the midst of toil and pain, Let this tho't ne'er leave thy breast:

Look here not to find re- pose; This is but thy bat-tle-ground.
 Shrink not faith-less from thy Lord; No- bly strive, as He hath striv'n.
 Strug-gling on-ward, on- ward still, To thy conqu'ring Saviour's crown.
 Ev - 'ry tri-umph thou dost gain Makes more sweet thy com-ing rest.

CHORUS.

Sleep not, sol-dier of the cross, Foes are lurk-ing all a-round;
 Sleep not, sleep not,

Look not here to find re- pose; This is but thy bat-tle-ground.
 Look not, look not

Singing Glory!

L. R. M.

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L. R. MINOR.

1. I've something in my heart that Je - sus gave to me, It makes me
 2. My Sav-iour loosed my tongue that I might speak His praise; Since then I
 3. My Sav-iour took my feet from out the mir - y clay; Since then I
 4. O wea - ry heart, and sad, O heav - y - la - den soul, If you would

feel like sing-ing glo - ry all the day; He found my cap-tive soul
 have been sing-ing glo - ry all the day; I love to tell the lost
 have been sing-ing glo - ry all the day; He placed them on the Rock
 feel like sing-ing glo - ry all the day, Just let the Sav-iour in,

and gave me lib - er - ty, And now I feel like sing-ing glo - ry!
 of Je - sus and His ways, And oh, it keeps me sing-ing glo - ry!
 that shall not pass a - way— I can-not keep from sing-ing glo - ry!
 and let Him take con-trol: Then you will feel like sing-ing glo - ry!

CHORUS.

He makes the path grow bright-er ev - 'ry pass-ing day, He makes the

bur - den light - er all a - long the way; His Word is my de-light,

Singing Glory!

His will I now o-bey, And all the time I'm sing-ing glo-ry!

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Arise and Shine!

CARRIE E. BRIDG.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! The Lord hath made thee free;
2. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! Let sin and sor-row hide;
3. A - rise and shine, thy light is come! Thy God thy glo-ry is;
4. A - rise and shine, thy light is come, And night shall be no more;

The chains of dark-ness bind no more; Go forth in lib-er-ty!
Go forth and show to all the world That light and life a-bide!
Show forth the won-ders of His love, And let all praise be His!
Shine till the glo-ry of the Lord Is known from shore to shore!

CHORUS.

A - rise and shine, thy light is come! A - rise, a - rise and shine! With

love's bright adorning, Shine forth as the morning, A-rise, a - rise and shine!

Saving Grace.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. O golden day when light shall break And dawn's bright glo-ries shall un-
 2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-
 3. I dim-ly see my jour-ney's end, But well I know who guid-eth

fold, When He who knows the path I take Shall
 place Where, safe from sin, - and storm, and wrath, They
 me; I fol-low Him, that won-drous Friend Whose

pp

ope for me the gates - of gold! . . . Earth's lit-tle while will
 live who trust re-deem-ing grace. . . . Sing, sing, my heart, a-
 matchless love is full and free. . . . And when with Him I

rit. *a tempo.*

soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er; The grace that
 long the way! The grace that saves will keep and guide Till breaks the
 en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The conqu'ror's


saves shall time out-last, And be my theme on yon-der shore.
 glo-rious crown-ing day, And I shall cross to yon-der side.
 palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ and His re-deem-ing grace.

Saving Grace.

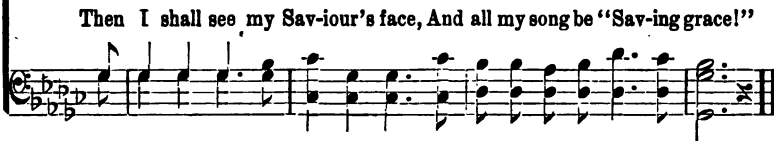
CHORUS.



Then I shall know as I am known, And stand complete be-fore the throne;


Then I shall see my Sav-iour's face, And all my song be "Sav-ing grace!"





115

God Is Present Everywhere.


G. F. HANDEL.



1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;
2. In our sick - ness and our health, In our want, or in our wealth,
3. When our earth - ly com-forts fail, When the foes of life pre - vail,
4. Then, my soul, in ev - 'ry strait, To thy Fa - ther come, and wait;

If we live a life of prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
 If we look to God in prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
 'Tis the time for ear - nest prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
 He will an - swer ev - 'ry prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.



Move Forward!

G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Move for-ward! val-iant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and
 2. Move for-ward! each and ev-'ry one; The gold-en har-vest
 3. Move for-ward! reap-ing as you move! An-gels are watch-ing
 4. Move for-ward! day will die full soon; How quick-ly eve-ning

la-bored long; The time has come for you to rise, For
 is be-gun, Ye reap-ers, come from glen and glade, And
 from a-bove! A-round are wit-ness-es a host; A-
 fol-lows noon! Now is the time to work and pray; Let

CHORUS.

lol the sun rolls up the skies. Move for-ward, move
 wield the sick-le's glit-t'ring blade.
 rouse ye now and save the lost.
 glo-ry crown the dy-ing day. Move for-ward,


for-ward, All a-long the line,..... Move
 move for-ward, move for-ward,

for-ward, move for-ward, The light be-gins to shine.
 Move for-ward, move for-ward,

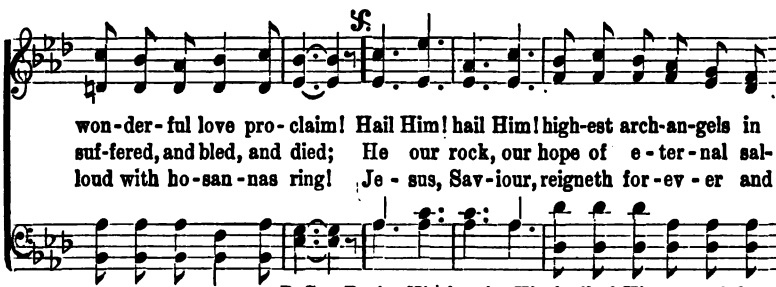
Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

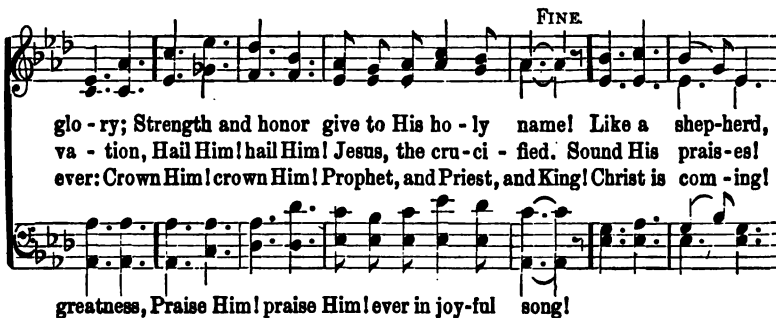


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals,

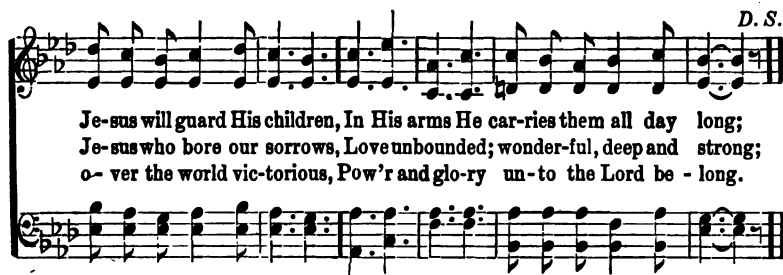


won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
 suf-fered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for-ev-er and

D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent



glo-ry; Strength and honor give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd,
 va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es!
 ever: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing!
 greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joy-ful song!



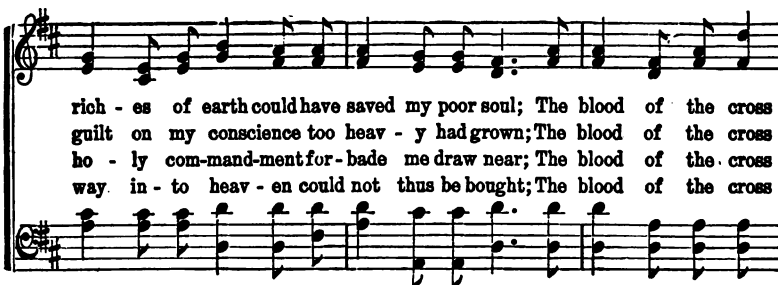
Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;
 Je-sus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded; wonder-ful, deep and strong;
 o-ver the world vic-tor-ious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long.

JAMES M. GRAY.

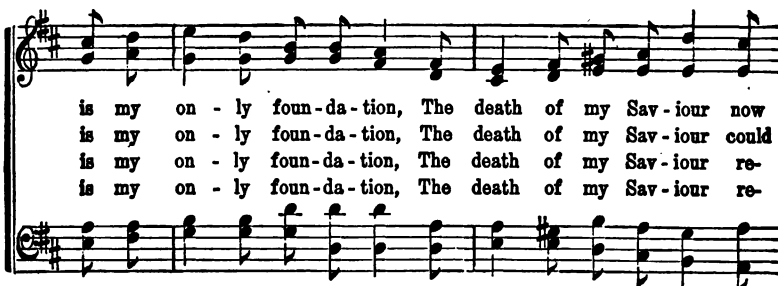
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, No
 2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The
 3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The
 4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The

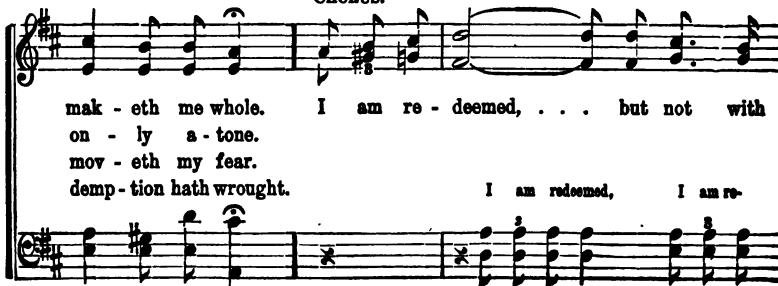


rich - es of earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross
 guilt on my conscience too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross
 ho - ly com-mand-ment for-bade me draw near; The blood of the cross
 way in - to heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross



is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour now
 is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour could
 is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour re-
 is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - iour re-

CHORUS.



mak - eth me whole. I am re - deemed, . . . but not with
 on - ly a - tone.
 mov - eth my fear.
 demp - tion hath wrought. I am redeemed, I am re-

Nor Silver Nor Gold.

sil - ver, I am bought..... but not with
deemed, but not with sil - ver, I am bought, I am

gold; Bought with a price..... the blood of
bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price— the

Je - sus, Pre-cious price of love un - told!
pre - cious blood of Je - sus,

119 Jesus Thine All-Victorious Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je - sus Thine all-Vic-tori - ous love Shed in my heart a - broad;
2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be-gin to glow.
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume!
4. Re-fin-ing fire, go through my heart; Il-lum - i - nate my soul;

Then shall my feet no long - er rove, Root-ed and fixed in God.
Burn up the dross of base de-sire, And make the moun-tains flow.
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for Thee I call; Spir-it of burn-ing, Come.
Scat-ter Thy life through ev - 'ry part And sanc - ti - fy the whole.

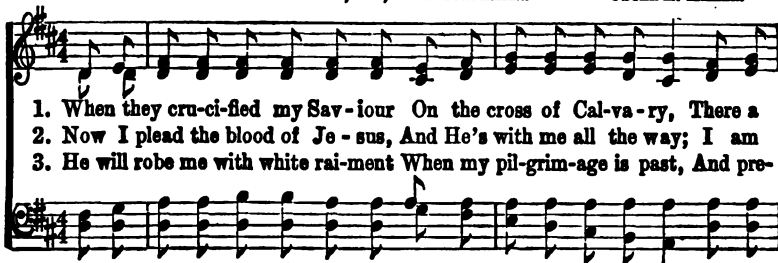
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The Cleansing Blood.

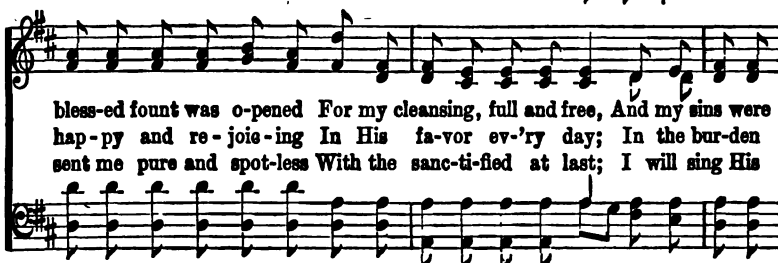
MRS. ELIZABETH MILLER.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY OSCAR A. MILLER.

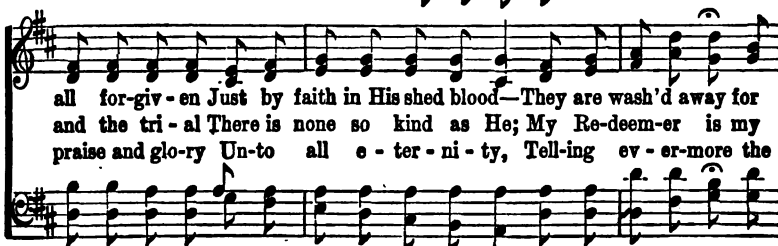
OSCAR A. MILLER.



1. When they cru-ci-fied my Sav-iour On the cross of Cal-va-ry, There a
 2. Now I plead the blood of Je-sus, And He's with me all the way; I am
 3. He will robe me with white rai-ment When my pil-grim-age is past, And pre-

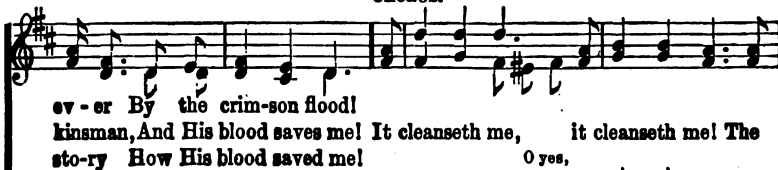


bles-ed fount was o-pened For my cleansing, full and free, And my sins were
 hap-py and re-joie-ing In His fa-vor ev-'ry day; In the bur-den
 sent me pure and spot-less With the sanc-ti-fied at last; I will sing His

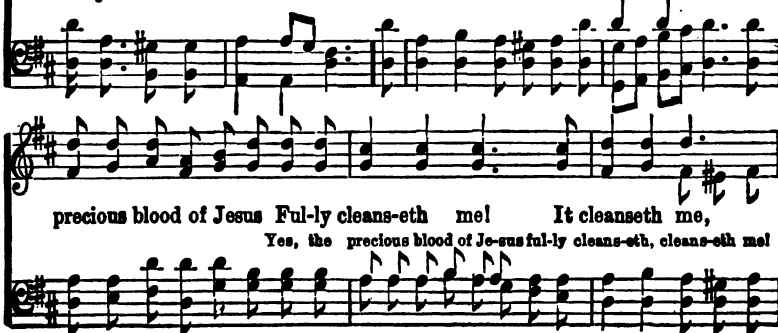


all for-giv-en Just by faith in His shed blood—They are wash'd away for
 and the tri-al There is none so kind as He; My Re-deem-er is my
 praise and glo-ry Un-to all e-ter-ni-ty, Tell-ing ev-er-more the

CHORUS.

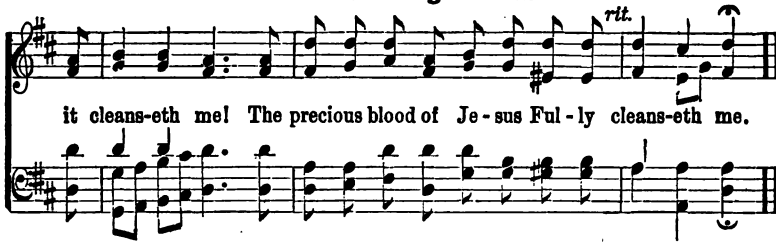


ev-er By the crim-son flood!
 kinsman, And His blood saves me! It cleanseth me, it cleanseth me! The
 sto-ry How His blood saved me! O yes,



precious blood of Jesus Ful-ly cleans-eth me! It cleanseth me,
 Yes, the precious blood of Je-sus ful-ly cleans-eth, cleans-eth me!

The Cleansing Blood.



it cleans-eth me! The precious blood of Je-sus Ful-ly cleans-eth me.

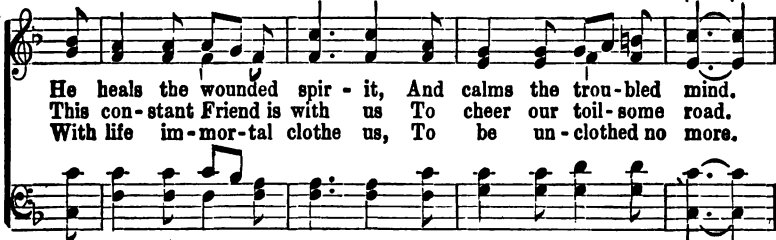
121 There is No Friend Like Jesus.

Translation by J. S. BROWNLIE.

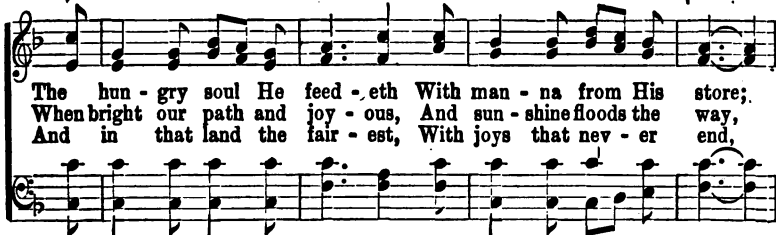
E. O. SELLERS.



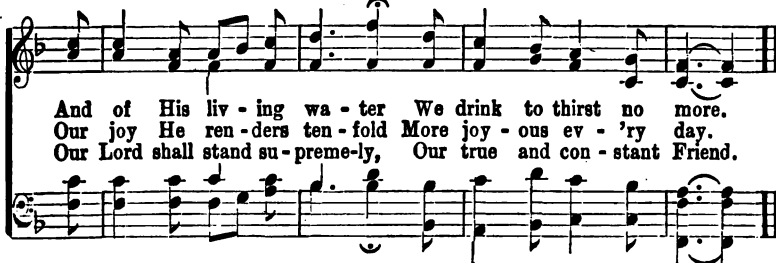
1. There is no friend like Je - sus, So con - stant and so kind;
 2. When wea - ry is our jour - ney, And heav - y is our load,
 3. Thro' death's dark vale He'll lead us— That vale He passed be - fore;



He heals the wounded spir - it, And calms the trou - bled mind.
 This con - stant Friend is with us To cheer our toil - some road.
 With life im - mor - tal clothe us, To be un - clothed no more.



The hun - gry soul He feed - eth With man - na from His store;
 When bright our path and joy - ous, And sun - shine floods the way,
 And in that land the fair - est, With joys that nev - er end.



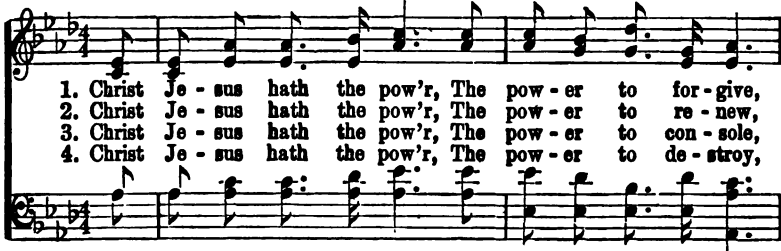
And of His liv - ing wa - ter We drink to thirst no more.
 Our joy He ren - ders ten - fold More joy - ous ev - 'ry day.
 Our Lord shall stand su - preme - ly, Our true and con - stant Friend.

Christ Jesus Hath the Power.

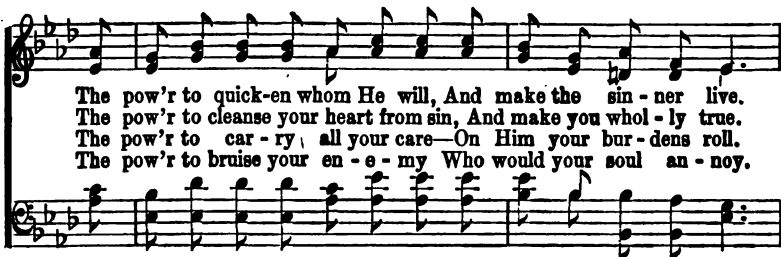
JAMES M. GRAY.

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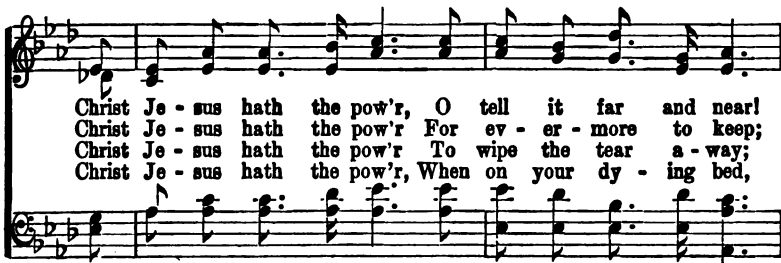
D. B. TOWNER.



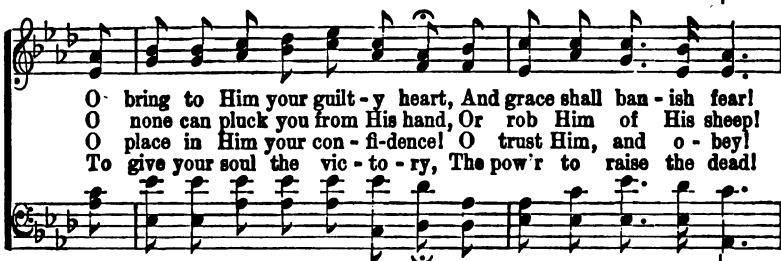
1. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to for - give,
 2. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to re - new,
 3. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to con - sole,
 4. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to de - stroy,



The pow'r to quick-en whom He will, And make the sin - ner live.
 The pow'r to cleanse your heart from sin, And make you whol - ly true.
 The pow'r to car - ry all your care—On Him your bur - dens roll.
 The pow'r to bruise your en - e - my Who would your soul an - noy.

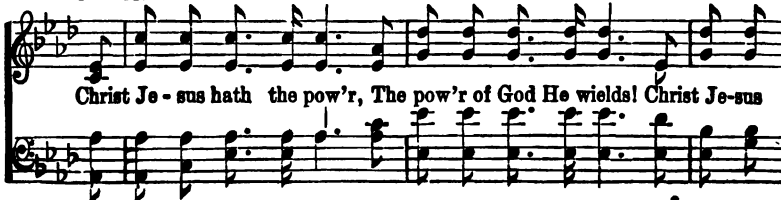


Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, O tell it far and near!
 Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r For ev - er - more to keep;
 Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r To wipe the tear a - way;
 Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, When on your dy - ing bed,



O bring to Him your guilt - y heart, And grace shall ban - ish fear!
 O none can pluck you from His hand, Or rob Him of His sheep!
 O place in Him your con - fi - dence! O trust Him, and o - bey!
 To give your soul the vic - to - ry, The pow'r to raise the dead!

CHORUS.



Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow'r of God He wieldeth! Christ Je - sus

Christ Jesus Hath the Power.



hath the pow'r, My heart sur-ren-der yields! Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, I

trust Him ev-er-more! Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, I wor-ship and a-dore!

123

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed"—come, come to - day! "Al-most per-suad-ed"—
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed"—har - vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed"—

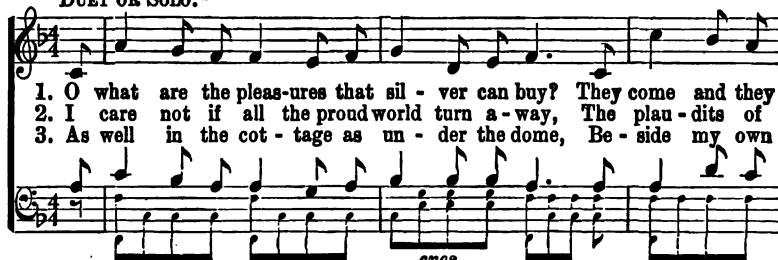
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can - not a - vail, "Al-most" is

go Thy way; Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wanderer, come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al-most—but lost!"

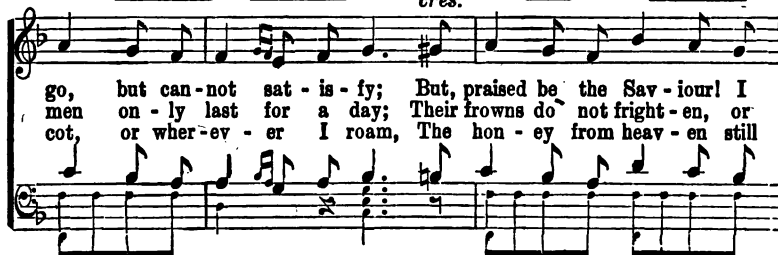
I Find Thee So Precious.

JAMES M. GRAY.
DUET OR SOLO.*

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



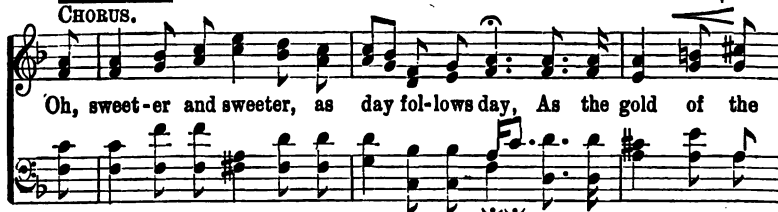
1. O what are the pleas-ures that sil-ver can buy? They come and they
 2. I care not if all the proud world turn a-way, The plan-dits of
 3. As well in the cot-tage as un-der the dome, Be-side my own



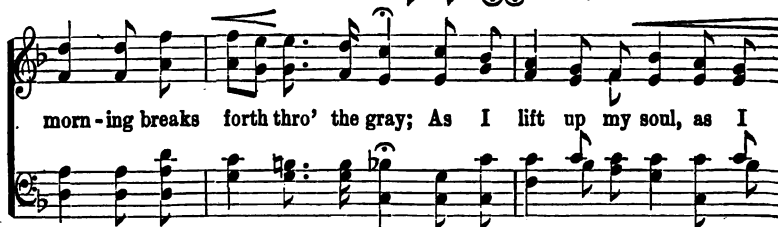
go, but can-not sat-is-fy; But, praised be the Sav-iour! I
 men on-ly last for a day; Their frowns do not fright-en, or
 cot, or wher-ev-er I roam, The hon-ey from heav-en still



cease not to cry, I find Thee so pre-cious, my Sav-iour!
 cause me dis-may, I find Thee so pre-cious, my Sav-iour!
 drips from the comb: I find Thee so pre-cious, my Sav-iour!



CHORUS.
 Oh, sweet-er and sweeter, as day fol-lows day, As the gold of the



morn-ing breaks forth thro' the gray; As I lift up my soul, as I

I Find Thee So Precious.

praise and I pray, I find Thee more pre-cious, my Sav - iour!

125

When Thou Art Near.

E. M. WADSWORTH.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I fear no night how-ev - er dark, When Thou art near; No storms can
2. I fear no foe how-ev - er strong, When Thou art near; I fear not
3. I can-not fail, tho' I am weak, When Thou art near; I fear no
4. I fear not wrath, nor judgment dawn, When Thou art near; The night has

REFRAIN.

wreck my lit - tle bark, When Thou art near.
all the hosts of wrong, When Thou art near. When Thou art near, When
face when I must speak, When Thou art near.
passed, 'tis al-ways morn, When Thou art near.

cres. Thou art near, I fear not loss, I fear no cross, *dim.* When Thou art near.

Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Eoh - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

What Did He Do?

JAMES M. GRAY.

(From the Welsh.) W. OWEN.



1. O lis - ten to our wond'rous sto - ry! Count-ed once a-mong the lost,
2. No an - gel could our place have ta - ken, High-est of the high tho' he;
3. And yet this wondrous tale pro-ceed - eth, Stir-ring heart and tongue a-flame!
4. Will you sur - ren - der to this Sav-iour—To His scep-ter hum-bly bow?



**Yet One came down from heaven's glo-ry, Sav-ing us at aw-ful cost.
The loved One, on the cross for-sa-ken, Was one of the God-head Three!
As our High Priest in heav'n He pleadeth, And Christ Je-sus is His name!
You, too, shall come to know His fa-vor, He will save you, save you now!**



CHORUS.



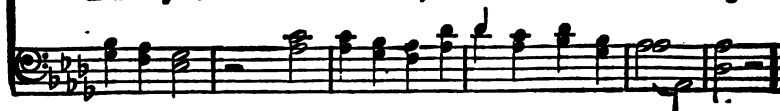
Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss?

What did He do?

Who but God's Son upon the cross? He



Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!




The Good Old Gospel.



L. D. MASON.

Alt. and Chorus added by James M. Gray.


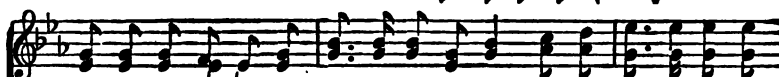
D. B. TOWNER.




1. I be-lieve the bless-ed Sav-iour came down from heav'n for me, En-
 2. I be-lieve the good old gos-pel once giv-en to the saints, That
 3. I be-lieve that Christ is com-ing to take His loved ones home, To
 4. I be-lieve the pres-ent mo-ment the time to save the soul, To-

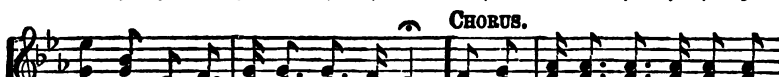
dured the cross, with all its shame, from sin to set me free; He died and
 we are saved by grace a-lone it all the world ac-quaints; The one dif-
 heav'n-ly man-sions of the blest from thence no more to roam; On res-ur-
 mor-row's sun may on-ly rise for death to take its toll; To turn your

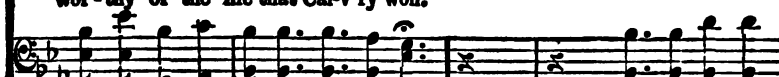
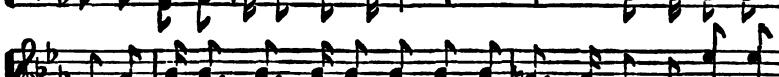
then a-rose a-gain, and did to heav'n as-cend, I be-lieve the good old
 vine re-lig-ion up-on which you may de-pend, I be-lieve the good old
 rec-tion morn-ing in the twink-ling of an eye, They'll be chang'd into His
 back on Je-sus, and re-ject God's blessed Son, Is to judge your-self un-




CHORUS.



gos-pel from be-gin-ning to the end.
 gos-pel from be-gin-ning to the end. I be-lieve it, hal-le-lu-jah!
 im-age and as-cend with Him on high.
 wor-thy of the life that Cal-v'ry won.

I be-lieve it, hal-le-lu-jah! Pow'r of God un-to sal-va-tion



The Good Old Gospel.



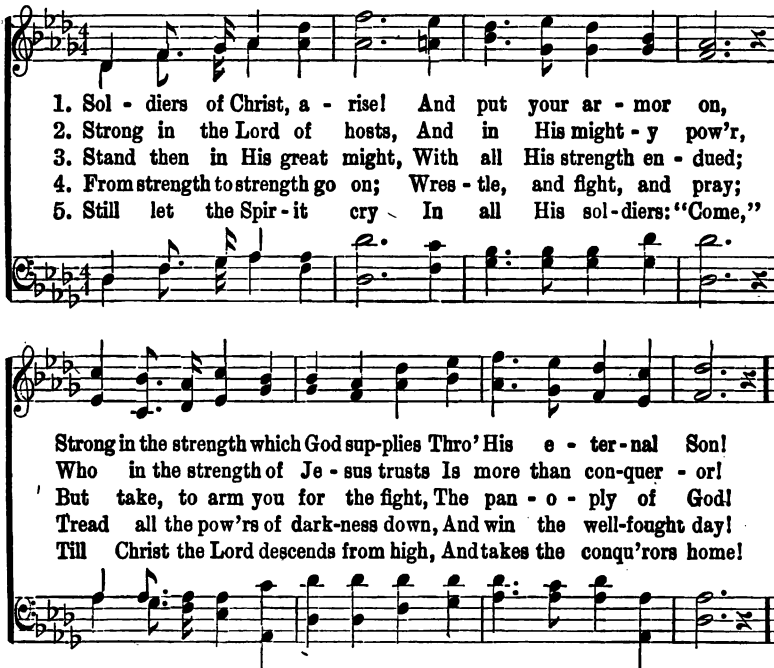
to my soul! I be-lieve the good old gos-pel, for it is the sin-ner's
friend, I be-lieve the good old gos-pel from be-gin'-ning to the end.

129

Soldiers, of Christ, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise! And put your ar - mor on,
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
4. From strength to strength go on; Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;
5. Still let the Spir - it cry - In all His sol - diers: "Come,"

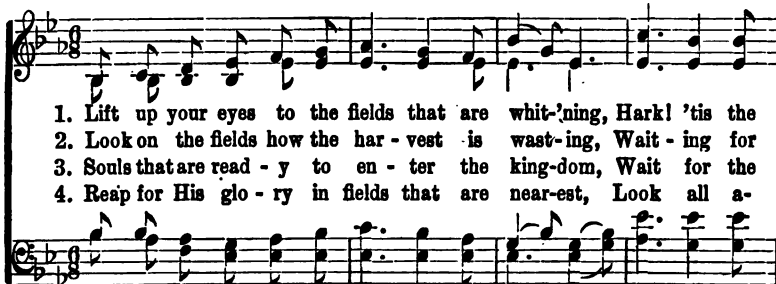
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son!
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer - or!
But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God!
Tread all the pow'rs of dark-ness down, And win the well-fought day!
Till Christ the Lord descends from high, And takes the conqu'rors home!

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Are You a Reaper?

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

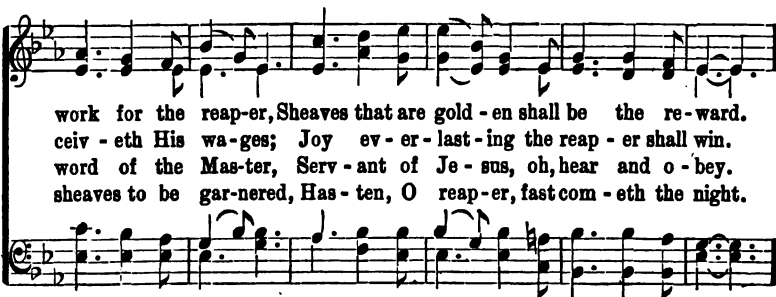
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Lift up your eyes to the fields that are whit'ning, Hark! 'tis the
 2. Look on the fields how the har-vest is wast-ing, Wait-ing for
 3. Souls that are read-y to en-ter the king-dom, Wait for the
 4. Reap for His glo-ry in fields that are near-est, Look all a-



voice of the Mas-ter and Lord; See, on each side there is
 reap-ers to gar-ner it in; He that is faith-ful re-
 glad in-vi-ta-tion to-day; "Go ye and tell," is the
 broad, for the har-vest is white; O'er the wide earth are the



work for the reap-er, Sheaves that are gold-en shall be the re-ward.
 ceiv-eth His wa-ges; Joy ev-er-last-ing the reap-er shall win.
 word of the Mas-ter, Serv-ant of Je-sus, oh, hear and o-bey.
 sheaves to be gar-nered, Has-ten, O reap-er, fast com-eth the night.

CHORUS.



Are you a reap-er? Are you a reap-er, Gath-er-ing
 Gath-er-ing, Gath-er-ing

Are You a Reaper?

fruit..... un-to life ev - er - more? Lift up your eyes, for the
fruit, gold-en fruit un-to life ev - er - more?

har - vest is read-y; Has - ten, oh, has - ten to gath - er your store.

131

Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

Moderato.

1. "Man of Sor-row," what a name For the Son of God, who came,
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood;
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring.

Ruin-ed sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Then a - new this song we'll sing: Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!

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The Old Ship Zion.

M. J. CARTWRIGHT.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I was drift ing a - way on life's pit - i - less sea, And the
 2. 'Twas the "old ship of Zi - on," thus sail - ing a - long, All a -
 3. The good Cap - tain com-mand - ed a boat to be low' red, And with
 4. O soul, sink - ing down 'neath sin's mer - ci - less wave, The strong

an - gry waves threat - ened my ru - in to be, When a -
 board her seemed joy - ous, I heard their sweet song; And the
 ten - der com - pas - sion He took me on board; And I'm
 arm of our Cap - tain is might - y to save; Then

way at my side, there I dim - ly des - cried A
 Cap - tain's kind ear, ev - er read - y to hear, Caught my
 hap - py to - day, all my sins washed a - way In the
 trust Him to - day, no long - er de - lay, Board the

state - ly, old ves - sel, and loud - ly I cried: "Ship a - hoy!
 wail of dis - tress, as I cried out in fear: "Ship a - hoy!
 blood of my Sav - iour, and now I can say: "Bless the Lord!
 old ship of Zi - on, and shout on your way: "Je - sus saves!

The Old Ship Zion.

Ship, a - hoy! And loud - ly I cried, Ship, a - hoy!
 Ship, a - hoy! As I cried out in fear, Ship, a - hoy!
 Bless the Lord! From my soul I can say, Bless the Lord!
 Je - sus saves! Shout and sing on your way, Je - sus saves!

Ship a-hoy!

133

Gates of Praise.

M. E. SERVOS.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lift up the gates of praise, That we may en - ter in,
 2. God's works re-veal His might, His maj - es - ty and grace;
 3. Then let the voice of praise To heav'n - ly courts as - cend,
 4. To Him that hath re - deemed Our souls from sin's dark maze,

FINE

And o'er sal - va-tion's walls proclaim That Christ redeemed from sin.
 But not the ten - der Fa - ther's love That saves a dy - ing race.
 Till, with the songs the an - gels sing, Our hal - le - lu - jahs blend.
 The hope and Sav - iour of man-kind, Be ev - er - last - ing praise.

D. S.—But man a - lone can tell the pow'r Of Christ's re-deem - ing love.

D. S.

CHORUS.

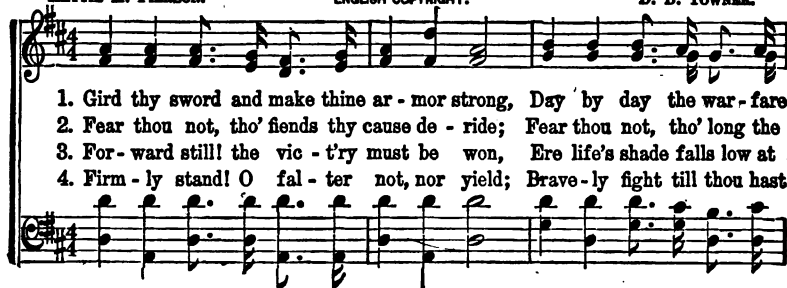
The stars may praise the Hand That decks the sky a - bove;
 The stars may praise the Hand That decks the sky a - bove;

The Victor's Crown.

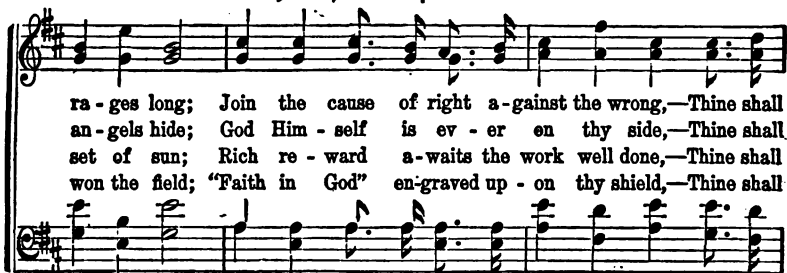
HATTIE H. PIERSON.

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D. B. TOWNER.

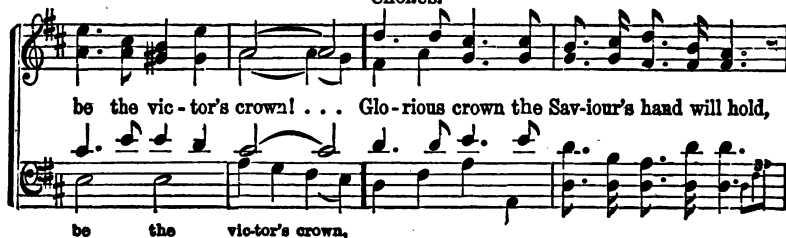


1. Gird thy sword and make thine ar - mor strong, Day by day the war - fare
2. Fear thou not, tho' fiends thy cause de - ride; Fear thou not, tho' long the
3. For - ward still! the vic - t'ry must be won, Ere life's shade falls low at -
4. Firm - ly stand! O fal - ter not, nor yield; Brave - ly fight till thou hast



ra - ges long; Join the cause of right a - gainst the wrong, — Thine shall
an - gels hide; God Him - self is ev - er en thy side, — Thine shall
set of sun; Rich re - ward a - waits the work well done, — Thine shall
won the field; "Faith in God" en - graved up - on thy shield, — Thine shall


CHORUS.



be the vic - tor's crown! . . . Glo - rious crown the Sav - iour's hand will hold,
be the vic - tor's crown,



Price - less crown of ev - er - last - ing gold, Heav'n - ly crown that



nev - er will grow old, — Thine shall be the vic - tor's crown!

The Victor's Crown.

FULL UNISON.

Glo - rious crown the Sav-iour's hand will hold,

Price - less crown of ev - er - last - ing gold,

HARMONY.

Heav'n-ly crown that nev-er will grow old—Thine shall be the vic-tor's crown.

135

Olmutz. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Ad. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound! Har - mo-nious to mine ear!

Heav'n with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear. A-MEN.

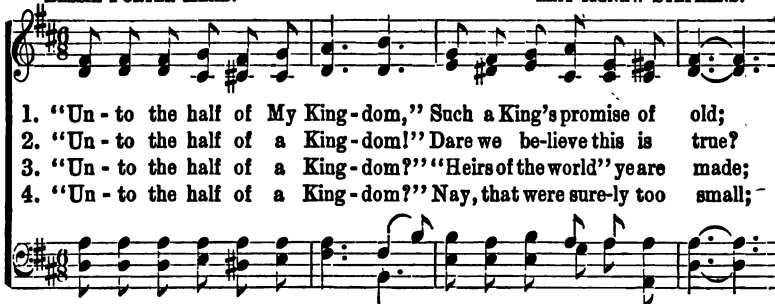
2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

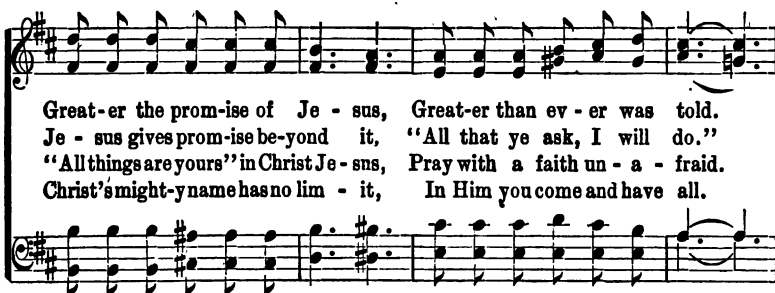
136 "Unto the Half of My Kingdom."

BESSIE PORTER HEAD.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

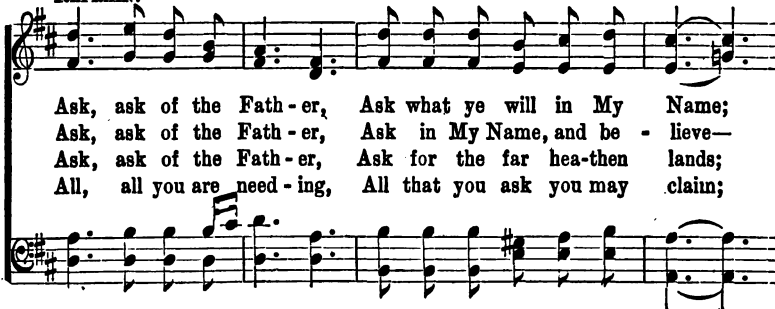


1. "Un - to the half of My King-dom," Such a King's promise of old;
 2. "Un - to the half of a King-dom!" Dare we be-lieve this is true?
 3. "Un - to the half of a King-dom?" "Heirs of the world" ye are made;
 4. "Un - to the half of a King-dom?" Nay, that were sure-ly too small;

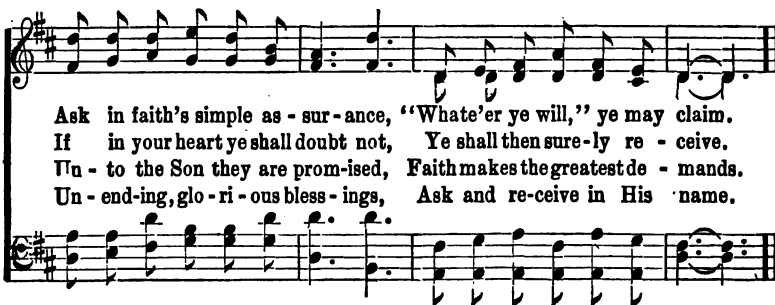


Great-er the prom-ise of Je - sus, Great-er than ev - er was told.
 Je - sus gives prom-ise be-yond it, "All that ye ask, I will do."
 "All things are yours" in Christ Je - sus, Pray with a faith un - a - fraid.
 Christ's might-y name has no lim - it, In Him you come and have all.

REFRAIN.



Ask, ask of the Fath-er, Ask what ye will in My Name;
 Ask, ask of the Fath-er, Ask in My Name, and be - lieve—
 Ask, ask of the Fath-er, Ask for the far hea-then lands;
 All, all you are need - ing, All that you ask you may claim;



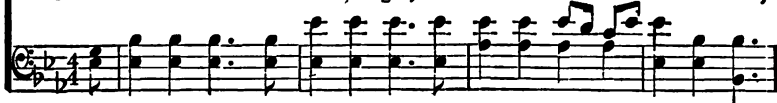
Ask in faith's simple as - sur-ance, "Whate'er ye will," ye may claim.
 If in your heart ye shall doubt not, Ye shall then sure-ly re - ceive.
 Un - to the Son they are prom-ised, Faith makes the greatest de - mands.
 Un - end-ing, glo - ri - ous bless - ings, Ask and re-ceive in His name.

MRS. B. A. THOMPSON.

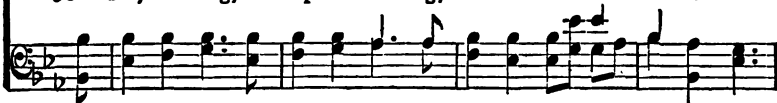
D. B. TOWNER.



1. A-lone with God—Shut is the door; Tho' sad and troubled, tempted sore,
2. A-lone with God—And, while we pray, Our care stake wings and fly a-way;
3. A-lone with God—O hallowed spot, Where many a les-son has been taught,
4. A-lone with God—Whom we adore—Drawn are the shades and closed the door,
5. A-lone with God—A - new be - gin, Go forth fresh vic - to - ries to win;



How sweet to be On bend-ed knee, As out to Him our hearts we pour—
 As on His breast We sweetly rest, Our sorrow's night is turned to day—
 And vic-t'ry won Thro' His dear Son, In many a bat-tle that was fought—
 In this re-treat, In serv-ice sweet, We learn to love Him more and more—
 Je - sus, our King, Whose praise we sing, Is now enthroned our hearts within—



As out to Him our hearts we pour—A-lone with God, A-lone with God.
 Our sorrow's night is turned to day—A-lone with God, A-lone with God.
 In man-y bat-tle that was fought—A-lone with God, A-lone with God.
 We learn to love Him more and more—A-lone with God, A-lone with God.
 Is now enthroned our hearts with-in—A-lone with God, A-lone with God.



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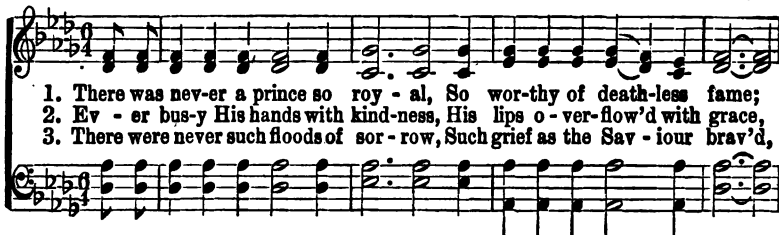
136 Continued.

5 No longer "half of the Kingdom;"
 Pray in that Name for the world,
 All that by death Christ has purchased;
 Wide let His flag be unfurled.
 Pray, "pray in" that Kingdom,
 Kingdom of love and of peace;
 Pray that it soon be established,
 Never to wane nor to cease.

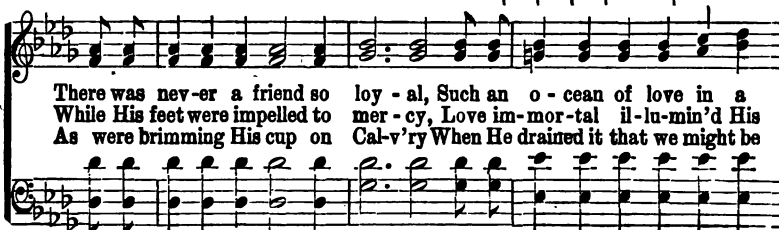
6 No longer "half of a Kingdom,"
 Worldwide shall soon be His away,
 Name above all names exalted,
 Praise we and laud in that day.
 Pray, pray for His advent,
 Hasten that advent by prayer;
 Hearts that are burning and loving,
 Great things expect, great things dare.

T. T. SHIELDS.

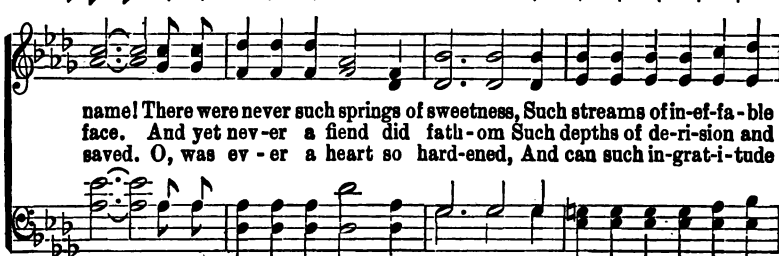
D. B. TOWNER.



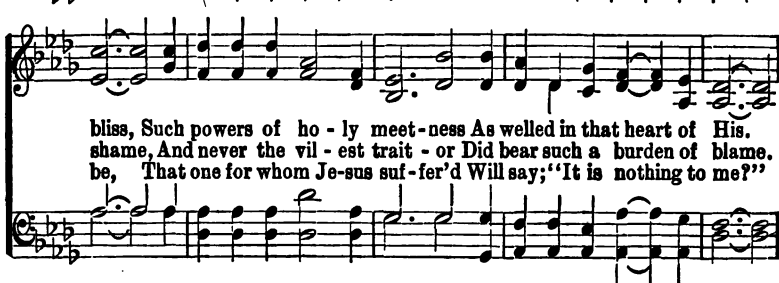
1. There was nev-er a prince so roy - al, So wor-thy of death-less fame;
 2. Ev - er bus-y His hands with kind-ness, His lips o-ver-flow'd with grace,
 3. There were never such floods of sor-row, Such grief as the Sav-iour brav'd,



There was nev-er a friend so loy-al, Such an o-cean of love in a
 While His feet were impelled to mer-cy, Love im-mor-tal il-lu-min'd His
 As were brimming His cup on Cal-v'ry When He drained it that we might be



name! There were never such springs of sweetness, Such streams of in-ef-fa-ble
 face. And yet nev-er a fiend did fath-om Such depths of de-ri-sion and
 saved. O, was ev-er a heart so hard-ened, And can such in-grat-i-tude



bliss, Such powers of ho-ly meet-ness As welled in that heart of His.
 shame, And never the vil-est trait-or Did bear such a burden of blame.
 be, That one for whom Je-sus suf-fer'd Will say; "It is nothing to me?"

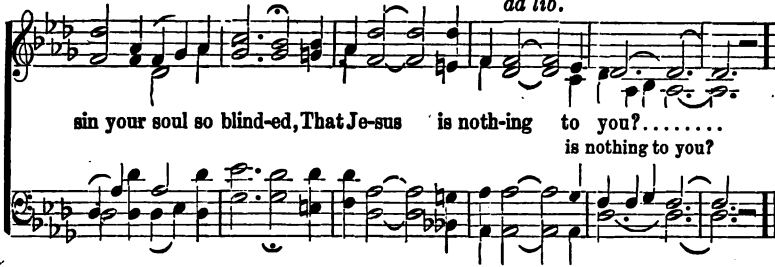
CHORUS.



O grace of God, so bound-less! O love of Christ so true!... Has
 O grace of God so boundless! O love of Christ, so true!

O Grace of God So Boundless.

ad lib.



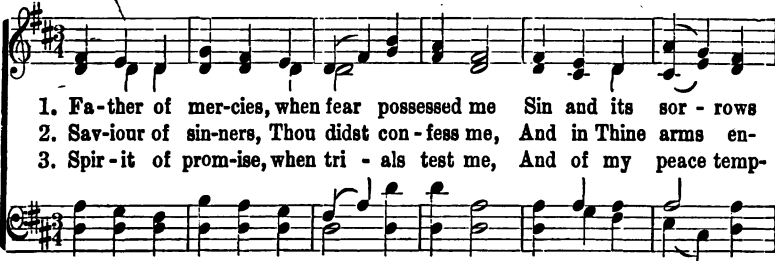
sin your soul so blind-ed, That Je-sus is noth-ing to you?.....
is nothing to you?

• 139

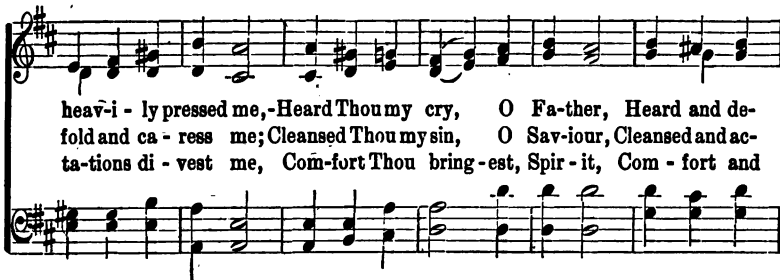
Every Day I Praise Thee.

JAMES M. GRAY.

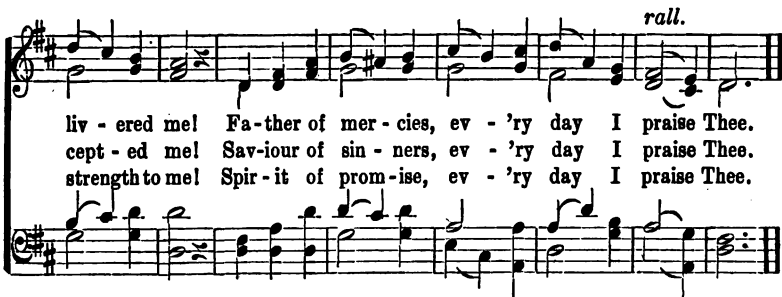
E. O. SELLERS.



1. Fa-ther of mer-cies, when fear possessed me Sin and its sor - rows
2. Sav-iour of sin-ners, Thou didst con-fess me, And in Thine arms en-
3. Spir-it of prom-ise, when tri - als test me, And of my peace temp-



heav-i - ly pressed me, -Heard Thou my cry, O Fa-ther, Heard and de-
fold and ca - ress me; Cleansed Thou my sin, O Sav-iour, Cleansed and ac-
ta-tions di - vest me, Com-fort Thou bring-est, Spir-it, Com - fort and



rall.
liv - ered me! Fa-ther of mer - cies, ev - 'ry day I praise Thee.
cept - ed me! Sav-iour of sin - ners, ev - 'ry day I praise Thee.
strength to me! Spir - it of prom-ise, ev - 'ry day I praise Thee.

Arm for the Conflict.

ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is war-fare all a-round us; There are foes who fain would wound us;
 2. Sa-tan's for-ces march to meet us; Sa-tan, craft-y foe, would cheat us;
 3. Christ, our King, is ev-er near us; Ev-er-more His word will cheer us;
 4. See! Their ban-ners fall be-fore us; See the truce their her-alds bore us;

Yet what fear can e'er con-found us, If we trust the King we serve!
 Yet what pow'r can e'er de-feat us, If we trust the King we serve!
 Call for strength and He will hear us, If we trust the King we serve!
 Vic-to-ry! O shout the cho-rus! Hail, the bless-ed King we serve!

CHORUS.

Arm for the con-flict, sol-diers true, Christ our Lord is King for-ev-er-more;

All our host will shout with vic-t'ry, For our King goes on be-fore!

Christ is the Cap-tain whom we serve, He it is who leads against the foe;

Arm for the Conflict.

Fight! fight! fight in His might! Where He commands us be read-y to go.

141

While Time Is Spent.

M. CARRIE MOORE.

E. O. SELLERS.

1. I do not ask, I would not know, What time is bring-ing me;
2. The fu - ture in God's keep-ing lies, The past He doth com - mand;
3. Un-der the shad-ow of His wings I lodge while time is spent,

I on - ly pray, come weal or woe, That I may faith-ful be.
To Him I lift my fear-less eyes, Nor ask to un-der-stand.
And glo - ri - fy the word that brings The se - cret of con - tent.

CHORUS.

Where He doth lead I'll fol - low on, What-e'er the cost may be;

And in the dawn-ing that a - waits I shall His glo - ry see.

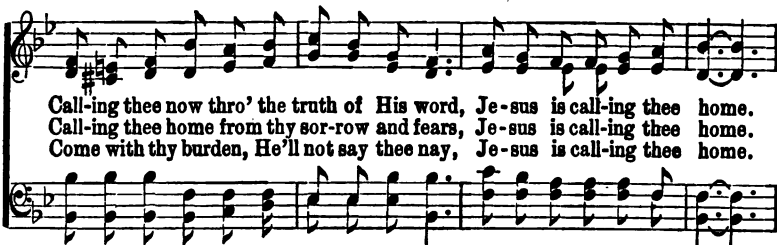
Why Dost Thou Wander Away?

E. G. WESLEY.

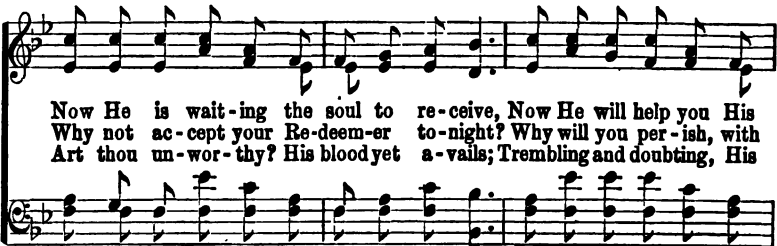
D. B. TOWNER.



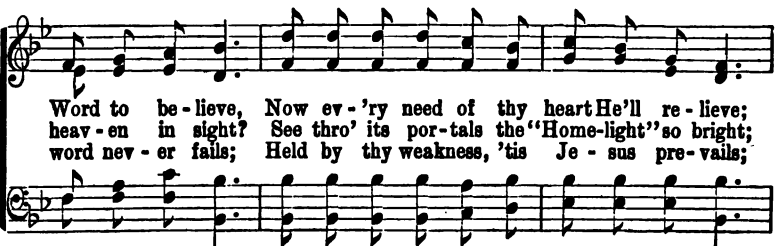
1. Why dost thou wander a-way from thy Lord? Je-sus is call-ing thee home;
 2. Call-ing thee home from thy sin and its tears, Je-sus is call-ing thee home;
 3. All thy pol-lu-tion He wash-es a-way, Je-sus is call-ing thee home;



Call-ing thee now thro' the truth of His word, Je-sus is call-ing thee home.
 Call-ing thee home from thy sor-row and fears, Je-sus is call-ing thee home.
 Come with thy burden, He'll not say thee nay, Je-sus is call-ing thee home.

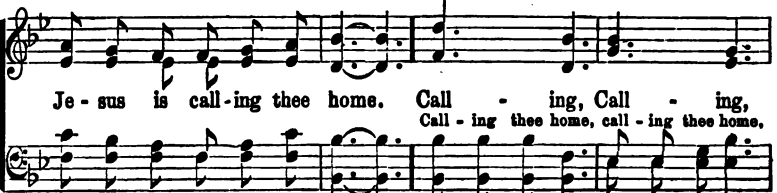


Now He is wait-ing the soul to re-ceive, Now He will help you His
 Why not ac-cept your Re-deem-er to-night? Why will you per-ish, with
 Art thou un-wor-thy? His blood yet a-vails; Trembling and doubting, His



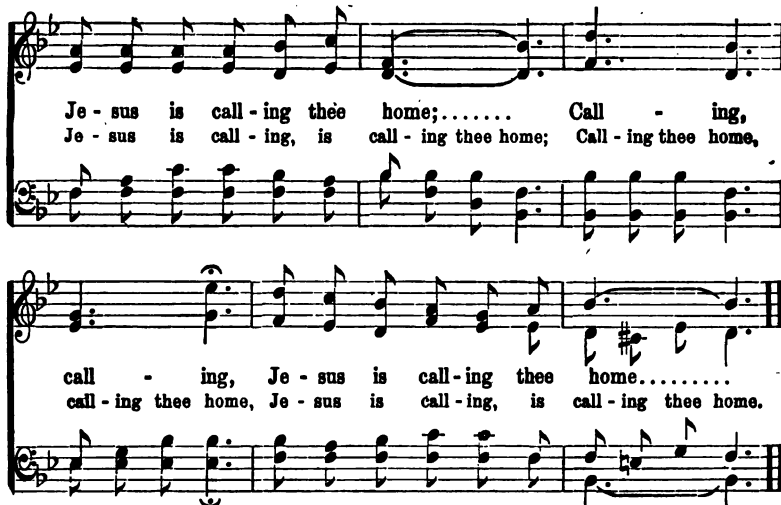
Word to be-lieve, Now ev-'ry need of thy heart He'll re-lieve;
 heav-en in sight? See thro' its por-tals the "Home-light" so bright;
 word nev-er fails; Held by thy weakness, 'tis Je-sus pre-vals;

CHORUS.



Je-sus is call-ing thee home. Call-ing, Call-ing,
 Call-ing thee home, call-ing thee home.

Why Dost Thou Wander Away?

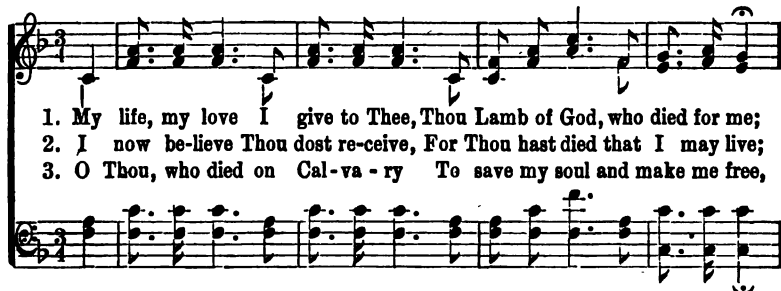


Je - sus is call - ing thee home;..... Call - ing,
 Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing thee home; Call - ing thee home,
 call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing thee home.....
 call - ing thee home, Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing thee home.

143

I'll Live for Him.

C. C. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I may live;
 3. O Thou, who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me; How hap-py then my soul shall be!

D.C. for Chorus.

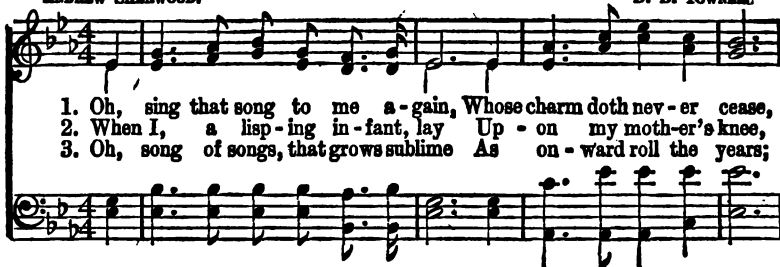


O may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
 I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

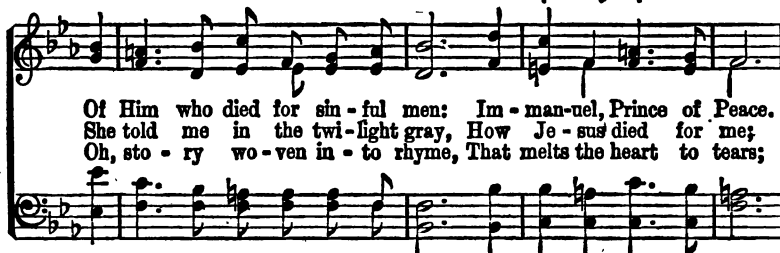
Immanuel, Prince of Peace.

ANDREW SHERWOOD.

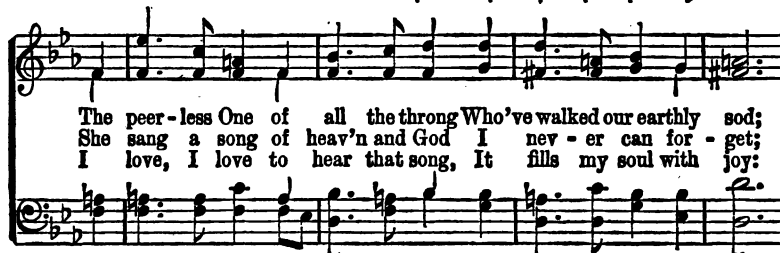
D. B. TOWNER.



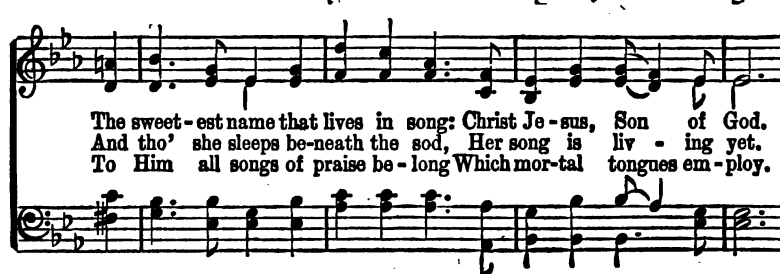
1. Oh, sing that song to me a - gain, Whose charm doth nev - er cease,
 2. When I, a lisp - ing in - fant, lay Up - on my moth - er's knee,
 3. Oh, song of songs, that grows sublime As on - ward roll the years;



Of Him who died for sin - ful men: Im - man - uel, Prince of Peace.
 She told me in the twi - light gray, How Je - sus died for me;
 Oh, sto - ry wo - ven in - to rhyme, That melts the heart to tears;

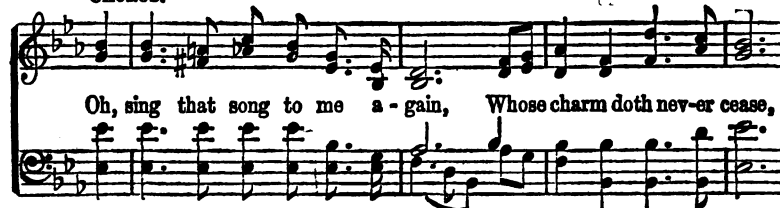


The peer - less One of all the throng Who've walked our earthly sod;
 She sang a song of heav'n and God I nev - er can for - get;
 I love, I love to hear that song, It fills my soul with joy:



The sweet - est name that lives in song: Christ Je - sus, Son of God.
 And tho' she sleeps be - neath the sod, Her song is liv - ing yet.
 To Him all songs of praise be - long Which mor - tal tongues em - ploy.

CHORUS.



Oh, sing that song to me a - gain, Whose charm doth nev - er cease,

Immanuel, Prince of Peace.

Of Him who died for sin-ful men, Im-man-u-el, Prince of Peace.

145

More Love to Thee.

Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Send peace or pain; Sweet are thy
 4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee. This is my ear-nest plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best. This all my prayer shall be,
 mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be:


More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

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J. H. SAMMIS.

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D. B. TOWNER.




1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word, What a glo-ry He
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
 4. But we nev-er can prove The de-lights of His love Un-till all on the
 5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His


sheds on our way! While we do His good will He a-bides with us still,
 drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross
 al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows And the joy He be-stows
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,-



CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and o-bey.
 Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
 But is blest if we trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's
 Are for those who will trust and o-bey.
 Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.



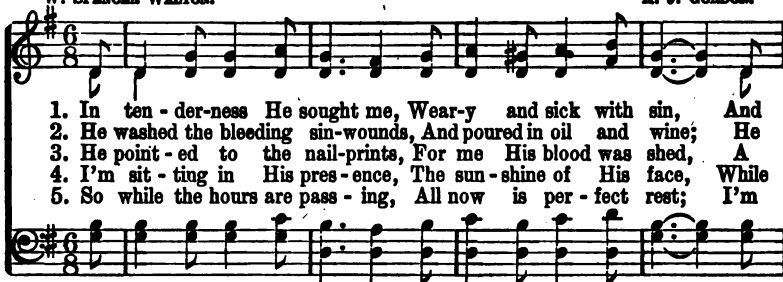

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus but to trust and o-bey!



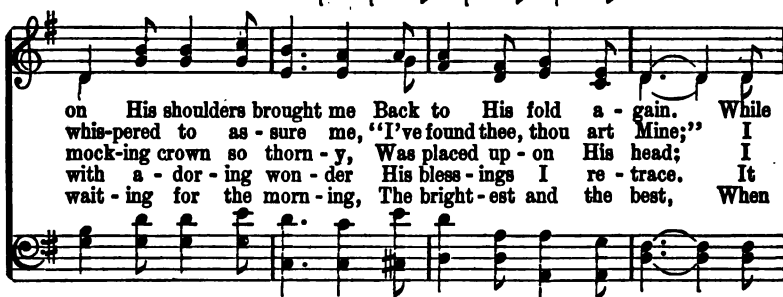
In Tenderness He Sought Me.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

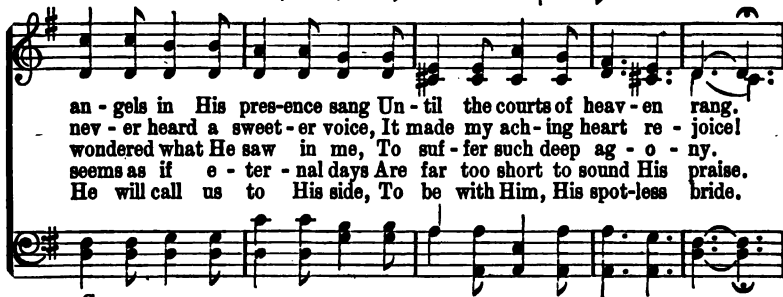
A. J. GORDON.



1. In ten - der-ness He sought me, Wear-y and sick with sin, And
 2. He washed the bleeding sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He
 3. He point-ed to the nail-prints, For me His blood was shed, A
 4. I'm sit-ting in His pres-ence, The sun-shine of His face, While
 5. So while the hours are pass-ing, All now is per-fect rest; I'm

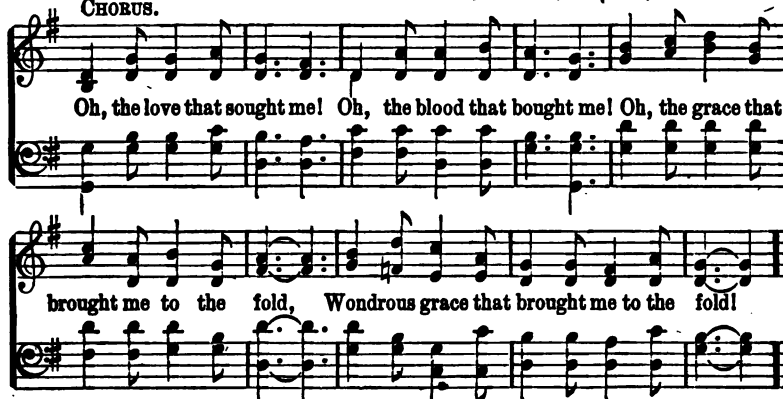


on His shoulders brought me Back to His fold a - gain. While
 whis-pered to as-sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I
 mock-ing crown so thorn-y, Was placed up-on His head; I
 with a - dor-ing won-der His bless-ings I re-trace. It
 wait-ing for the morn-ing, The bright-est and the best, When



an-gels in His pres-ence sang Un-til the courts of heav-en rang.
 nev-er heard a sweet-er voice, It made my ach-ing heart re-joice!
 wondered what He saw in me, To suf-fer such deep ag-o-ny.
 seems as if e-ter-nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
 He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spot-less bride.

CHORUS.



Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that
 brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

148 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

Dr. HAYES.

JAMES McGRATHAN.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing,"—This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing,"—Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain,
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing,"—Send them up-on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing,"—O that to-day they might fall,

2. There shall be snow - on the moss - es, O that to - day they might fall,

There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word!
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two staves. The upper staff contains the melody, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The lower staff contains the accompaniment, starting with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a quarter note C3. The system ends with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need;
Show - ers, show - ers

The first system of musical notation for "The Rose Tree". It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4-A4, and a quarter rest. The accompaniment consists of chords: G4-Bb4 (quarter), A4-B4 (quarter), C5-B4 (quarter), and A4-G4 (half).

Mer-cy-drops round us 'are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. The music consists of several measures of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Arise, My Soul, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY.

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Har. by D. B. TOWNER.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter - cede—
 3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
 4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
 5. My God is rec - on - ciled, His par - d'ning voice I hear;

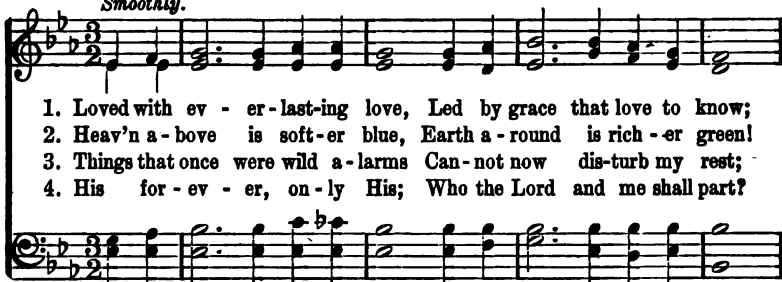
The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears.
 His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead;
 They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me.
 He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son:
 He owns me for His child— I can no lon - ger fear:

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten
 His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the
 "For - give him, O for - give!" they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed
 His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba,

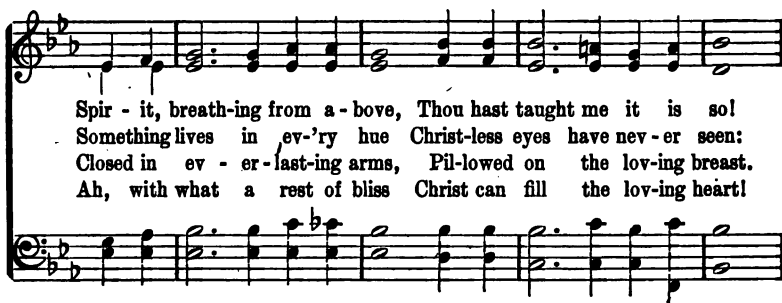
on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
 sin - ner die, Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."
 born of God, And tells me I am born of God.
 Fa - ther!" cry, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.

WADE ROBINSON.

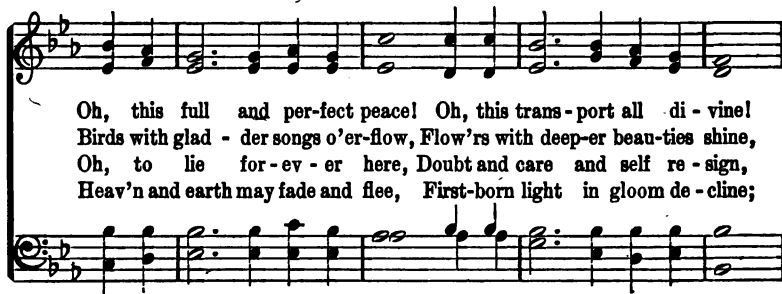
J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.


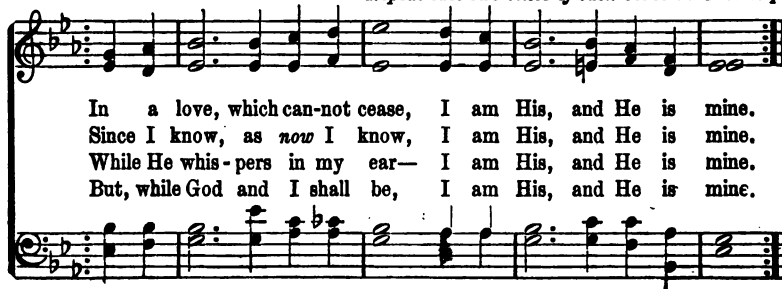
1. Loved with ev - er-last-ing love, Led by grace that love to know;
 2. Heav'n a - bove is soft-er blue, Earth a - round is rich - er green!
 3. Things that once were wild a-larms Can-not now dis-turb my rest;
 4. His for - ev - er, on - ly His; Who the Lord and me shall part?



Spir - it, breath-ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!
 Something lives in ev-'ry hue Christ-less eyes have nev-er seen:
 Closed in ev - er-last-ing arms, Pil-lowed on the lov-ing breast.
 Ah, with what a rest of bliss Christ can fill the lov-ing heart!



Oh, this full and per-fect peace! Oh, this trans-port all di - vine!
 Birds with glad - der songs o'er-flow, Flow'rs with deep-er beau-ties shine,
 Oh, to lie for - ev - er here, Doubt and care and self re - sign,
 Heav'n and earth may fade and flee, First-born light in gloom de - cline;

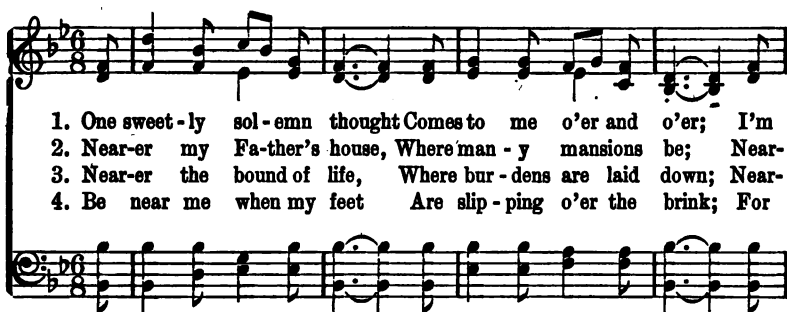
Repeat last two lines of each verse as Chorus p.


In a love, which can-not cease, I am His, and He is mine.
 Since I know, as now I know, I am His, and He is mine.
 While He whis-pers in my ear— I am His, and He is mine.
 But, while God and I shall be, I am His, and He is mine.

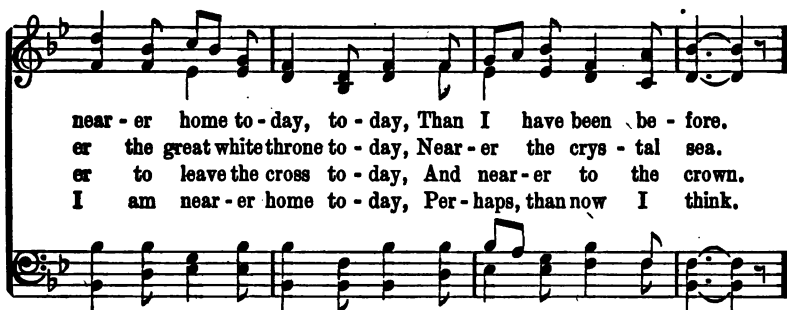
One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CARY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

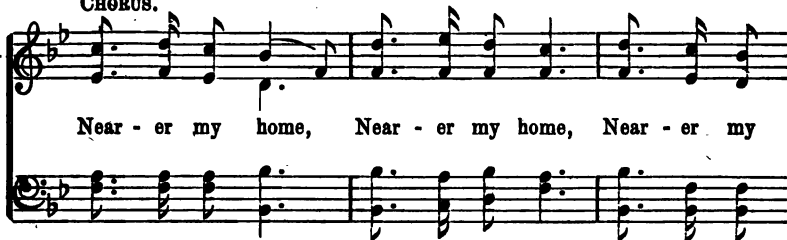


1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm
 2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where man-y mansions be; Near-
 3. Near-er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down; Near-
 4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink; For

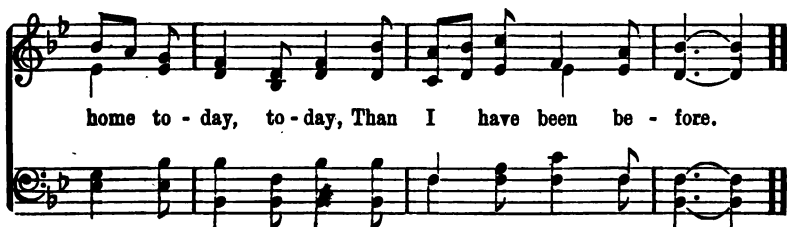


near-er home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.
 er the great whitethrone to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
 er to leave the cross to-day, And near-er to the crown.
 I am near-er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.

CHORUS.



Near-er my home, Near-er my home, Near-er my



home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.



1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing. Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;



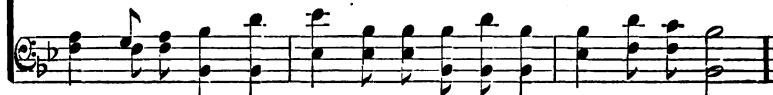
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'r'er a Sav-iour has died.




Care for the dy-ing; Je - sus is mer-ci-ful, Je - sus will save.



Jesus! I am Resting, Resting.


JEAN SOPHIA FIGOTT.

J. MOUNTAIN.



1. Je - sus! I am rest-ing, rest-ing In the joy of what Thou art;
 2. Oh, how great Thy lov-ing kind-ness, Vast-er, broad-er than the sea!
 3. Sim-ply trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, I be-hold Thee as Thou art;
 4. Ev-er lift Thy face up-on me, As I work and wait for Thee;


CHO.-Je - sus, I am rest-ing, rest-ing, In the joy of what Thou art:



FINE


I am find-ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov-ing heart.
 Oh, how mar-vel-ous Thy good-ness, Lav-ished all on me!
 And Thy love so pure, so change-less, Sat-is-fies my heart.
 Rest-ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shad-ows flee.

I am find-ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov-ing heart.



Thou hast bid me gaze up-on Thee, And Thy beau-ty fills my soul;
 Yes, I rest in Thee, be-lov-ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine;
 Sat-is-fies its deep-est long-ings, Meets, sup-plies its ev-'ry need;
 Brightness of my Fa-ther's glo-ry, Sun-shine of my Fa-ther's face;

D. C. Chorus.

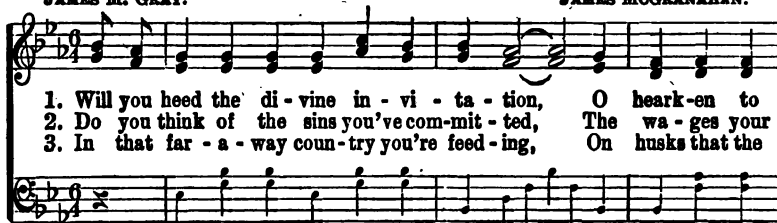


For by Thy trans-form-ing pow-er, Thou hast made me whole.
 Know Thy cer-tain-ty of prom-ise, And have made it mine.
 Com-pass-ath me round with bless-ings, Thine is love in-deed.
 Keep me ev-er trust-ing, rest-ing, Fill me with Thy grace.

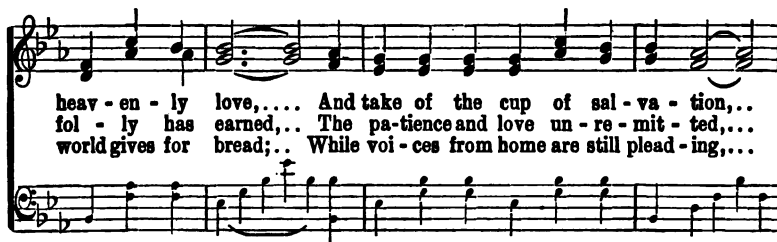
Return to Thy Saviour Today.

JAMES M. GRAY.

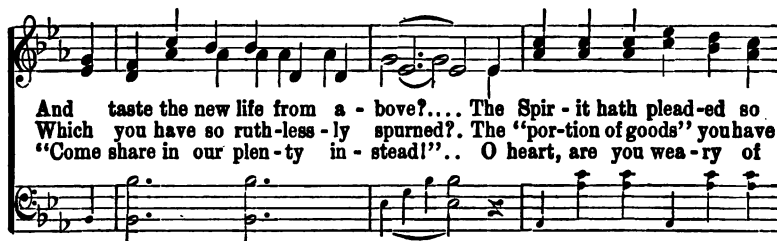
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



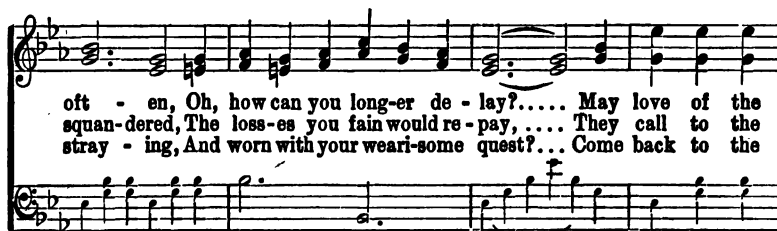
1. Will you heed the di - vine in - vi - ta - tion, O heark-en to
 2. Do you think of the sins you've com-mit - ted, The wa - ges your
 3. In that far - a - way coun - try you're feed - ing, On husks that the



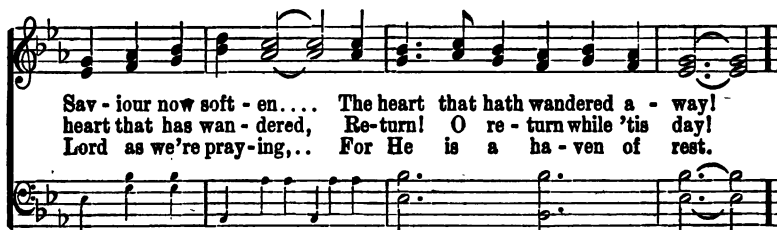
heavy - en - ly love,... And take of the cup of sal - va - tion,...
 fol - ly has earned,... The pa - tience and love un - re - mit - ted,...
 world gives for bread;... While voi - ces from home are still plead - ing,...



And taste the new life from a - bove?... The Spir - it hath plead-ed so
 Which you have so ruth-less-ly spurned?. The "por-tion of goods" you have
 "Come share in our plen-ty in - stead!"... O heart, are you wea-ry of



oft - en, Oh, how can you long-er de - lay?... May love of the
 squan-dered, The loss-es you fain would re - pay, They call to the
 stray - ing, And worn with your wear-i-some quest?... Come back to the



Sav - iour now soft - en.... The heart that hath wandered a - way!
 heart that has wan - dered, Re-turn! O re - turn while 'tis day!
 Lord as we're pray-ing,.. For He is a ha - ven of rest.

Return to Thy Saviour Today.

CHORUS.

O heart that hath wandered a - way,..... Re - turn to thy
 O heart that hath wandered,
 Sav - iour to - day!..... The prom - ise is not for to -
 Re - turn to thy Sav - iour!
 mor - row,..... Re - turn to thy Sav - iour to - day!
 O do thou

155

Cleanse, and Illume, and Fill.

A. J. GORDON.

F. C. MAKER.

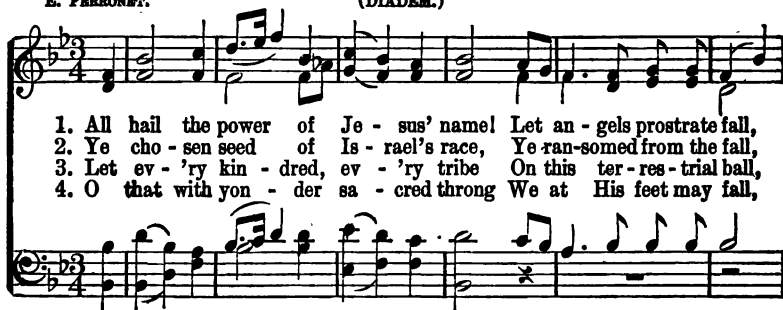
1. O ho - ly Ghost! a - rise, Thy tem - - ple fill:
 2. Breath from a - bove, re - fine My wait - - ing heart:
 3. Thou ver - y Light of light, Poured from on high,
 4. Cleanse, and il - lume, and fill— It shall be so:

With cleans - ing fire bap - tize My yield - ed will.
 Im - pulse and pow'r di - vine To me im - part.
 Kin - dle with vi - sion bright Mine in - ward eye.
 Then send me where Thou will, And I will go.

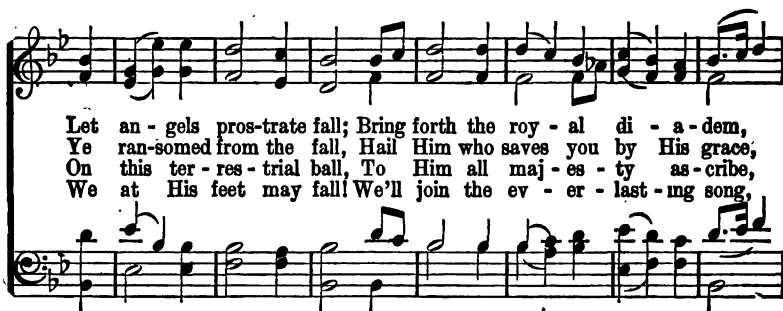
156 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET.

(DIADEM.)

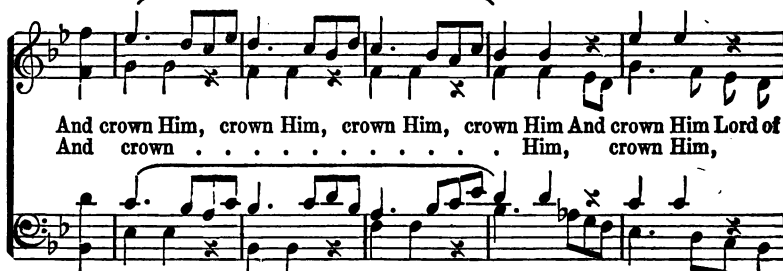


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
 We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown Him, crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him And crown Him Lord of
 And crown Him, crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown



crown Him, crown Him,
 all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
 crown Him,
 Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

157 Old Hundred. L. M. Ps. 100.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He did us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe.

3 O, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

158 Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

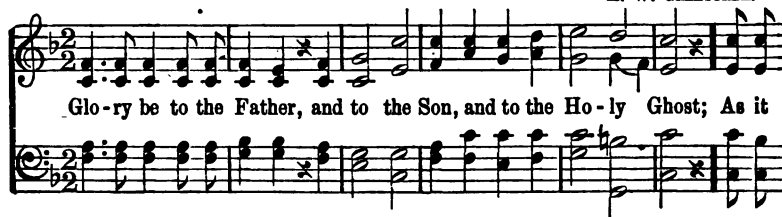
Thomas Ken.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;

159 Glory Be to the Father.

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H. W. GREATORNY.

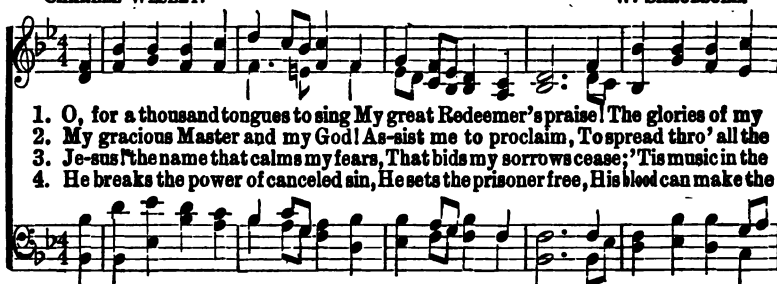


160

Miles Lane. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

W. SHREUBSOLE.



1. O, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! The glories of my
2. My gracious Master and my God! As-sist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all the
3. Je-sus! the name that calms my fears, That bids my sorrows cease: 'Tis music in the
4. He breaks the power of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free, His blood can make the



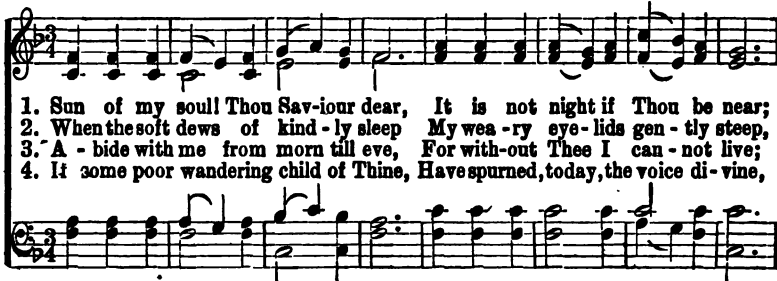
God and King, The triumphs of His grace! The triumphs of His grace.
 earth a-broad The hon-ors of Thy name, The hon-ors of Thy name.
 sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 foulest clean; His blood availed for me, His blood availed for me. A-MEN.



161

Hursley. L. M.

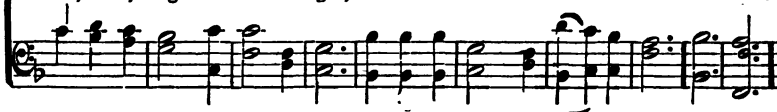
PETER RITTER, ARR.



1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine, Have spurned, today, the voice di-vine,



O may no earthborn cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest Forever on my Saviour's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin. A-MEN.



162 Lyons. 10s, 11s.

FRANK J. HAYDN.

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His won-der-ful name; The name all-vic-tor-ious of Je-sus ex-tol; His king-dom is glo-rious: He rules o-ver all. A - MEN.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

Charles Waley.

163

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.</p> <p>2 Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.</p> | <p>3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.</p> <p>4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.</p> |
|--|---|

Robert Grant.

JOHN NEWTON.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy recon-
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy glo-ry
4. May Thy gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of



blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to-day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem
 cil - ing face—Take away our sin and shame; From our worldly caresset free, -May we
 meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap-pear: Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our
 grace abound, Bring re-lief for all complaints: Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we



of e-ter-nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.
 rest this day in Thee; From our worldly caresset free, -May we rest this day in Thee.
 ev-er-last-ing feast; Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast.
 rest in Thee above; Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we rest in Thee above. A-MEN.

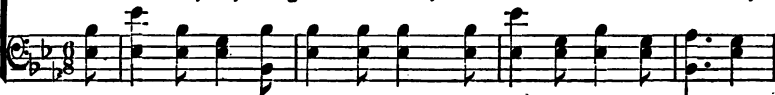


WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

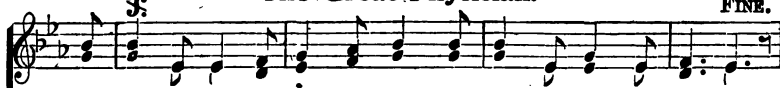


1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
2. Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n,—O hear the voice of Je-sus;
3. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-sus;
4. The chil-dren, too, both great and small, Who love the name of Je-sus;



The Great Physician.

FINE.

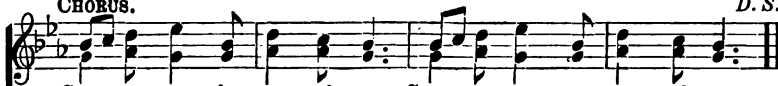


He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer; O hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
O how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus.
May now ac-cept the gra-cious call To work and live for Je - sus.

D.S. - Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

166


Nicaea.

REGINALD HEBER.


J. B. DYKES.



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
gold-encrowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u - bim and ser-a - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
praise Thy name in earth, and aky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!



Mer - ci-ful and Might - y, God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci-ful and Might - y, God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty! A-MEN.



167 Happy Day. L. M.

FR. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

CHORUS. FINE.
 Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

D. S.
 He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day; A - MEN.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Philip Doddridge.

168 Talmar. 8s, 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;

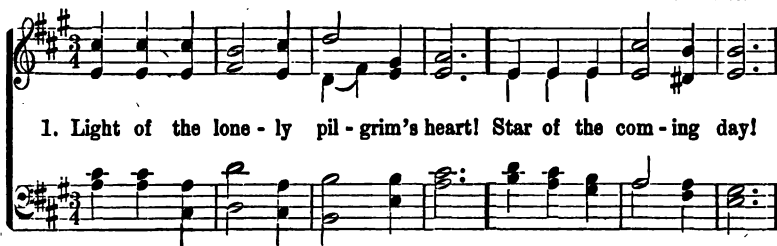
Let thy Spir - it melt and break it—This proud heart of sin and stone. A - MEN.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
 Fond of peace and far from strife;
 Turning from the paths unholy
 Of this vain and sinful life.

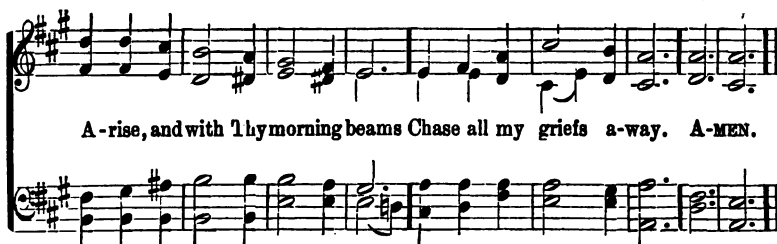
3 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
 And my sins be all forgiven;
 Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
 Guide me in the path to heaven.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Light of the lone - ly pil - grim's heart! Star of the com - ing day!



A - rise, and with thy morning beams Chase all my griefs a - way. A - MEN.

2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!

Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears away.

4 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us—and Thee!

170

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. AMEN.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr.

171 Tune: Talmar, 168.

1 Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all! AMEN.

Cecil F. Alexander.

172

Webb. 7s. 6s. D.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

GEORGE J. WEBB.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal ban-ner,
D.S.—Till ev'-ry foe is vanquished,
FINE D. S.
It must not suffer loss: From vic-t'ry unto vic-t'ry His army shall He lead, A-MEN.
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The trumpet call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict,

In this His glorious day:

"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"

Against unnumbered foes;

Let courage rise with danger,

And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

Stand in His strength alone;

The arm of flesh will fail you—

Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,

And, watching unto prayer,

Where duty calls, or danger,

Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The strife will not be long;

This day, the noise of battle,

The next, the victor's song;

To him that overcometh,

A crown of life shall be;

He with the King of glory

Shall reign eternally.

173

Laban. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; The
hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A-MEN.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray!

The battle ne'er give o'er;

Renew it boldly every day,

And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,

Nor lay thine armor down;

The work of faith will not be done

Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death

Shall bring thee to thy God!

He'll take thee at thy parting breath,

Up to His blest abode.

174 Lischer. H. M.

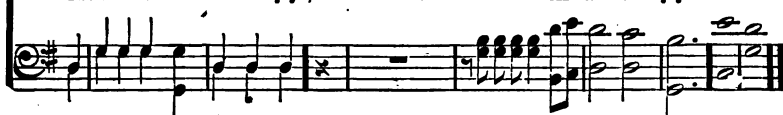
FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.



1. { Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest;
I hail thy kind return;—Lord, make these moments blest: } From the low train of mortal toys



I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.— A-MEN.



- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face:
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

- 3 Descend, celestial Dove
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

Hayward.

175 Tune: Webb.

- 1 Hail, to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free:
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong:
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong.
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:

I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

- 4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand forever:
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

176

- 1 Now to Thy sacred house,
With joy I turn my feet,
Where saints, with morning-vows,
In full assembly meet:
Thy power divine shall there be shown,
And from Thy throne Thy mercy shine.
- 2 O send Thy light abroad;
Thy truth with heavenly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way;
I'll hear Thy word with faith sincere,
And learn to fear and praise the Lord.
- 3 Now in Thy holy hill,
Before Thine altar, Lord!
My harp add song shall sound
The glories of Thy word:
Henceforth, to Thee, O God of grace!
A hymn of praise my life shall be.

Timothy Dwight.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

PAX TECUM.

GEORGE T. CALDERBOK.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng-ing du - ties pressed?
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
 4. Peace, per - fect peace, with loved ones far a - way?

The blood of Je - sus whis-pers peace with - in.
 To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
 On Je - sus' bo-som naught but calm is found.
 In Je - sus' keep-ing we are safe, and they. A - MEN.

5. Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
 Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
7. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
 And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

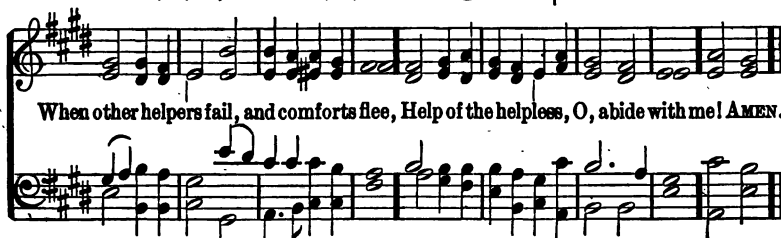
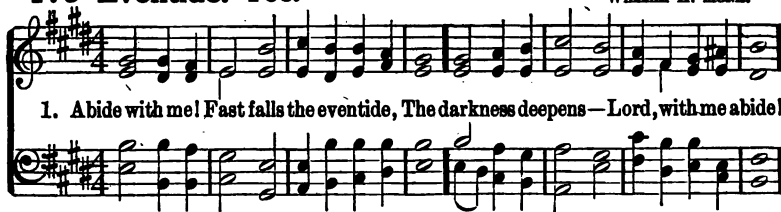
Pray, Always Pray.

1. Pray, always pray; the Holy Spirit pleads
 Within thee all thy daily, hourly needs.
2. Pray, always pray; beneath sin's heavy load
 Prayer sees the blood from Jesus' side that flowed.
3. Pray, always pray; though weary, faint and lone,
 Prayer nestles by the Father's sheltering throne.
4. Pray, always pray; amid the world's turmoil
 Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for toil.
5. Pray, always pray; if joys thy pathway throng,
 Prayer strikes the harp, and sings the angel's song.
6. All earthly things with earth shall fade away;
 Prayer grasps eternity; pray, always pray.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1861.

179 Eventide. 10s.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

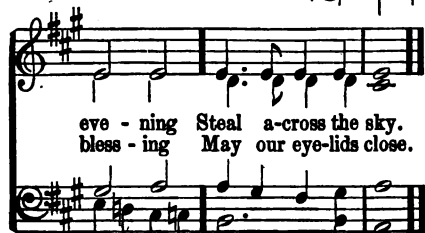
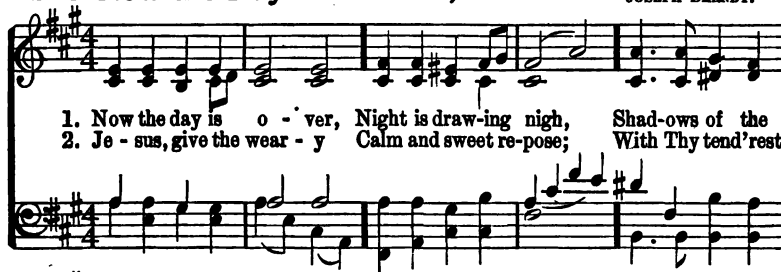


- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing-hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!
- 4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

180 Now the Day is Over. 6s, 5s.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



evening Steal a - cross the sky.

- 3 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 4 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

NAHUM TATE.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Whileshepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel
of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round. AMEN.

- 2 "Fear not," said He,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
- 5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful songs:—
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

182 Come, Ye Thankful People. Tune 183

- 1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of the harvest-home.
- 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home,
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Henry Alford.

Herald Angels. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the newborn King; Peace on earth, and

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With the an-gel host proclaim, "Christ is born in

Beth-le-hem!" With the angel host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" A-MEN.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 In the manger born a King,
 While adoring angels sing,
 "Peace on earth, to men good-will;"
 Bid the trembling soul be still,
 Christ on earth has come to dwell,
 Jesus, our Immanuel!

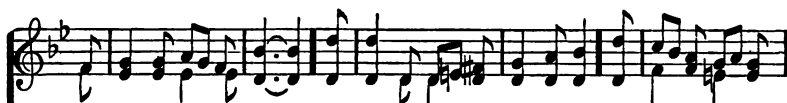
3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail the Sun of righteousness!
 Life and light to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

184 Carol. C. M. D.

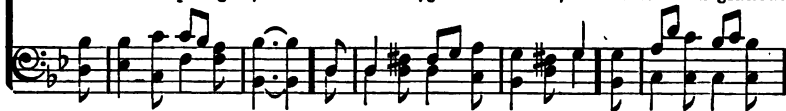
RICHARD S. WILLES.



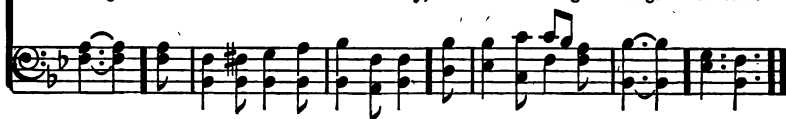
1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth,



To touch their harps of gold; "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gracious



King." The earth in sol-enn stillness lay, To hear the an-gels sing. A - MEN.



2 Still through the cloven skies they come,

With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—

Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Edmund H. Sears.

185

1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realms of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

Edmund H. Sears.

Ad. by LOWELL MASON.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A-MEN.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

Slowly.

1. Je - sus! Je - sus! Je - sus! Sing a - loud the Name;

Till it soft - ly, slow - ly, Sets all hearts a - flame A-MEN.

- 2 Jesus! Name of cleansing,
Washing all our stains;
Jesus! Name of healing,
Balm for all our pains.
- 3 Jesus! Name of boldness,—
Making cowards brave;
Name! that in the battle,
Certainly must save.
- 4 Jesus! Name of victory,
Stretching far away,
- Right across earth's war-fields,
To the plains of day.
- 5 Jesus! Name of beauty,
Beauty far too bright
For our earth-bound fancy,
For our mortal sight.
- 6 Jesus! be our joy-note
In this vale of tears;
Till we reach the home-land,
And th' eternal years.

Llanthony Abbey Hymns.

188 Coronation. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,

- Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, alt.

189 State Street. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.

1. Je-sus in-vites His saints To meet around the board; Here pardoned rebels
stand and hold Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with their living Lord,
And interest in His death.

3 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

Isaac Watts.

190

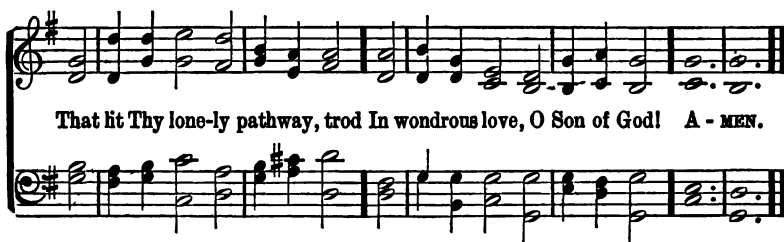
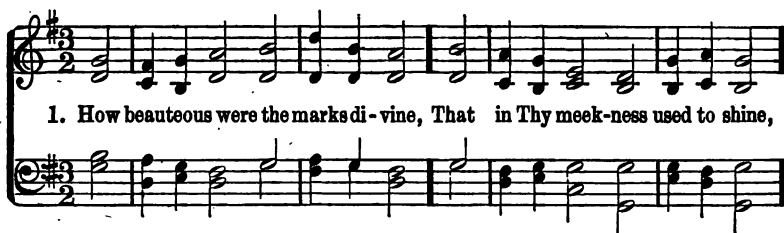
- 1 Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet Thee, Lord!
- 2 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine

- As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.
- 3 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley

191 Rockingham. (new) L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 O who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp Thy knee,

And smile as in a father's eye,
Upon Thy mild divinity.

5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed;
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

6 O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

Arthur C. Cox.

192 Tune:—CORONATION. No. 188

1 All hail the coming Son of God,
He's coming back again;
||:He's coming in the clouds of heaven,
He's coming back to reign! :||

2 Sinners whose sins are washed away,
Nor left a single stain,
||:Go, hail the advent of your Lord;
He's coming back to reign! :||

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Free of creation's pain,
||:Aloud acclaim His welcome back,—
He's coming back to reign! :||

4 Ah! soon with all the ransomed throng,
Beholding Him once slain,
||:We'll see the rolling cloud, and shout,
He's coming back to reign! :||

James M. Gray.

193

1 O wondrous type, O vision fair,
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows!

2 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

3 And faithful hearts are raised on high,
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

4 O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

John M. Neale, tr.

The Comforter Has Come!

F. BOTTOME.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the ti-dings round, Wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound-less Love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hushed the dread-ful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
 won-d'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace di - vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings

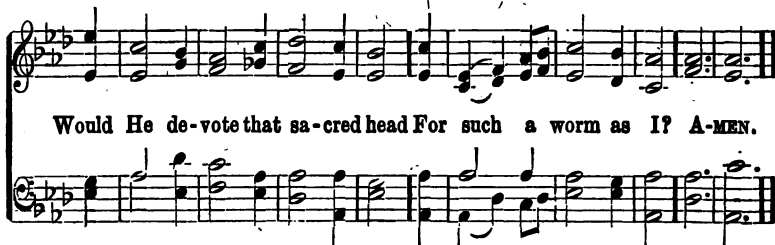
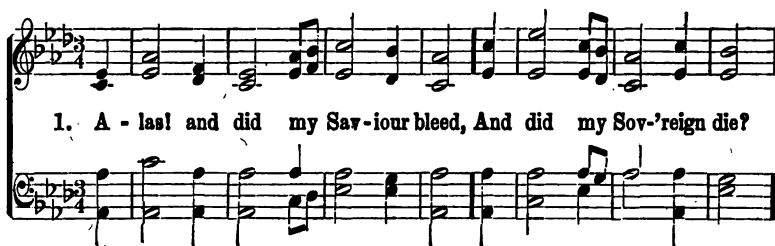
tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort - er has come!
 hilla the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com-fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com-fort - er has come!
 sin, should in His im-age shine! The Com-fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort - er has come!

round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com-fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

The Com-fort - er has come, The Com-fort - er has come! The

HUGH WILSON.



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

196

1 The head that once was crowned with
Is crowned with glory now; [thorns,
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.

3 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

4 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly.

197

1 My God, my God, why hast Thou me
Forsaken? why so far.
Art Thou from helping me and from
My words that roaring are?

2 All day, my God, to Thee I cry,
Yet am not heard by Thee;
And in the season of the night
I cannot silent be.

3 But Thou art holy, Thou that dost
Inhabit Israel's praise.
In Thee our fathers hoped, they hoped,
And Thou didst them release.

4 And when to Thee they sent their cry,
To them deliverance came;
In Thee they placed their confidence,
And were not put to shame.

Psalm 22.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down, Now scornfully surround-ed With thorns, Thine on-ly crown; O sa-cred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss, till now was Thine! Yet, tho' despised and go-ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

199

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserved Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
O let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through Thy love.

James W. Alexander, Jr.

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim;
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

Frederick Whitfield.

200 Nuremburg. 7s.

JOHANN B. ARLE.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Sons of men, and an - gels, say;

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, reply! A-MEN.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley.

201

Tune:—AURELIA. No. 198.

1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her,
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel J. Stone, 1883.

202 Federal Street. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.



1. Be-hold, a Stran-ger's at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked before;



Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill. A-MEN.



2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The friend of sinners—yes, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.
Joseph Gregg.

203

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?

He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.
Jane Borthwick, tr.

204

1 Haste, traveler, haste! the night comes
And many a shining hour is gone; [on,
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

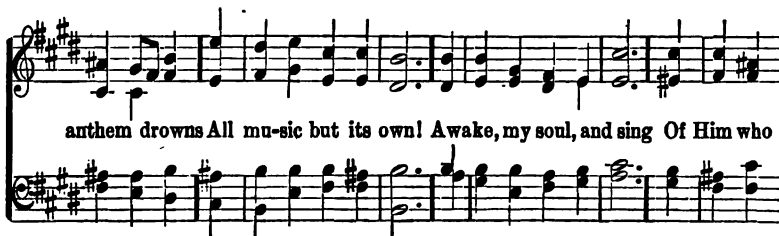
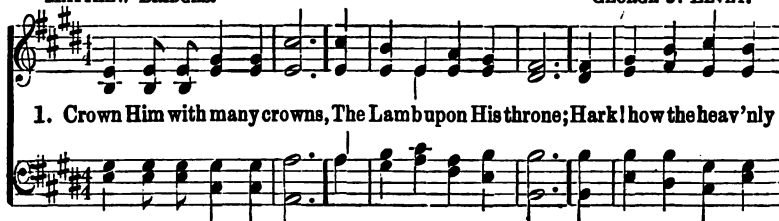
2 O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light; thy setting sun
Sinks ere thy morning is begun.

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

4 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way,
William B. Collyer.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.



2 Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of life!
Who triumphed o'er the grave;
Who rose victorious to the strife
For those He came to save;

His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through Him given
From yonder glorious throne!
To Thee be endless praise,
For Thou for us hast died;
Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days
Adored and magnified.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest.
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy for ever there!

Simon Browne.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kindle a flame of

sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours. A-MEN.

2 Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

208

1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
Shed richly on our fruitless souls
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

Andrew Reed.

209

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

Samuel Stennett.

FR. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing. A-MEN.

- 2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
- He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts.

211

- 1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes, 3 He comes the broken heart to bind;
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes the bleeding soul to cure;
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge, 1735.

212

Tune: Ortonville. 207

- 1 Jesus, thine all victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!
- 3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 5 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for His glory turn,
And always see His face.
- 6 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

213

Come, Ye Disconsolate. 10s, 11s.

SAMUEL WEBER.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
an - guish, Earth hath no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal. A - MEN.

- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore.

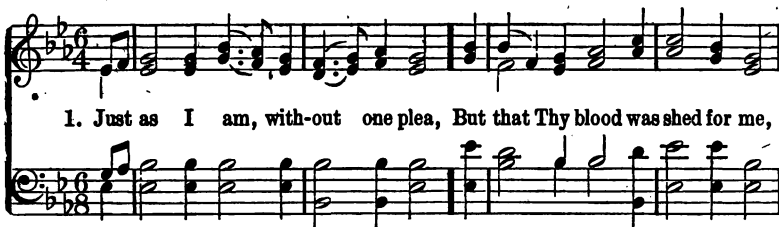
214 Bera. L. M.

JOHN E. GOULD.

1. Why will ye waste on tri - fling cares That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the va-rious range of tho't, The one thing needful is for-got. A - MEN.

215 Woodworth. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-MEN.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

216

- 1 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 4 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteous-
ness.

Isaac Watts.

Tune:—BERA.

- 2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
- 4 Almighty God! Thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which Thy compassion spares.

Philip Doddridge.

217 Aletta 7s.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Depth of mer - cy!—can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?

Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? A - MEN.

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;

Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop!

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands!
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

218 Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - ish al - tars slain,

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain. A - MEN.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,

While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

219 Lebanon. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold,

I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled:
D. S.—I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home, A - MEN.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'T was He that loved my soul,
'T was He that washed me in His blood,
'T was He that made me whole:

'T was He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'T was He that brought me to the fold,
'T is He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled,
But now I love my Shepherd's voice.
I love, I love the fold:
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home!

Horatius Bonar.

220 Tune:—BOYLSTON. S. M. No. 218.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?—
To tear my soul from earth away,
And Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:

I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee Conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine.

Charles Wesley.

221 Toplady. 7s. 6 l.

THOMAS HASTINGS.
FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed, A-MEN.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;

- Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady.

222 Pilot. 7s. 6 l.

JOHN E. GOULD.
FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

D. C.

Unknaown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock, and treach'rous shoal; A-MEN.

- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Edward Hopper.

223 Refuge. 7s. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je-sus! Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the bil-lows near me
roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the
storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; O receive my soul at last! A - MEN.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

224 Martyn. 7s. D.

SIMON B. MARSH.

FINE.

D. C.

225

Dennis. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT.

HANS G. NAEGLI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love:

The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove. A - MEN.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

226

Raphael. C. M.

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

From G. DONNIZETTI.

1. O Son of Man, Thy-self has proved Our tri - als and our tears;

Life's thankless toil and scant re- pose, Death's ag - o - nies and tears. A - MEN.

2 In all things like Thy brethren Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin;
Yet how unlike to us, O Lord;
Replies the voice within.

There by Thy pleadings and Thy grace
Still succoring Thine own.

3 O Son of God, in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne:

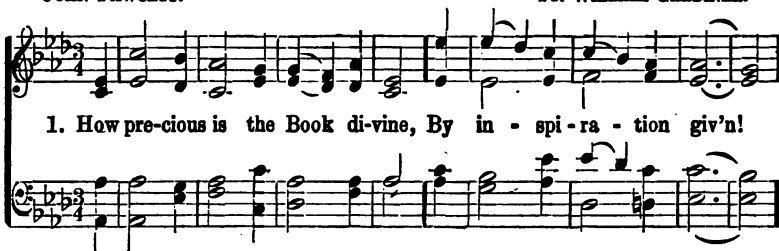
4 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge:
To Thee, O Christ, be given,
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Elect in earth and heaven.

227

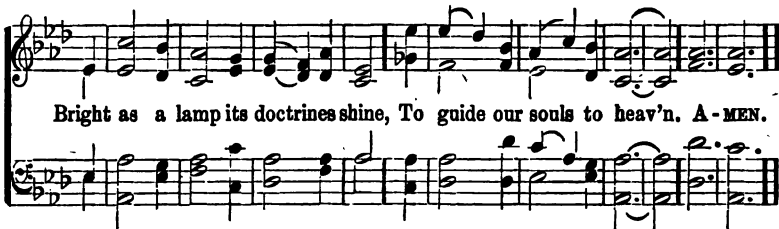
Belmont. C. M.

JOHN FAWCETT.

FR. WILLIAM GARDINER.



1. How pre-cious is the Book di-vine, By in - spi-ra - tion giv'n!



Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n. A-MEN.

- 2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.
- 3 It shows to man His wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

- 4 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

228

- 1 The spirit breathes upon the word
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,—
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

William Cowper.

229

Psalm 19.

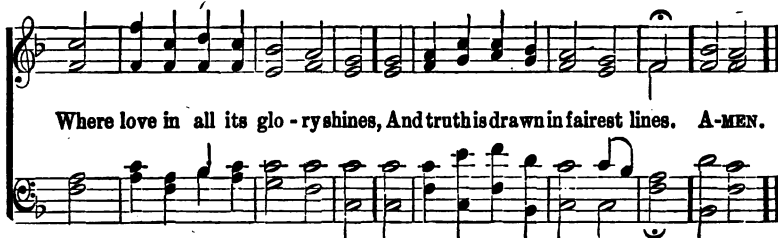
- 1 God's law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies:
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart;
The Lord's command is 'pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.
- 3 Unspotted is the fear of God,
And ever doth endure;
The judgments of the Lord are truth,
And righteousness most pure.
- 4 They more than gold, yea, much fine gold,
To be desired are,
Than honey, honey from the comb,
That droppeth, sweeter far.
- 5 Moreover, they Thy servant warn
How he his life should frame:
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

LOWELL MASON.



1. God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun - sels known:



Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fairest lines. A - MEN.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste His grace and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God. | 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day. |
| 3 The prisoner here may break his chains, 5
The weary rest from all his pains,
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace. | O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live. |

231

- 1 I love the sacred Book of God!
No other can its place supply;
It points me to His own abode;
It gives me wings and bids me fly.
- 2 Sweet Book! in thee my eyes discern
The very image of my Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys His presence will afford.
- 3 While I am here, these leaves supply
His place, and tell me of His love;
I read with faith's discerning eye,
And gain a glimpse of joys above.
- 4 I know in them the Spirit breaths
To animate His people here;
O may these truths prove life to all,
Till in His presence we appear!

Thomas Kelly.

232

- 1 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world Thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

233

Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be

Help us to praise; Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence, ev - er - more! His sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
 word sud - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

234

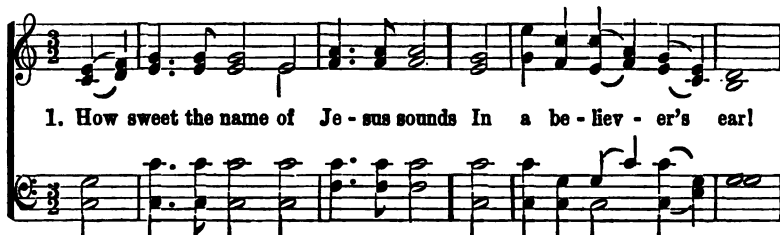
- 1 Glory to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye His name!"
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Sing loud for evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising His name,—
 Ye who have felt His blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound His dear name abroad,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless;
 Praise ye His name!
 In Him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 4 Soon must we change our place,
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising His name;
 To Him our songs we bring,
 Hail Him our gracious King;
 And through all ages sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

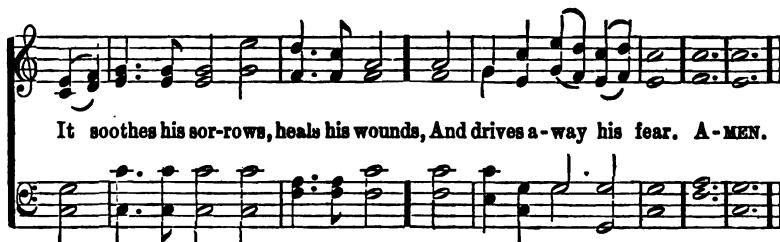
James Allen.

JOHN NEWTON.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!



It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear. A - MEN.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,—
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

236

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its car

4 I'll speak the honor of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge.

237

1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

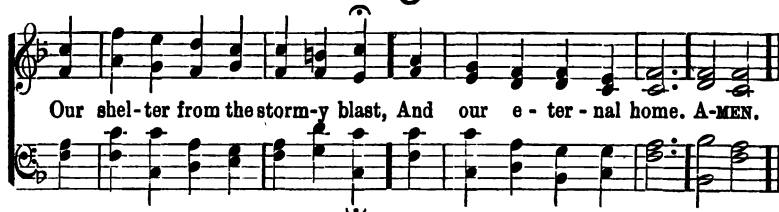
William Cowper.

238

Dundee. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANDRO HART'S Psalter.



2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

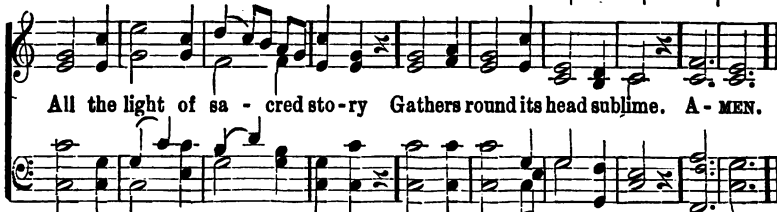
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

239

Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

JOHN BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

240

Ariel. C. P. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Ad. LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which
in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel
while He sings in notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine. A - MEN.

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:

- In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.
- 4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

241

Manoah. C. M.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

FR. FRANZ J. HAYDN.

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Ad. fr. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-nel's veins;

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; A-MEN.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be still I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

Tune: Manoah.

2 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;

Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A-rise, my soul, a- rise! Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri -

'fice In my be-half ap - pears; Be-fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, Be-

fore the throne my Surety stands: My name is written on His hands. A - MEN.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

244

1 Ye saints, your music bring,
Attuned to sweetest sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from His throne
The prince of darkness fell;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

Andrew Reed.

245

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

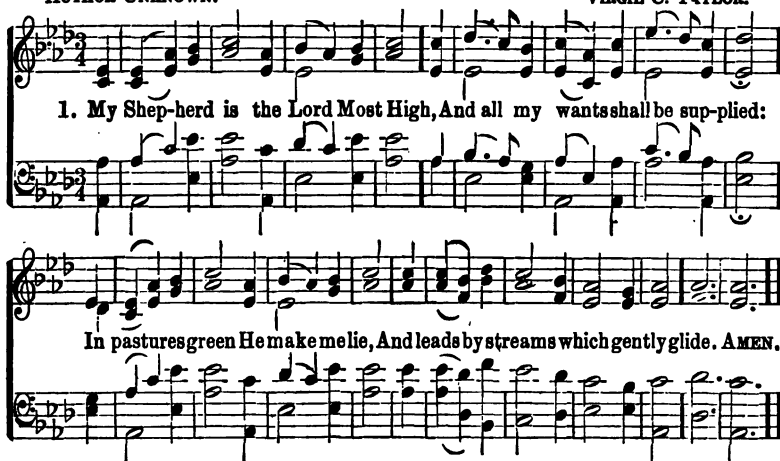
Charles Wesley.

246

Louvan. L. M.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.



1. My Shep-herd is the Lord Most High, And all my wantsshall be sup-plied:

In pastures green He make melie, And leads by streams which gently glide. AMEN.

2 He in His mercy doth restore
My soul when sinking in distress;
For His name's sake He evermore
Leads me in paths of righteousness

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark
E'en there no evil will I fear, [vale,

Because Thy presence shall not fail,
Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.

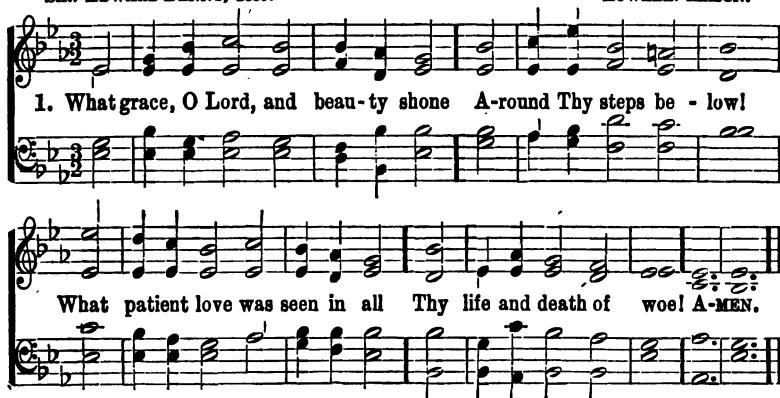
4 For me a table Thou hast spread,
Prepared before the face of foes;
With oil Thou dost anoint my head,
My cup is filled and overflows.

247

Downs. C. M.

SIR. EDWARD DENNY, 1839.

LOWELL. MASON.



1. What grace, O Lord, and beau-ty shone A-round Thy steps be - low!

What patient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe! A-MEN.

2 Forever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

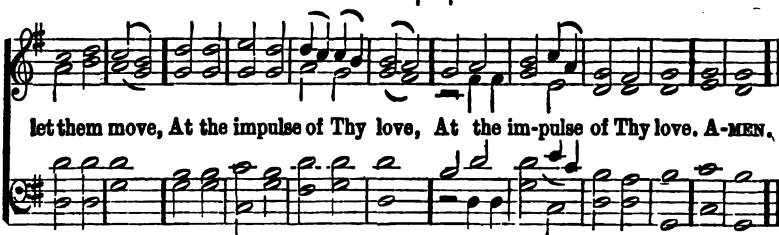
5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

248

Hendon. 7s.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

ABRAHAM H. C. MALAN.



2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,—
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;

Take my intellect, and use,
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.

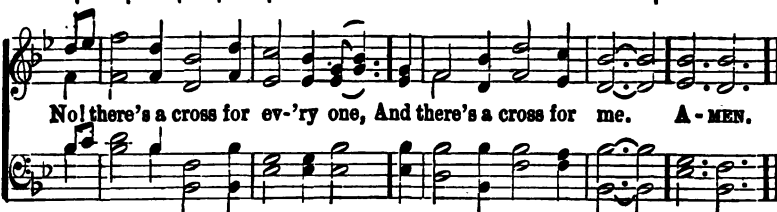
6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

249

Maitland. C. M.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;

And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat,

250 Mendebras. 7s, 6s. D.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } On thee, the high and lowly,
 { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; }

Bending before the throne, Sing, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, To the Great Three in One. AMEN.

2 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth.

251 Psalm 65.

1 Praise waits for Thee in Zion,
 To Thee vows paid shall be;
 O Thou of prayer the hearer,
 All flesh shall come to Thee.
 Iniquities against me
 Prevail from day to day;
 But as for our transgressions,
 Them shalt Thou purge away.

2 Blest he whom Thou hast chosen,
 And unto Thee brought nigh;
 Who hath for habitation
 The courts of God most high.
 We shall in rich abundance
 Be satisfied with grace,
 And filled with all the goodness
 Of Thy most holy place.

3 O God of our salvation,
 We plead with Thee in prayer;
 Thy righteousness makes answer
 By things which fearful are.
 Of earth the ends remotest,
 And those afar at sea,
 These all, O Lord, are placing
 Their confidence in Thee.

4 His strength sets fast the mountains,
 He's girt about with power,
 He calms the angry people,
 And stills the ocean's roar;
 Thy dreadful signs and wonders
 Make distant lands afraid;
 The morning and the evening
 By Thee are joyful made.

ANNE STEEL.

ART. from HANS G. NAEGLI,
by LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de - nies,
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee."
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end." A - MEN.

253

- 1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
- 4 That power is prayer, which soars on high.
Through Jesus to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

James E. Wallace.

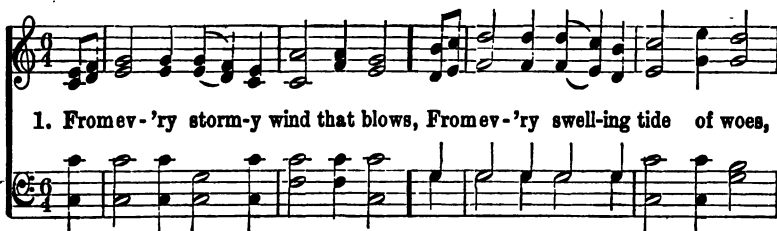
254 Tune: Webb. No. 172.

- 1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

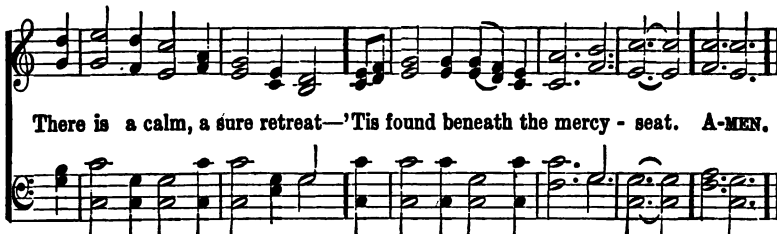
Samuel F. Smith, 1839.

HUGH STOWELL.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,



There is a calm, a sure retreat—'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat. A-MEN.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides, more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

5 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy-seat!

256

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds with-
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw, [draw;
Give exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

William Cowper.

257

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

4 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

JOHN WYETH.

FINE

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
 D.C.-Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it; Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

D. C.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above: A-MEN.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee Near-er, to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be ov-er me,

D.S.—Near-er, my God to Thee,

FINE D. S.
 That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, A-MEN.

Near-er to Thee!

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { On the moun-tain-top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands; Mourning captive!

God Himself will loose thy bands; Mourning captive! God Himself will loose thy bands. AMEN.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful, 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
All thy friends unfaithful proved? He Himself appears thy friend;
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, All thy foes shall flee before thee,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Here their boasts and triumphs end;
||:Cease thy mourning;|| ||:Great deliverance;||
Zion still is well-beloved. Zion's King will quickly send.

Thomas Kelly.

261

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.
||:Bread of heaven;||
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
- Lead me all my journey through;
||:Strong Deliverer;||
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
||:Songs of praises;||
I will ever give to Thee.

W. Williams.

Tune: Bethany.

- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to Thee!
- 4 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams.

GEORGE KEITH.

MARCANTOINE PORTOGALLO.

1 How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to
 you He hath said,— To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? A-MEN.—

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove,
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love,
 And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never—no never, no never forsake!"

263

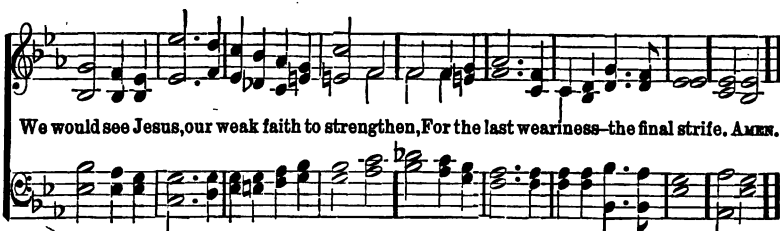
Raynolds. 11s, 10s.

ANNA B. WARNER.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.



1. We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen Across this lit-tle landscape of our life;



We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen, For the last weariness—the final strife. AMEN.

- 2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see:
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus—dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

264

Tune: Portuguese Hymn. No. 262.

- 1 O come, all ye faithful, triumphantly sing!
Come, see in the manger, the angels' dread King!
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord:
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.
- 2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
The womb of the Virgin He doth not despise;
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord:
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.
- 3 O hark to the angels, all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest, all glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord:
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.
- 4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent Word!
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1848.

HORATIUS BONAR.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in Him;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:
 D.S. - White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
 He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem:
 D.S. - He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - row shares.

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains,
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares; A - MEN.

266

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord,
 Like fragrance on the breezes
 His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child:
 I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

1 I saw the cross of Jesus,
 When burdened with my sin;
 I sought the cross of Jesus,
 To give me peace within.
 I brought my soul to Jesus,
 He cleansed it in His blood;
 And in the cross of Jesus
 I found my peace with God.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
 There let my weary heart
 Still rest in peace unshaken,
 Till with Him, ne'er to part;
 And then in strains of glory
 I'll sing His wondrous power,
 Where sin can never enter,
 And death is known no more.

Frederick Whitfield.

267 Olivet. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me
while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine. AMEN.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Ere darkness turn to day,

Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul

Ray Palmer.

268 Solid Rock. L. M. 61.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.
REFRAIN.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; } On Christ, the solid
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand. A - MEN.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;

When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

Edward Mott.

269

Wellesley. 8s, 7s.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty. A-MEN.

2 There's a welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 There is plentiful redemption
In blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

5 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

270

St. Michael. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Arr. by WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

1. I hear the words of love, I gaze up - on the blood;
I see the might-y Sac - ri-fice, And I have peace with God. A-MEN.

2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.
3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep the sky,

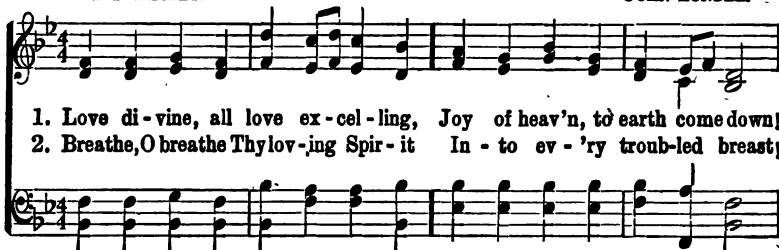
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.
4 I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

271

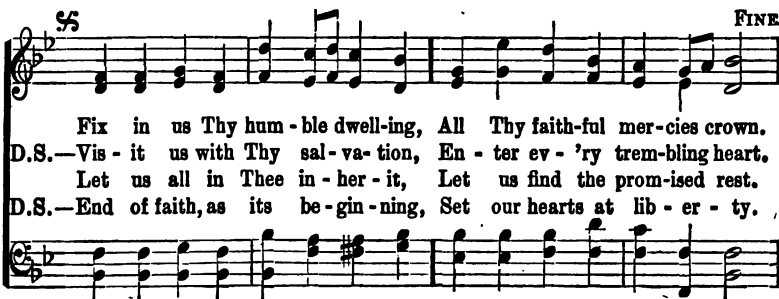
Beecher. 8s, 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY.

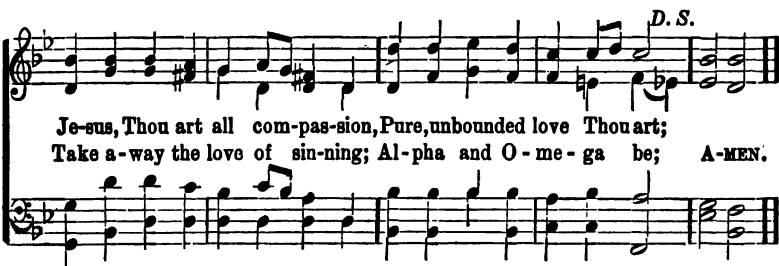
JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast;



Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
 D.S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find the prom-ised rest.
 D.S.—End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
 Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be; A-MEN.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive!
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless may we be:
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee!
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

272

1 God is love; His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But His mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom His brightness stream-
 God is wisdom, God is love. [eth;
 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere His glory shineth,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring.

273 Loving-Kindness. L. M.

Ans.

1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

He just-ly claims a song from me: His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free! A-MEN.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, O how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fall;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

Samuel Medley.

274 St. Margaret. 8s. 6.

ALBERT L. PRAGER.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee; I give Thee back the

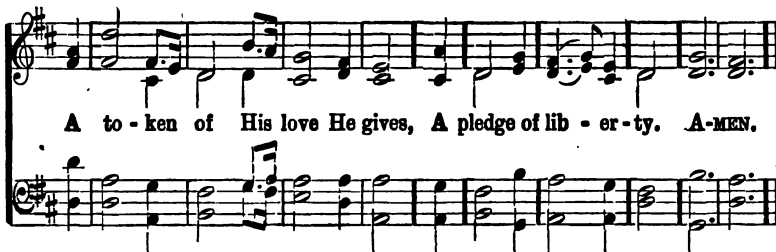
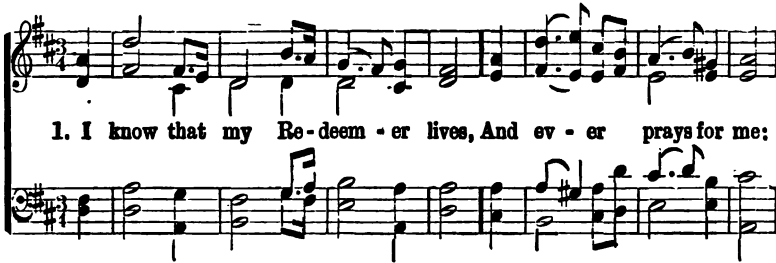
life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be. A-MEN.

275

Bradford. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



276

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
Who can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

1 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

2 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would He all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.

Charles Wesley.

Tune: St. Margaret.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's glow, its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson.

277

Laudes Domini. 6s. 6 l.

EDWARD CASWELL, TR.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



- 2 To Thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 3 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find;
May Jesus Christ be praised:

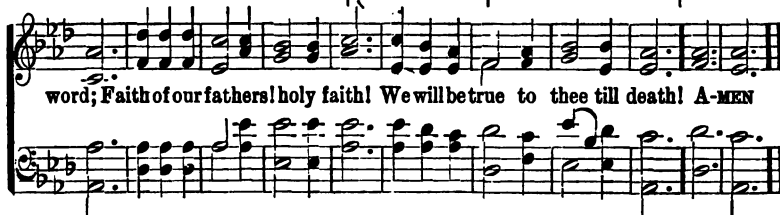
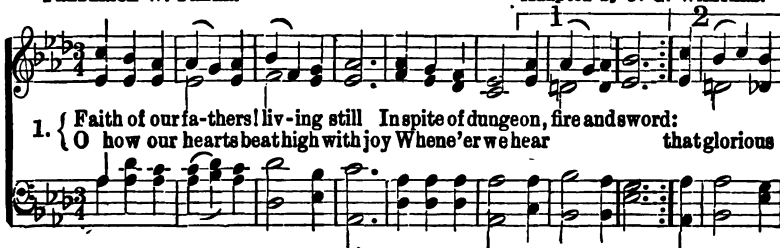
- Or fades my earthy bliss,
My comfort still is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 4 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine;
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

278

St. Catherine. L. M. 6 l.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Adapted by J. G. WALTERS.



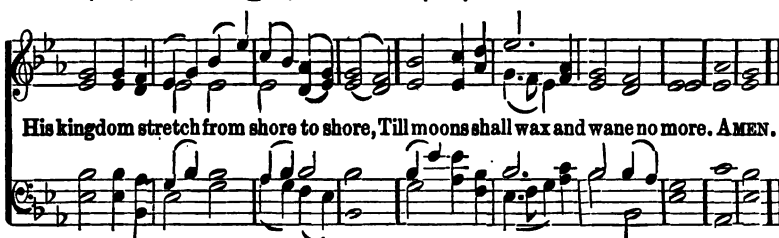
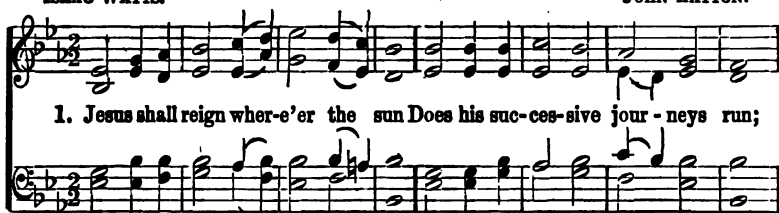
- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free,
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!
- 3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

279

Duke Street. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.



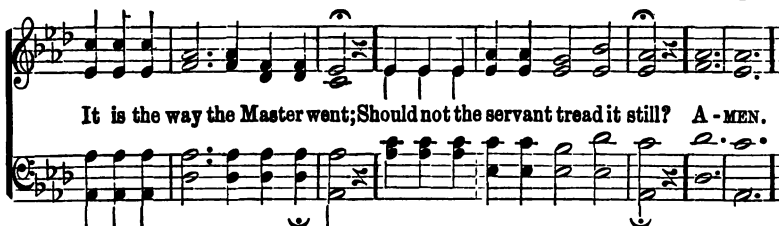
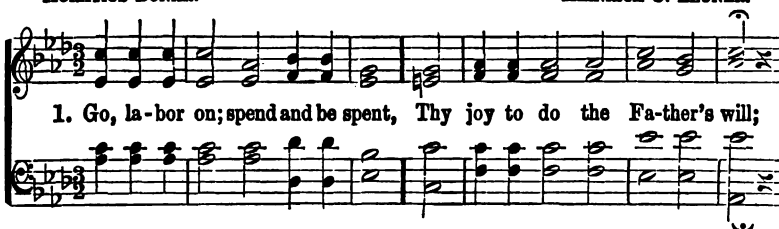
- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head:
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice. | And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest. |
| 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song; | |

280

Missionary Chant. L. M.

HORATIUS BONAR.

HEINRICH C. ZEUNER.



- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men? | Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!" |
| 3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee if He deign | |

281

Greenwood. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR.

JOSEPH SWENTZER.

1. Come, Lord, and tar - ry not, Bring the long - looked - for day;

O why these years of wait-ing here, These a - ges of de - lay? A-MEN.

2 Come! for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,

Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth!

Worn out with these long years of ill, These ages of delay.

4 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace,

3 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth,

Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

282

Missionary Hymn. 7s, 6s. D.

REGINALD HEBER.

LOWELL MASON.

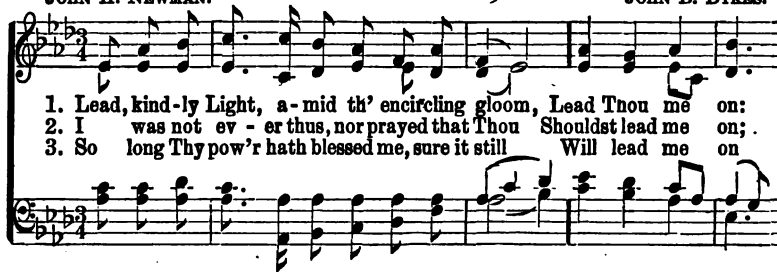
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny

fountains Roll down their goldensand; From many an ancient riv - er, From many a

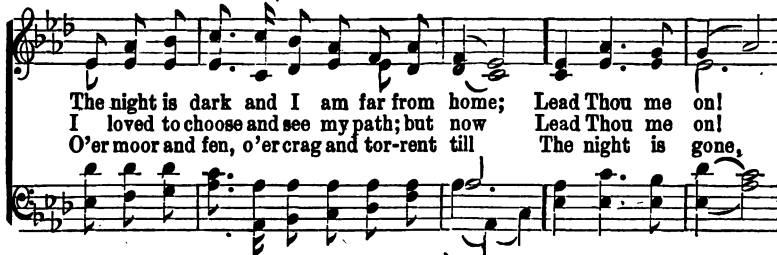
palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain. A-MEN.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

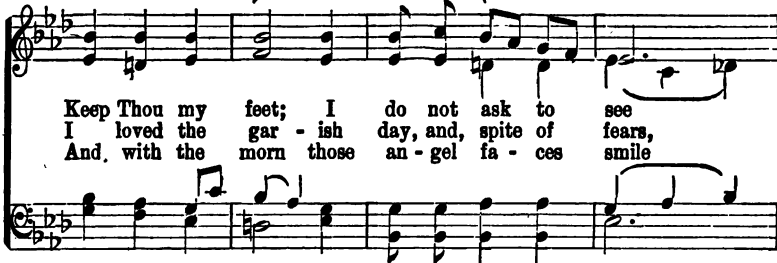
JOHN B. DYKES.



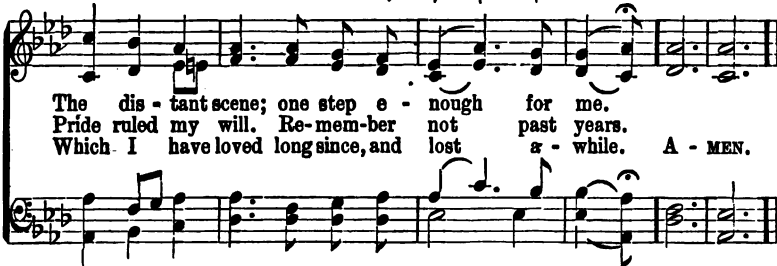
1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on



The night is dark and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent till The night is gone,



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
 And, with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years.
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while. A - MEN.

Tune: Missionary Hymn.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign!

Reginald Heber.

284

Sudbury. 7s.

C. WINKWORTH, 1858.

T. CLARK.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain, Christ hath broken ev-'ry chain; Hark, an-gel-ic
 voi-ces cry Sing-ing ev-er-more on high, Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord! AMEN.

2 He who bore all pain and loss,
 Comfortless, upon the cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
 Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

2 He who slumbered in the grave
 Is exalted now to save;

Now through Christendom it rings
 That the Lamb is King of kings:
 Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
 How the lost may be restored,
 How the penitent forgiven,
 How we, too, may enter heaven:
 Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Bohemian Easter Hymn, 1881.

285

Theodora. 7s.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Our tri - um-ph'ant ho - ly day
 Who did once up - on the cross Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. A-MEN.

2 Hymns of Praise, then, let us sing
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
 Who endured the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pains which He endured
 Our salvation has procured;

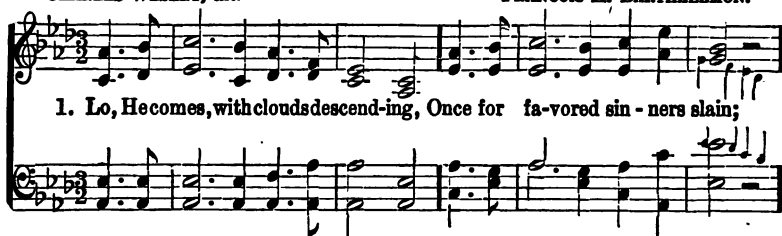
Now above the sky He's King,
 Where the angels ever sing.

4 Now be God the Father praised,
 With the Son from death upraised,
 And the Spirit ever blest:
 One true God by all confessed.

Tr. from the Latin of the 15th century.

CHARLES WESLEY, alt.

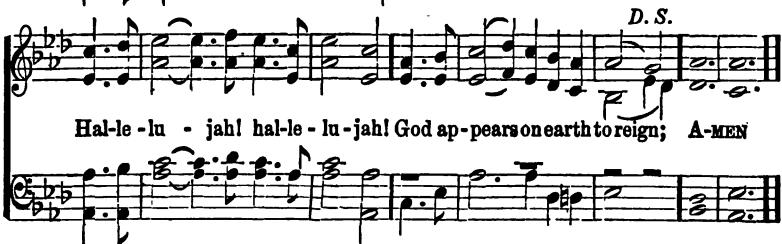
FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON.



1. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain;



Thou-sand thou-sand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the triumph of His train:
D.S.—Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.



Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign; A-MEN

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come.

287

Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've so't, and hoped, and known:
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Know, my soul, Thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee,
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

288

America. 6s, 4s.

SAMUEL A. SMITH.

Arr. by HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountainside Let freedom ring! A - MEN.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees.
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;

Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

289

Serenity. C. M.

JOHN R. WREFORD.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

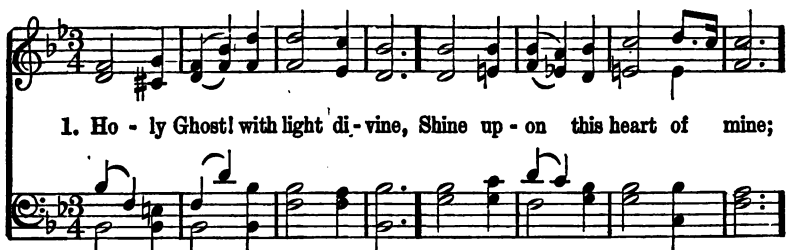
1. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,
O hear us for our na-tive land,—The land we love the most. A - MEN.

2 O guard our shores from every foe.
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

290 Mercy. 7s.

Arr. from LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK.



2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin without control
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

291

1 Christ to heaven is gone before
In the body here He wore;
He that as our Brother died,
Is our Brother glorified.

2 All the angels wondering own,
'Tis our nature on the throne;
"How, He loved them, behold!"
Trembles on the harps of gold.

3 Fear not, ye of little faith,
For He hath abolished death;
And no longer now we die,
We but follow Christ on high.

4 As our Shepherd He is there,
With the comfort of His care;
Fear no evil, doubt no more,
Christ to heaven is gone before.

George Rawson, 1857.

292

1 Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

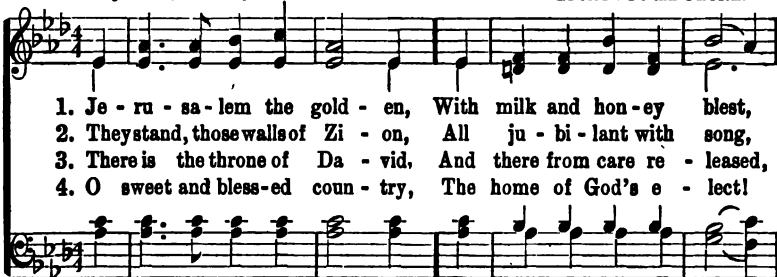
3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Samuel Longfellow.

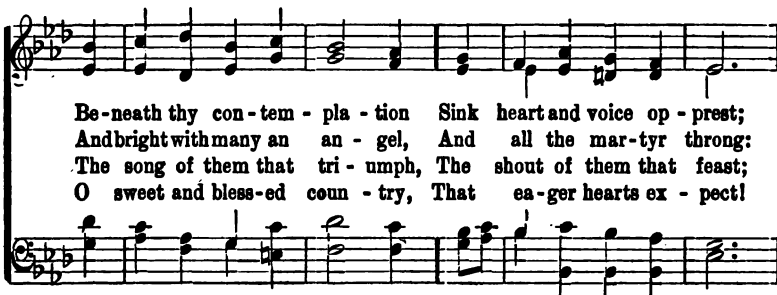
Bernard of Cluny, 12th Century.

Trans. by J. M. NEALE.

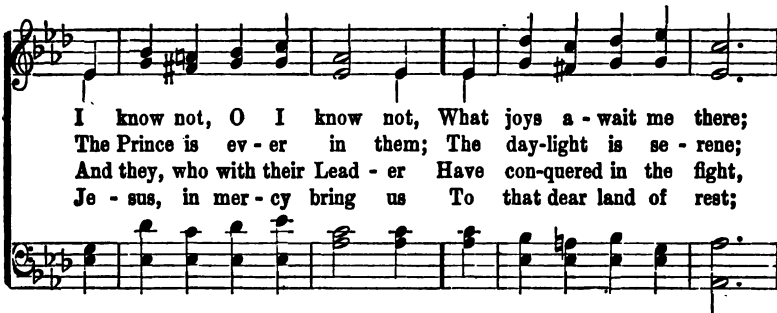
GEORGE F. LE JEUNE.



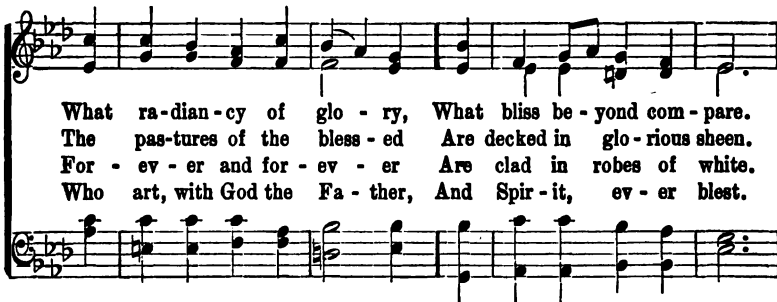
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those walls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from care re - leased,
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait me there;
 The Prince is ev - er in them; The day - light is se - rene;
 And they, who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

Urbs Beata.

REFRAIN.

Je - ru - - - - sa - lem the gold - en,
Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

294 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

Tr. by RAY PALMER.

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

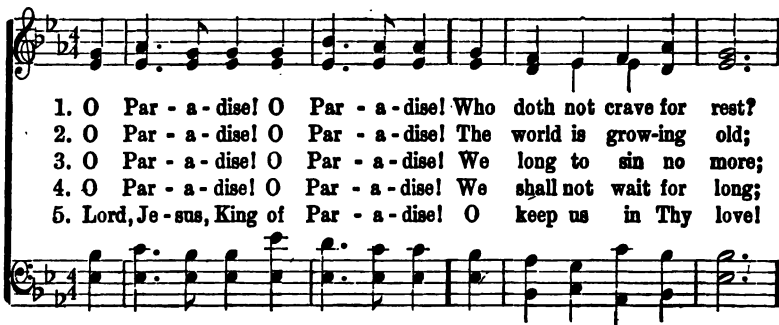
1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ev - er stood; Thou savest those that on Thee call;
3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv - ing Bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still;
4. Our rest - less spir - its yearn for Thee, Wher - e'er our changeful lot is cast;
5. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay; Make all our mo - ments calm and bright;

From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, All in All!
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill,
Glad when Thy gra - cious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
Chase the dark night of sin a - way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light.

Copyright, 1913, by J. B. Trowbridge.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow-ing old;
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We long to sin no more;
 4. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We shall not wait for long;
 5. Lord, Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise! O keep us in Thy love!

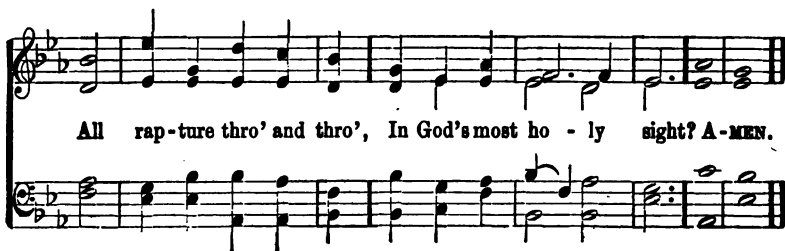


Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
 Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold;
 We long to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot-less shore:
 E'en now the lov-ing ear may catch Faint frag-ments of thy song;
 And guide us to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;

REFRAIN.



Where loy - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
 Where loy - - al hearts and true,



All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-MEN.

296

Asleep in Jesus. L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes. A-MEN.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

297

Geer. C. M.

JOHN EAST.

HENRY W. GREATORREX.

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas-tures ev - er green,

Where sul - try sun, or storm - y day, Or night is nev - er seen. A-MEN.

2 Far up the everlasting hills
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:

4 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife—
To spend eternity with Thee—
My Saviour, this is life!

298

D. B. TOWNER:

1. God has giv-en you His prom-ise, That He hears and answers prayer;
2. He will not with-hold one bless-ing, He will give you what is best;
3. He can hear the great pe-ti-tion, And the small-est, o-ver there;
4. Take to God your plans and fail-ures, An-y time and an-y-where;

He will heed your sup - pli - ca - tion, If you cast on Him your care.
God will an - swer by His Spir - it, Ev - 'ry one who makes re - quest.
Un - to God pray with - out ceas - ing, He will an - swer ev - 'ry prayer.
No one e'er has gone un - answered, For He an - swers ev - 'ry prayer.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The musical score for the chorus is written for two parts: a vocal line (top) and a piano accompaniment line (bottom). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "He will an-swer ev - 'ry prayer, He will answer ev - 'ry prayer, He will an-swer, an-swer ev 'ry prayer, He will answer, answer ev - 'ry prayer." The music features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment in the piano part, while the vocal part has a more melodic, flowing line.

He will an-swer ev - 'ry prayer, He will answer ev - 'ry prayer,
He will an-swer, an-swer ev 'ry prayer, He will answer, answer ev - 'ry prayer.

Go to Him in faith be-liev-ing, He will an-swer ev-'ry prayer.

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1. There are an - gels hov-'ring round, There are an - gels hov-'ring

There are Angels Hovering Round.



2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.

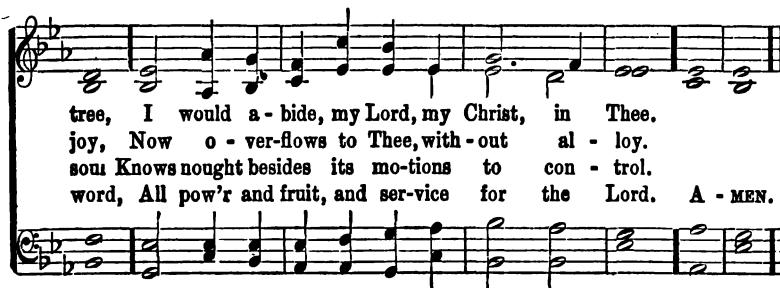
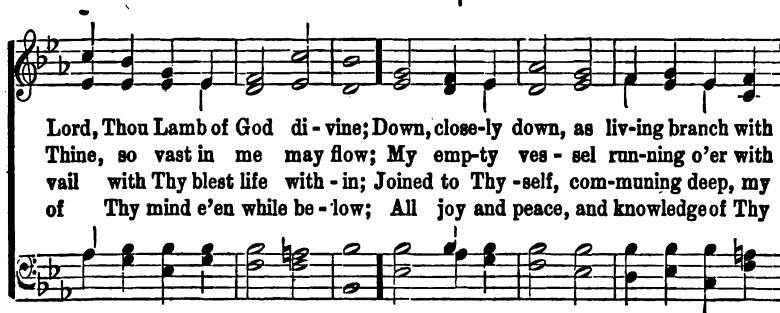
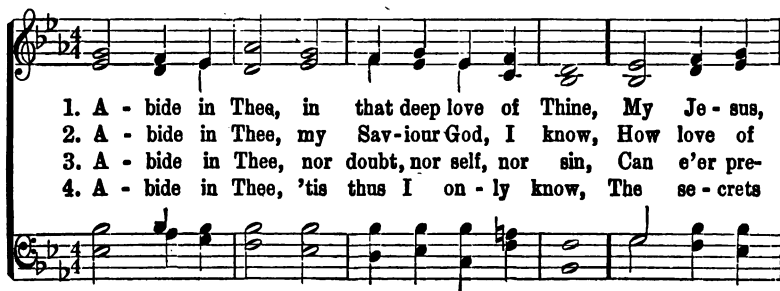
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 Let him that heareth come.
7 We're on our journey home.

300

Livorno. 10s.

JOSEPH DENHAM SMITH, 1880.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.




301



Mornington. S. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1812.

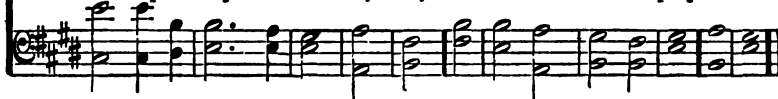
MORNINGTON.



1. Come to the morn - ing prayer, Come let us kneel and pray;
 2. At noon be - neath the Rock Of A - ges rest and pray;
 3. At eve shut to the door, Round the home - al - tar pray,
 4. When midnight seals our eyes, Let each in Spir - it say,

Prayer is the Chris - tian pil - grim's staff, To walk with God all day.
 Sweet is the shad - ow from the heat, When the sun smites by day.
 And find - ing there the house of God, At heaven's gate close the day.
 I sleep but my heart wak - eth, Lord, With Thee to watch and pray. A - MEN.




302

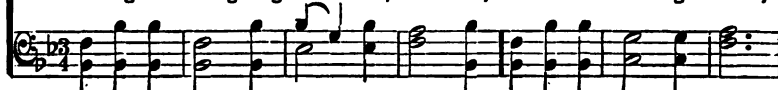
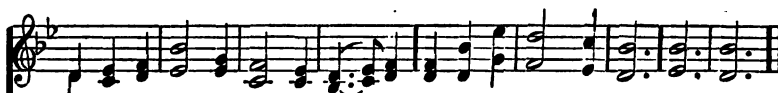
Let Me Come Closer to Thee, Jesus.

LLANTHONY ABBEY HYMNS.


ORGANIST OF LLANTHONY ABBEY.



1. Let me come clos - er to Thee, Je - sus, Oh! clos - er day by day,
 2. Let me show forth Thy beau - ty, Je - sus, Like sunshine on the hills,
 3. Yes, like a foun - tain, pre - cious Je - sus, Make me and let me be;
 4. In all my heart and will, O Je - sus, Be al - to - geth - er King;
 5. Thirsting and hungering for Thee, Je - sus, With blessed hun - ger here,

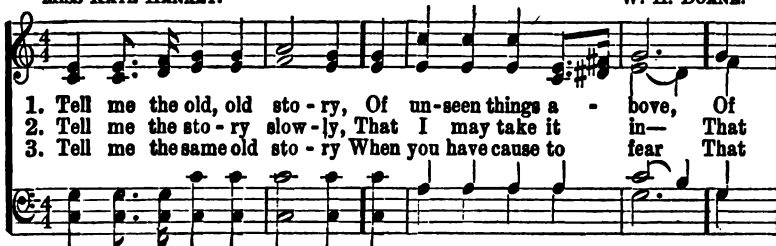
Let me lean hard - er on Thee, Je - sus, Yes, harder all the way.
 Oh, let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness In joyous, sparkling rills.
 Keep me and use me dai - ly, Je - sus, For Thee, for on - ly Thee.
 Make me a loy - al sub - ject, Je - sus, To Thee in ev - ery - thing.
 Longing for home on Zi - on's mountain, No thirst, no hunger there. A - MEN.



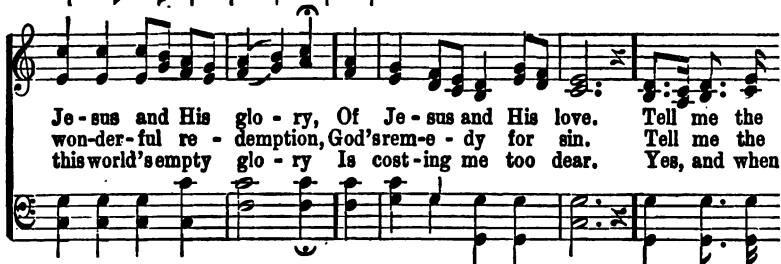
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

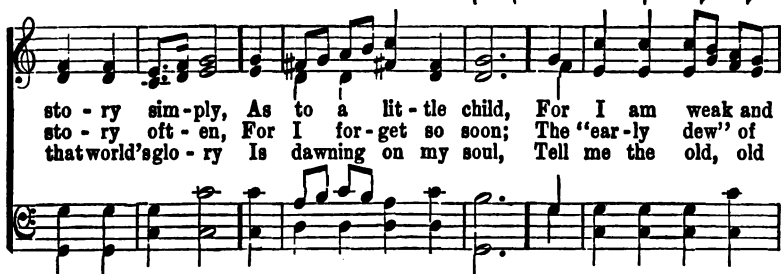
W. H. DOANE.



1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That
 3. Tell me the same old sto - ry When you have cause to fear That

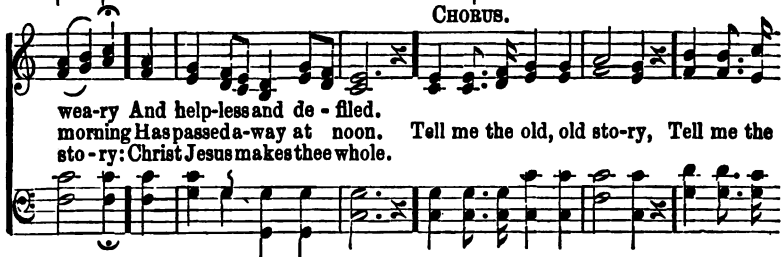


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the
 won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's re - m - e - dy for sin. Tell me the
 this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when

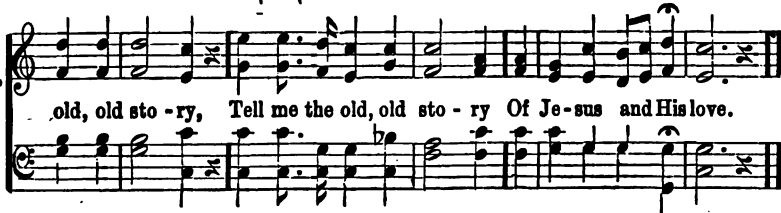


sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and
 sto - ry off - en, For I for - get so soon; The "ear - ly dew" of
 that world's glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old

CHORUS.



wea - ry And help - less and de - filed.
 morning Has passed a - way at noon. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the
 sto - ry: Christ Jesus makes thee whole.



old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say, when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!
 cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!"
 crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!"

O Jesus, I Need Thee.

1. O Jesus, I need Thee; no power but Thine
 From sin can deliver a nature like mine;
 O gracious Redeemer, my Saviour be Thou,
 If ever, O Jesus, if ever, just now!
2. O Jesus, I need Thee; temptation's dark hour
 Is closing around me, I feel its dread power;
 O gracious Redeemer, my Saviour be Thou,
 If ever, O Jesus, if ever, just now!

I am Coming, Lord!

L. H.

L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

CHORUS.

precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing
 peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

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305 Continued. O Jesus, I Need Thee.

3. O Jesus, I need Thee; for hard is the road,
 And long is the journey, and heavy the load;
 O gracious Redeemer, my Saviour be Thou,
 If ever, O Jesus, if ever, just now!

4. O Jesus, I need Thee; O hear Thou my cry!
 I need Thee to live, and I need Thee to die;
 O gracious Redeemer, my Saviour be Thou,
 If ever, O Jesus, if ever, just now!

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James M. Gray.

307

Help Me to be Holy!

ADAMANT J. GORDON.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Help me to be ho - ly, O Fa - ther of light; Guilt-burdened and
 2. Help me to be ho - ly, O Sav - iour di - vine; Why con - quer so
 3. Help me to be ho - ly, O Spir - it di - vine; Come, sanc - ti - fy

low - ly, I bow in thy sight; How shall a stained conscience Dare gaze on Thy
 slow - ly This na - ture of mine? Stamp deeply Thy like - ness Where Satan's hath
 who - ly This tem - ple of Thine; Now cast out each i - dol, Here set up Thy

face, E'en tho' in Thy pres - ence Thou grant me a place?
 been; Ex - pel with Thy bright - ness My dark - ness and sin!
 thrones, Reign, reign with - out ri - val, Su - preme and a - lone!

308

We Praise Thee, O God!

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUBBARD.

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with Thy love,

We Praise Thee, O God!

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove!
 Who has shown us our Sav - iour and scat - tered our night!
 Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain!
 May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Thine the glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Re - vives us a - gain!

309

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say: "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
 3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; I'll wash my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
 gar - ments white In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow!

310

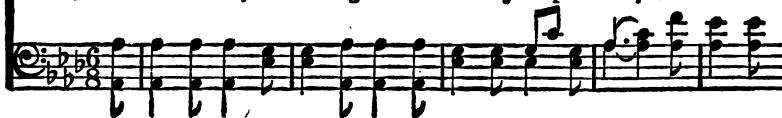
How I Love Jesus!

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

American Spiritual.



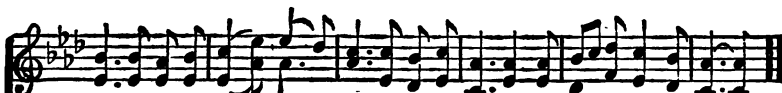
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells of One, whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe, Who in each



CHORUS.



mu-sic to mine ear—The sweetest name on earth.
 of His precious blood, The sinner's perfect plea. O how I love Je-sus,
 sor-row bears a part That none can bear be-low.



O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je-sus, Because He first loved me!



311

Turn to the Lord.

JOSEPH HARR.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

FINE.



1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r. }
2. { Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream; }
 { All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. }
3. { Come, ye wear-y, heav-y - la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall; }
 { If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all. }



D. C.—Glo-ry, hon - or, and sal - va-tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

Turn to the Lord.

CHORUS. **D. C.**

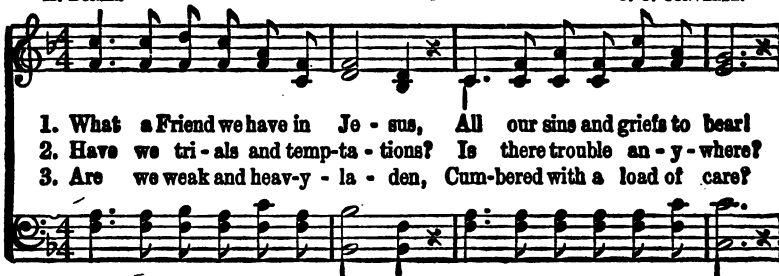


Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

312 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

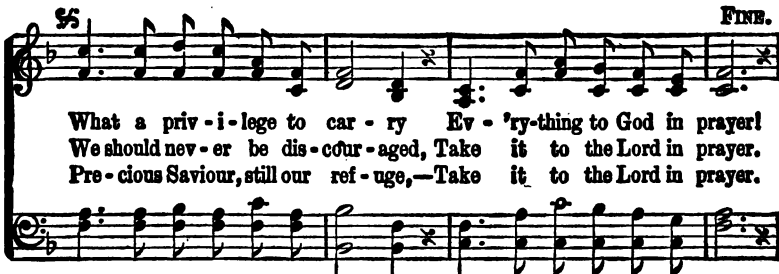
H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?

% **FINE.**



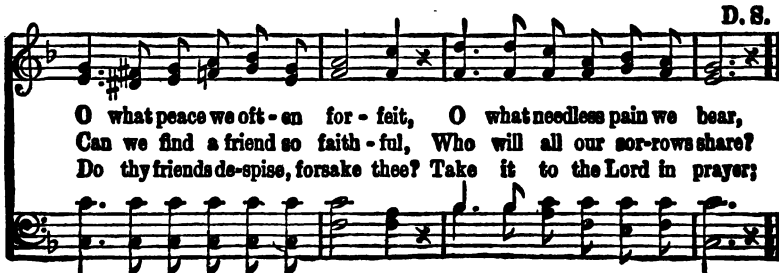
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D. S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.

D. S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D. S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D. S.



O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

313

Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
 2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go,
 3. I would love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleet-ing life is o'er,

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
 Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
 Till my soul is lost in love In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.

D.S.-May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clo-ser, clo-ser, Lord to Thee.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
 Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

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314 Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. S.

W. W. WALFORD.

W. B. BRADBURY.

FINE

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known!
 D.C.-And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

D. C.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft- en found re- lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear May I thy consolation share
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
 Engage the waiting soul to bless. I view my home and take my flight.
 And since He bids me seek His face, In my immortal flesh I'll rise
 Believe His word, and trust His grace, To seize the everlasting prize,
 I'll cast on Him my every care, And shout while passing thro' the air,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. "Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer."

315

Even Me.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; }
 { Show'rs the thirst-y soul re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; }

REFRAIN.

E - ven me, e - ven me, 1. Let some drops now fall on me.
 2. Let Thy mer-cy rest on me.
 3. O for-give and re-cue me!
 4. Speak the word of peace to me.

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<p>2 Pass me not, O gracious Father! Sinful though my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let Thy mercy rest on me.</p> <p>3 Have I long in sin been sleeping? Long been slighting, grieving Thee?</p>	<p>Has the world my heart been keeping? O forgive and rescue me!</p> <p>4 Pass me not, O holy Spirit! Thou canst make the blind to see; Testify of Jesus' merit, Speak the word of peace to me.</p>
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316

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wan-dered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
 2. I've wast-ed man-y pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

F The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home;
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

317

The Way of the Cross.

E. W. BLANDLY.

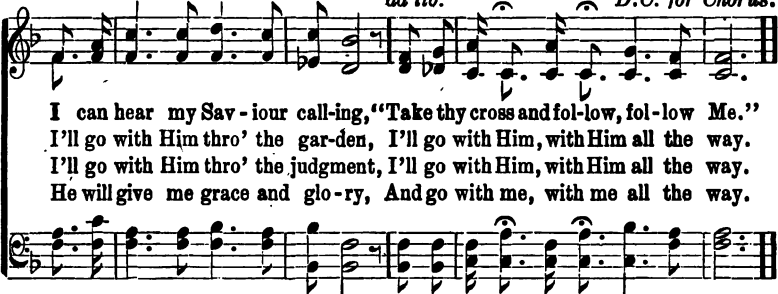
Arr. from P. P. BLISS.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

The Way of the Cross.

ad lib. *D.C. for Chorus.*



I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

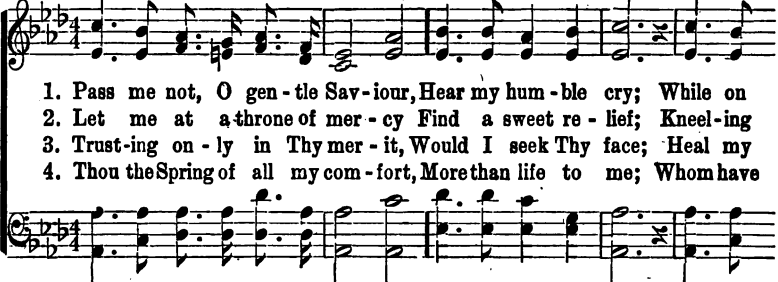
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

318

Pass Me Not.

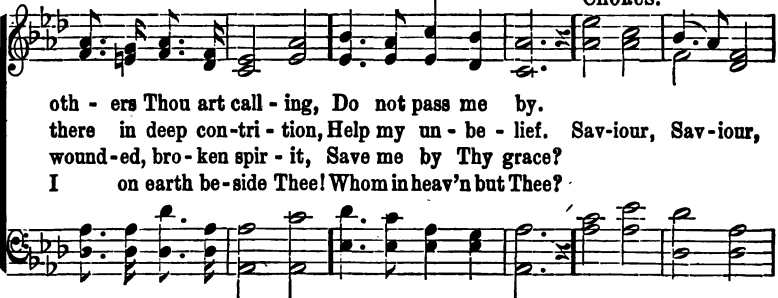
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

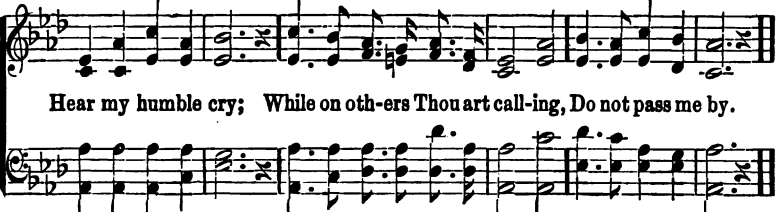


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me; Whom have

CHORUS.



oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-iour, Sav-iour,
 wound-ed, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace?
 I on earth be-side Thee! Whom in heav'n but Thee?

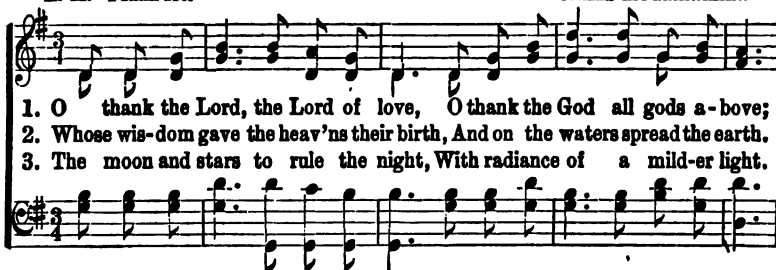


Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

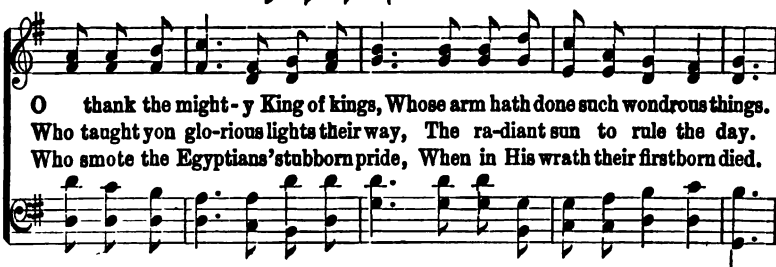
319 His Mercy Flows An Endless Stream.

L. M. Psalm 136.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

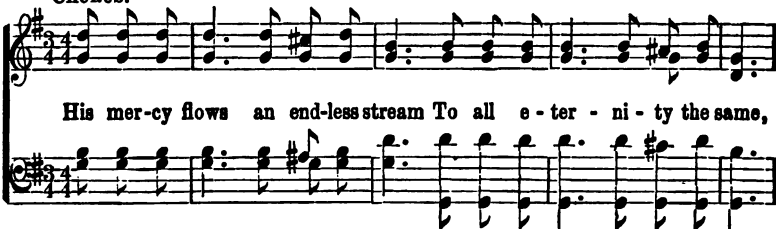


1. O thank the Lord, the Lord of love, O thank the God all gods a-bove;
 2. Whose wis-dom gave the heav'ns their birth, And on the waters spread the earth.
 3. The moon and stars to rule the night, With radiance of a mild-er light.

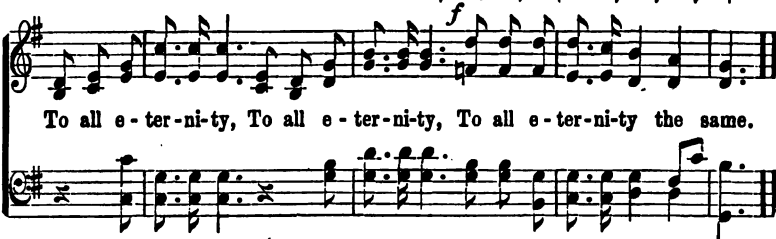


O thank the might-y King of kings, Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.
 Who taught yon glo-rious lights their way, The ra-diant sun to rule the day.
 Who smote the Egyptians' stubborn pride, When in His wrath their firstborn died.

CHORUS.



His mer-cy flows an end-less stream To all e-ter-ni-ty the same,



To all e-ter-ni-ty, To all e-ter-ni-ty, To all e-ter-ni-ty the same.

4 But led His Isr'el from their land,
 With outstretched arm and conq'ring hand.
 Whose hand the Red sea's waters clave,
 And guided Is'el through the wave.

5 But buried Pharaoh and his bands,
 And led his flock through desert lands,
 Who smote proud monarchs in their might,
 And warlike princes slew in fight.

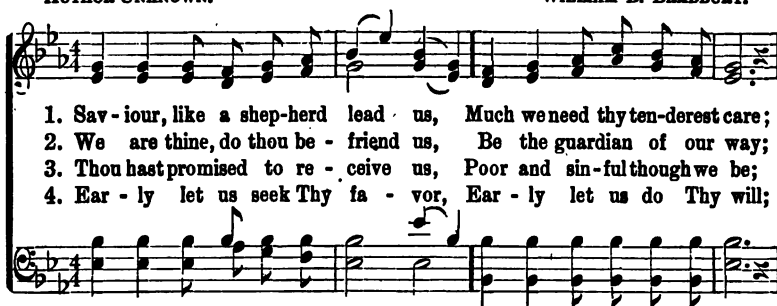
6 Sihon, the king of Heshbon's towers,
 And Og, the Lord of Bashan's powers,
 And for inheritance their land
 He gave to Isr'el's chosen band.

7 Who thought on us amidst our woes,
 And rescued us from all our foes.
 Who daily feeds each living thing;
 O thank the heaven's Almighty King.

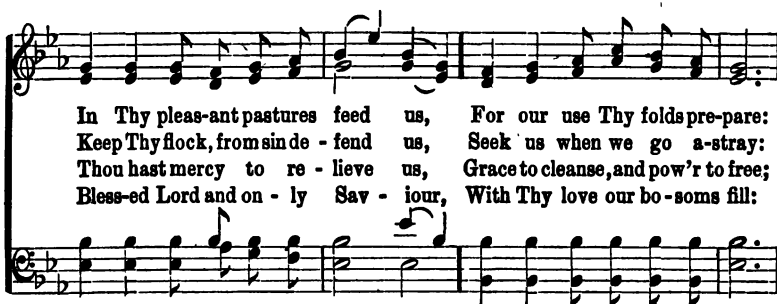
320 Saviour, Like A Shepherd Lead Us.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



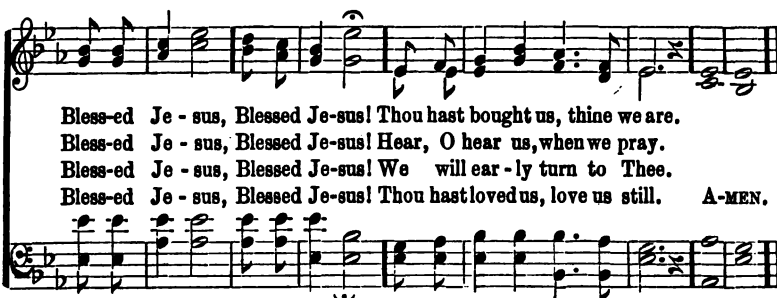
1. Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need thy ten-derest care;
 2. We are thine, do thou be-friend us, Be the guardian of our way;
 3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
 4. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor, Ear-ly let us do Thy will;



In Thy pleas-ant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
 Keep Thy flock, from sin-de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray:
 Thou hast mercy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free;
 Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav-iour, With Thy love our bo-soms fill:



Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, thine we are,
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus! We will ear-ly turn to Thee.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still.

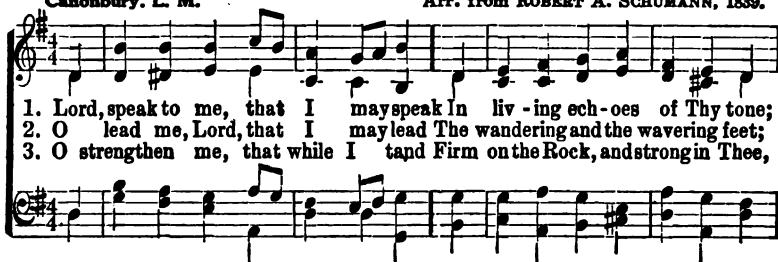


Bless-ed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus! We will ear-ly turn to Thee.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still. A-MEN.

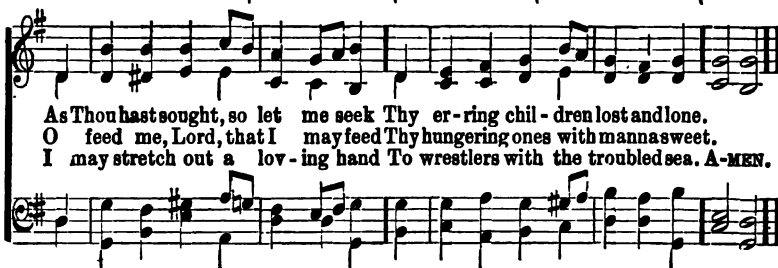
321 Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak.

Canonbury. L. M.

Art. from ROBERT A. SCHUMANN, 1839.



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak in liv-ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
 2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead the wandering and the wavering feet;
 3. O strengthen me, that while I stand firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,



As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy er-ring chil-dren lost and lone.
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
 I may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wrestlers with the troubled sea. A-MEN.

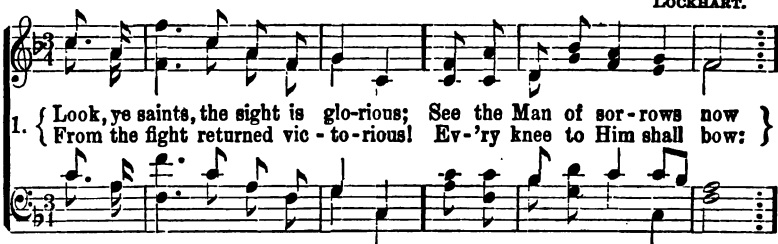
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
 The precious things Thou dost impart; Until my very heart o'erflow
 And wing my words, that they may reach In kindling thought and glowing word,
 The hidden depths of many a heart. Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
- 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me, 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
 That I may speak with soothing power Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
 A word in season, as from Thee, Until Thy blessed face I see,
 To weary ones in needful hour. Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances E. Havergal, 1872.

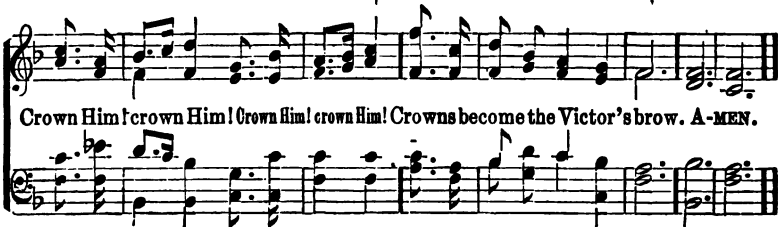
322

Tamworth. 8s. 7s, 4s.

LOCKHART.



1. { Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious; See the Man of sor-rows now }
 { From the fight returned vic-to-rious! Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow: }



Crown Him! crown Him! Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns become the Victor's brow. A-MEN.

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;

In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown. A - MEN.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through Him the first fond prayers are
Our lips of children frame; [said
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.
5 O Lord and Master of us all,
What'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine!

John G. Whittier.

324

1 A pilgrim through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.
2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth a resting-place,
Save only in the grave.
3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed His brow with thorn?
4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press thro' storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

Horatius Bonar.

325

1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!
2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!
3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Tune: Tamworth.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthroned Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
||:Crown Him! crown Him!||
Crown the Saviour King of Kings!
3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels, crowd around Him!

Own His title, praise His name:
||:Crown Him! crown Him!||
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
||:Crown Him! crown Him!||
King of kings and Lord of lords!

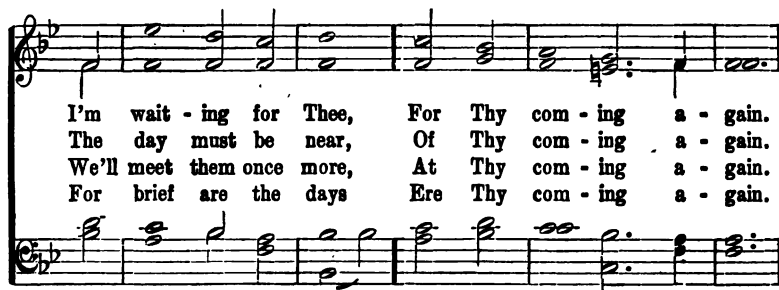
Thomas Kelly, 1806.

I'm Waiting for Thee, Lord.

E. W. BULLINGER.



1. I'm wait - ing for Thee, Lord, Thy beau - ty to see, Lord;
 2. Mid dan - ger and fear, Lord, I'm oft wea - ry here, Lord,
 3. For those gone be - fore, Lord, Thy love we a - dore, Lord,
 4. E'en now let my ways, Lord, Be bright with Thy praise, Lord,



I'm wait - ing for Thee, For Thy com - ing a - gain.
 The day must be near, Of Thy com - ing a - gain.
 We'll meet them once more, At Thy com - ing a - gain.
 For brief are the days Ere Thy com - ing a - gain.



Thou'rt gone o - ver there, Lord, A place to pre - pare, Lord—
 'Tis all sun-shine there, Lord, No sigh - ing or care, Lord,
 Thy blood was the sign, Lord, Which marked them as Thine, Lord,
 I'm wait - ing for Thee, Lord, Thy beau - ty to see, Lord,




Thy glo - ry I'll share At Thy com - ing a - gain.
 But glo - ry so fair At Thy com - ing a - gain.
 And bright - ly They'll shine At Thy com - ing a - gain.
 No tri - umph for me Like Thy com - ing a - gain.

327 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.


VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1846.



REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.




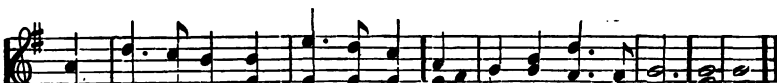
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;


Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till traveling days are done. A - MEN.



O Thou My Soul Bless God the Lord.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

PSALM 103, G. M.

326

1. O thou my soul bless God the Lord, And all that in me is,
 2. Bless, O my soul the Lord thy God, And not for-get-ful be,
 3. All thy in-iq-ui-ties who doth Most gra-cious-ly for-give,
 4. The Lord Je-ho-vah gra-cious is, And He is-mer-ci-ful,

Be lift-ed up, His ho-ly name To mag-ni-fy and bless.
 Of all His gra-cious ben-e-fits, He hath bestowed on thee.
 Who thy dis-eas-es all and pains Doth heal and thee re-lieve.
 Long-suf-fer-ing and slow to wrath, In kind-ness plen-ti-ful.

CHORUS.

"Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my
 Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord;

soul, And all that is with-in me, Bless His ho-ly name.
 Bless His ho-ly

Copyright, 1890, by James McGranahan. Chas. M. Alexander, owner.

5 He will not chide continually,
 Nor keep His anger still;
 With us He dealt not as we sinned,
 Nor did requite our ill.

6 For as the heaven in its height
 The earth surmounteth far;
 So great to those that do Him fear
 His tender mercies are.

7 As far as east is distant from
 The west, so far hath He
 From us removed, in tender love,
 All our iniquity.

8 O ye His angels, that excel
 In strength, bless ye the Lord;
 Ye who obey, what He commands,
 And hearken to His word.

9 O bless and magnify the Lord,
 Ye glorious hosts of His;
 Ye ministers that do fulfill
 Whate'er His pleasure is.

10 O bless the Lord, all ye His works,
 Wherewith the world is stored,
 In His dominions everywhere;
 My soul bless thou the Lord.

Scotch Version.

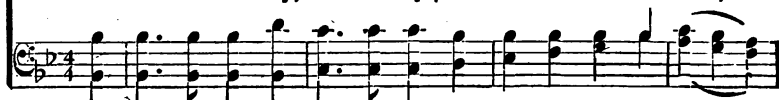
329 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER.

DR. H. S. CUTLER.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



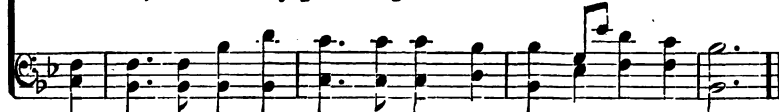
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw His Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
A - round the Sav - iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed;



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain;




Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in His train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

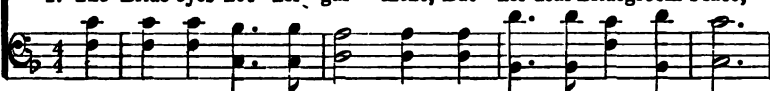



MRS. COUSIN.



D'URBAN.




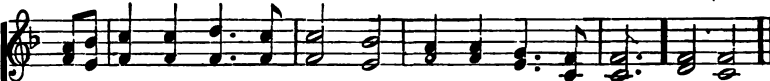
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks;
 2. Oh, Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love!
 3. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine!
 4. The Bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bridegroom's face;


The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes:
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove.
 He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine."
 I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace.

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
 There, to an o - cean ful - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I stand up - on His mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
 Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 Not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land. A - MEN.

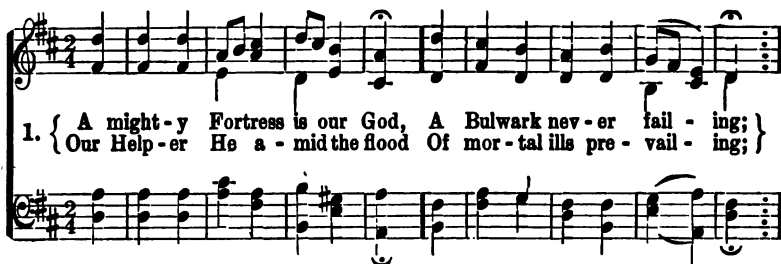


A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.

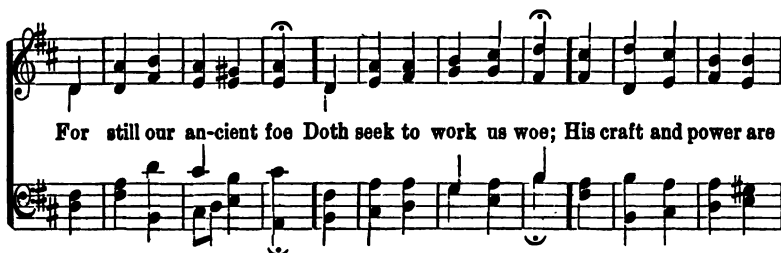
EIN' FESTE BURG.

TRANS. BY REV. FREDERICK H. HEDGE, 1853.


MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.



1. { A might-y Fortress is our God, A Bulwark nev-er fail-ing; }
 { Our Help-er He a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing; }



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are



great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not His e-qual. A-MEN.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing:
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He;
 Lord Sabaoth His Name,
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us:

The prince of darkness grim,—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo! his doom is sure,
 One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
 No thanks to them, abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him who with us sideth:
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is for ever.

The God of Abraham Praise.

THOMAS OLIVERS.

(LEONI)

Hebrew Melody.



1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above; An-cient of ev-er-
 2. The God of Abraham praise, At whose supreme command, From earth I rise, and



last-ing days, And God of love; Je - ho - vah, great I AM, By earth and
 seek the joys At His right hand: I all on earth for-sake, Its wis-dom,



heav'n confessed; I bow and bless the sa-cred name, For - ev - er blest.
 fame, and power; And Him my on - ly por-tion make, My shield and tower. A - MEN.



3 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on His oath depend;
 I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend;
 I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 For evermore.

5 Before the great Three-One
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders He hath done
 Through all their land.
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame;
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous name.

4 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound;
 And trees of life forever grow,
 With mercy crowned.

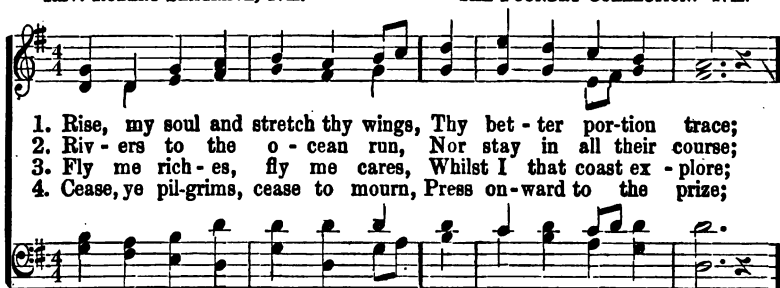
6 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high;
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
 They ever cry;
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine!—
 I join the heavenly lays,—
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise.

333 Rise My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings.

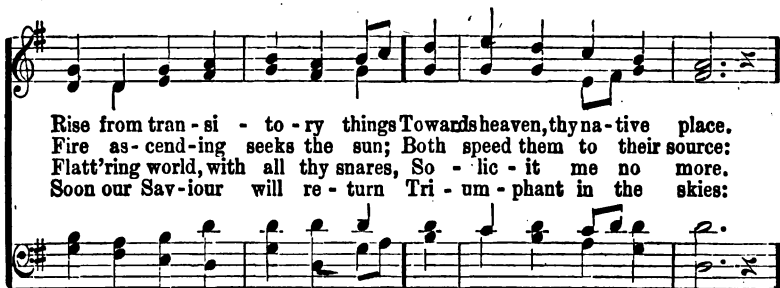
AMSTERDAM.

REV. ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742.

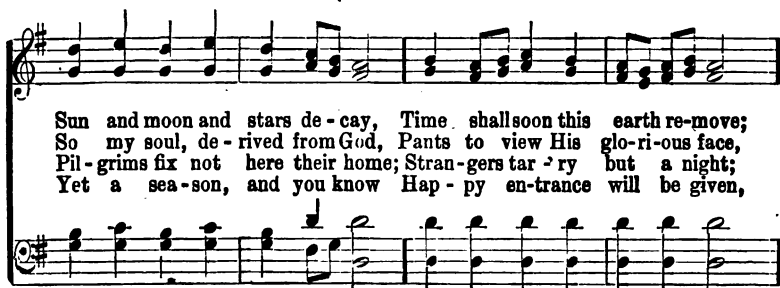
"THE FOUNDRY COLLECTION." 1742.



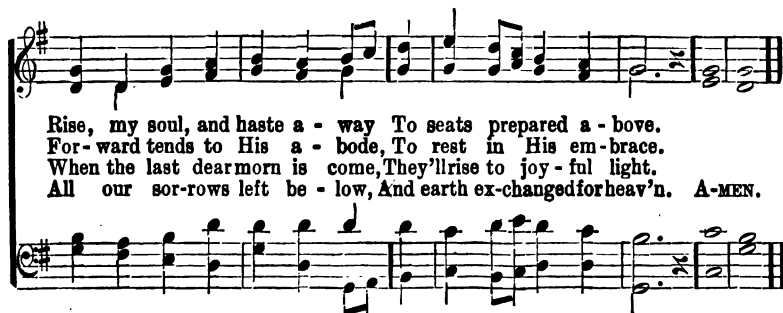
1. Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
 2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
 3. Fly me rich - es, fly me cares, Whilst I that coast ex - plore;
 4. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize;



Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heaven, thy na - tive place.
 Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
 Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares, So - lic - it me no more.
 Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn Tri - um - phant in the skies:



Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
 So my soul, de - rived from God, Pants to view His glo - ri - ous face,
 Pil - grims fix not here their home; Stran - gers tar - ry but a night;
 Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be given,

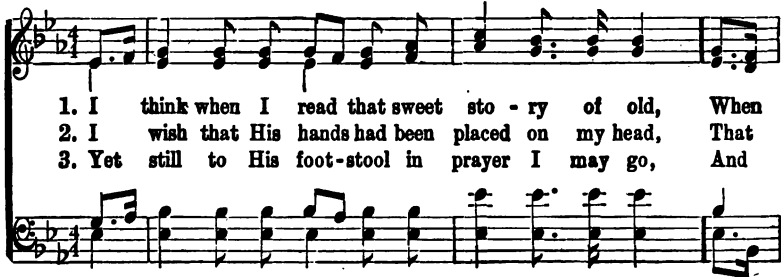


Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.
 For - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.
 When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joy - ful light.
 All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heav'n. A - MEN.

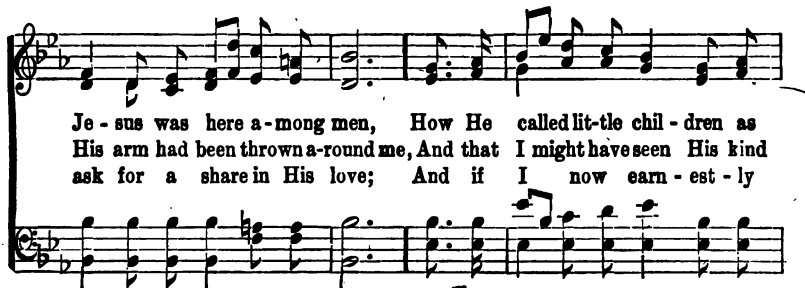
334 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE, 1841.

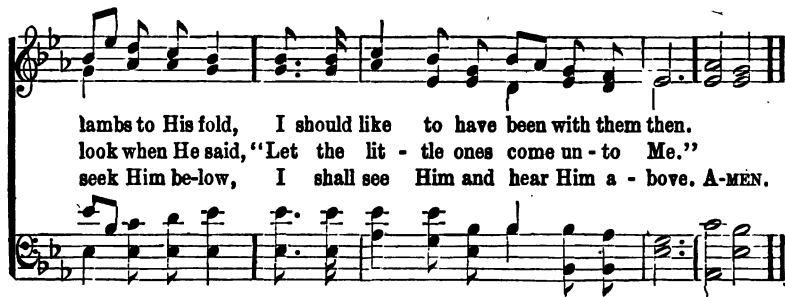
Arr. by WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1859.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That
 3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And



Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
 His arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
 ask for a share in His love; And if I now earn - est - ly



lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. A - MEN.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
 Never heard of that heavenly home;
 I should like them to know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.


6 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
 The sweetest and brightest and best,
 When the dear little children of every clime
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Whiter Than the Snow.



Psalm 51. C. M.

(IDANA)

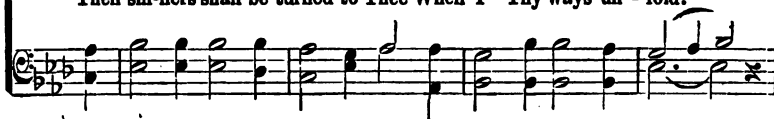
CHARLES H. GABRIEL.




1. O God, ac-cord-ing to Thy grace Be mer-ci-ful to me;
 2. O wash me whol-ly from my guilt And make me clean with-in;
 3. From out Thy pres-ence cast me not, Thy face no more to see;
 4. Re-store me Thy sal - va-tion's joy, My will-ing heart up - hold;

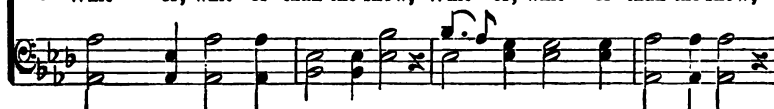

In Thine a-bounding love blot out All my in-iq - ui - ty.
 For my trans-gres-sions I con-fess, I ev - er see my sin.
 Thy Ho - ly Spir - it and His grace Take not a-way from me.
 Then sin-ners shall be turned to Thee When I Thy ways un - fold.



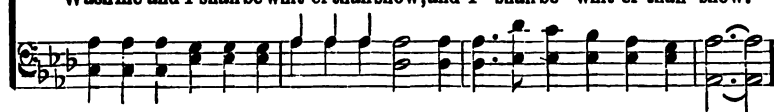
CHORUS.



Whit - er than the snow,.... Whit - er than the snow,....
 Whit - er, whit - er than the snow, Whit - er, whit - er than the snow,


Wash me wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 Wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow, and I shall be whit-er than snow.



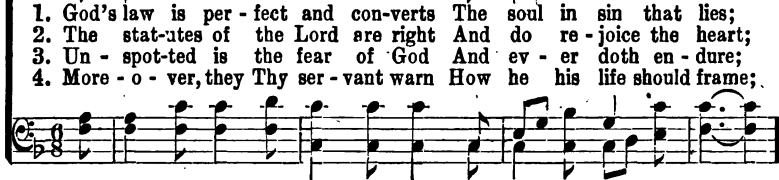

O How Love I Thy Law.

Psalm. 19. C. M.

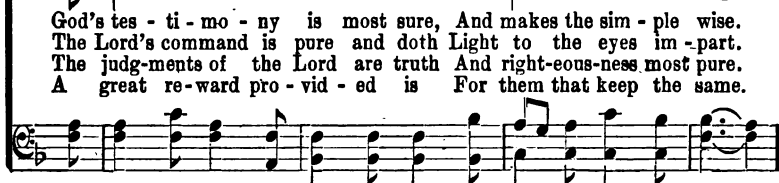
JAMES McGRANAHAN.




1. God's law is per - fect and con - verts The soul in sin that lies;
 2. The stat - utes of the Lord are right And do re - joice the heart;
 3. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God And ev - er doth en - dure;
 4. More - o - ver, they Thy ser - vant warn How he his life should frame;

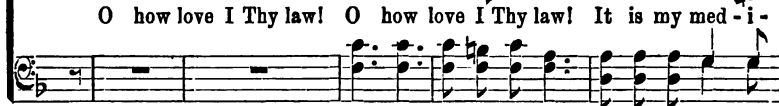
God's tes - ti - mo - ny is most sure, And makes the sim - ple wise.
 The Lord's command is pure and doth Light to the eyes im - part.
 The judg - ments of the Lord are truth And right - eous - ness most pure.
 A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.




CHORUS. (Psa. 119: 97, Prose Version.)



O how love I Thy law! O how love I Thy law! It is my med - i -

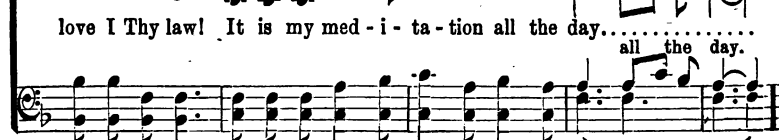



ta - tion all the day; O how love I Thy law! O how

love I Thy law! It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day.

all the day.

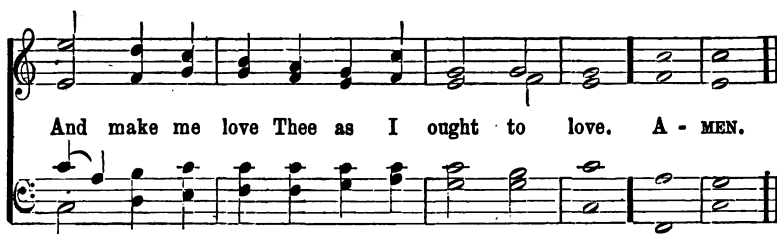
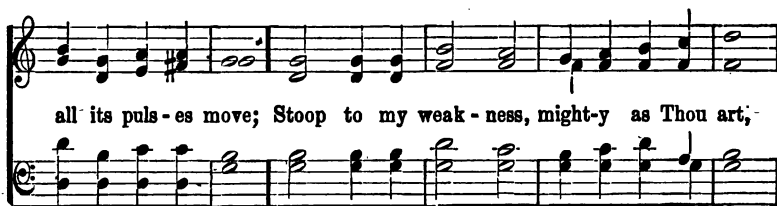


337 Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart.

MORECAMBE.

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

FREDERICK C. ATKINSON.



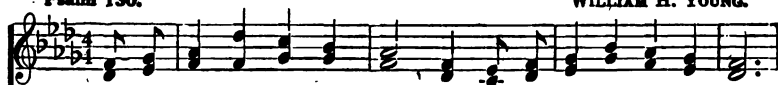
- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and, O let me find.
- 4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

338


Ever Waiting for the Lord.

Psalm 130.

WILLIAM H. YOUNG.




1. From the depths do I in - voke Thee; O Je - ho - vah, give an ear;
 2. Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgres - sions, Who before Thee, Lord, shall stand?
 3. For Je - ho - vah I am wait - ing, And my hope is in His word,
 4. For the Lord my soul is wait - ing, More than watchers in the night,




To my voice be Thou at - ten - tive And my sup - pli - cation hear.
 But with Thee there is for - give - ness That Thy name may fear command.
 In His word of prom - ise giv - en; Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.
 More than they for morn - ing watch - ing, Watch - ing for the morn - ing light.



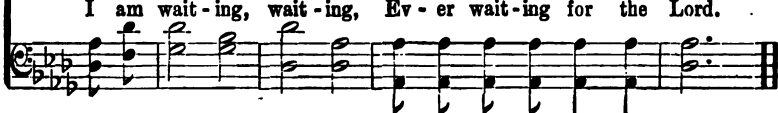
CHORUS.



I am wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait - ing, ev - er wait - ing for the Lord;

I am wait - ing, wait - ing, Ev - er wait - ing for the Lord.




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339


My Prayer.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. More ho - li - ness give me, More strivings with - in; More pa - tience in
 2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come; More free - dom from



My Prayer.

suf-f'ring, More sor-row for sin; More faith in my Sav-iour,
 glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,
 earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king-dom,
 More sense of His care; More joy in His serv-ice, More pur-pose in prayer.
 More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
 More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho - ly, More, Saviour, like Thee.

rit.

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340 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

JANE C. BONAR.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev-'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a-way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost in this
 4. Fare - well, mor-tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, e-

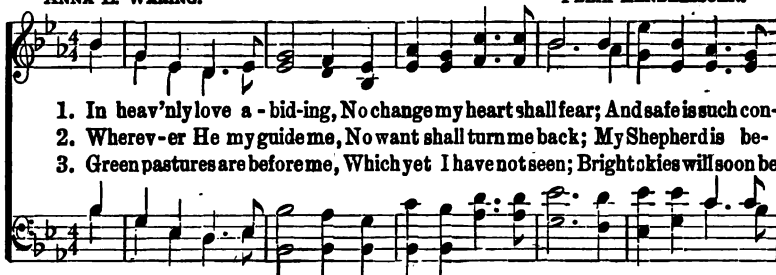
ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil-derness, Earth has no
 ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per-ish-ing things of clay Born but for
 dawn-ing bright; Je - sus is mine. All that my son has tried Left but a
 ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine. Welcome, O loved and blest Welcome, sweet

rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.
 one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine.
 dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine.
 scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast; Je - sus is mine. A - MEN.

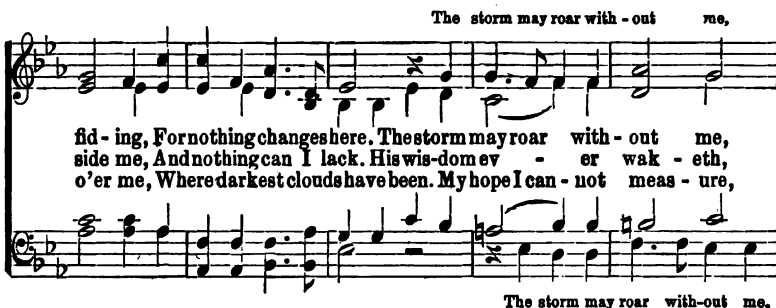
In Heavenly Love Abiding;

ANNA L. WARING.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

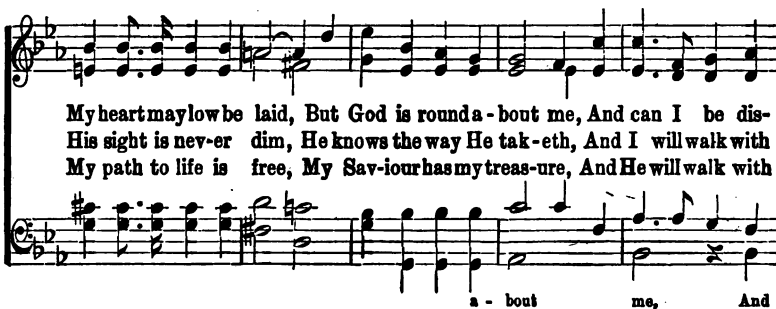


1. In heav'nly love a - bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-
 2. Wherev-er He my guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-
 3. Green pastures are before me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be



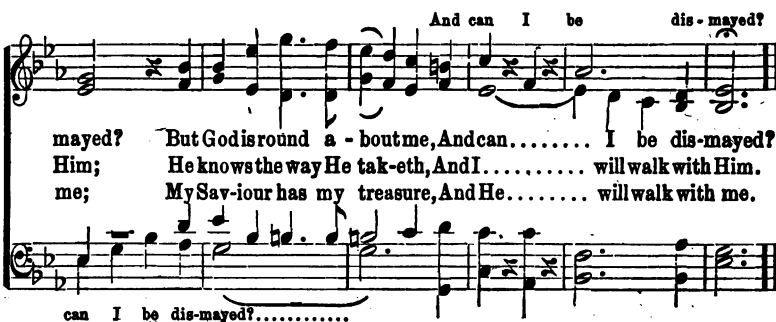
The storm may roar with - out me,
 fid-ing, For nothing changes here. The storm may roar with - out me,
 side me, And nothing can I lack. His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth,
 o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been. My hope I can - not meas - ure,

The storm may roar with-out me,



My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-
 His sight is nev-er dim, He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with
 My path to life is free, My Sav-iour has my treas-ure, And He will walk with

a - bout me, And




And can I be dis-mayed?
 mayed? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?
 Him; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with Him.
 me; My Sav-iour has my treasure, And He will walk with me.

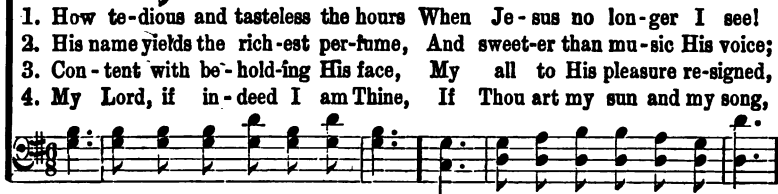

can I be dis-mayed?.....

JOHN NEWTON.

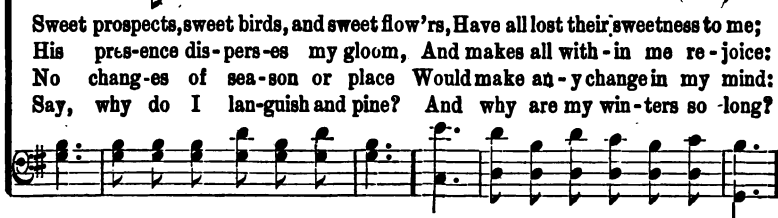
LEWIS EDSON.



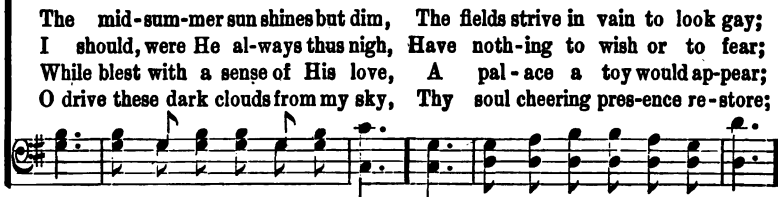

1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
 2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
 3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleasure re-signed,
 4. My Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,

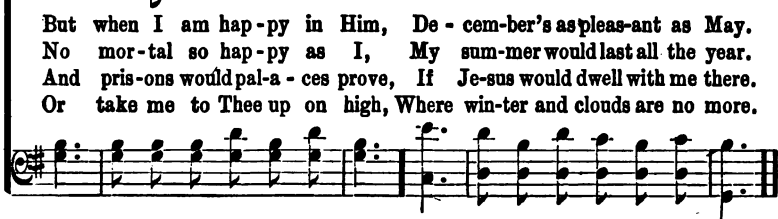
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
 His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice:
 No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:
 Say, why do I lan-guish and pine? And why are my win-ters so long?




The mid-sum-mers sunshines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
 While blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul cheering pres-ence re-store;

But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
 No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.
 And pris-ons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
 Or take me to Thee up on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more.



343

Jesus Loves Me.

ANNA WARNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tell me so;
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, When I'm sad or weak and ill;
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay, Close be - side me all the way,

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
 From His shin - ing throne on high, Come to watch me where I lie.
 If I love Him, by and by He will take me home on high.

CHORUS.

{ Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me; }
 { Yes, Je - sus loves me, (Omit.) } The Bi - ble tells me so.


344

Happy Land.

Old Melody.

1. { There is a hap - py land, Not far a - way, }
 { Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day; } O how they sweetly sing,
 2. { Bright in that hap - py land Beams ev - 'ry eye; }
 { Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die. } O then to glo - ry run,
 3. { Come to that happy land, Come, come a - way; }
 { Why will you doubting stand, Why still de - lay? } O we shall hap - py be

Happy Land.



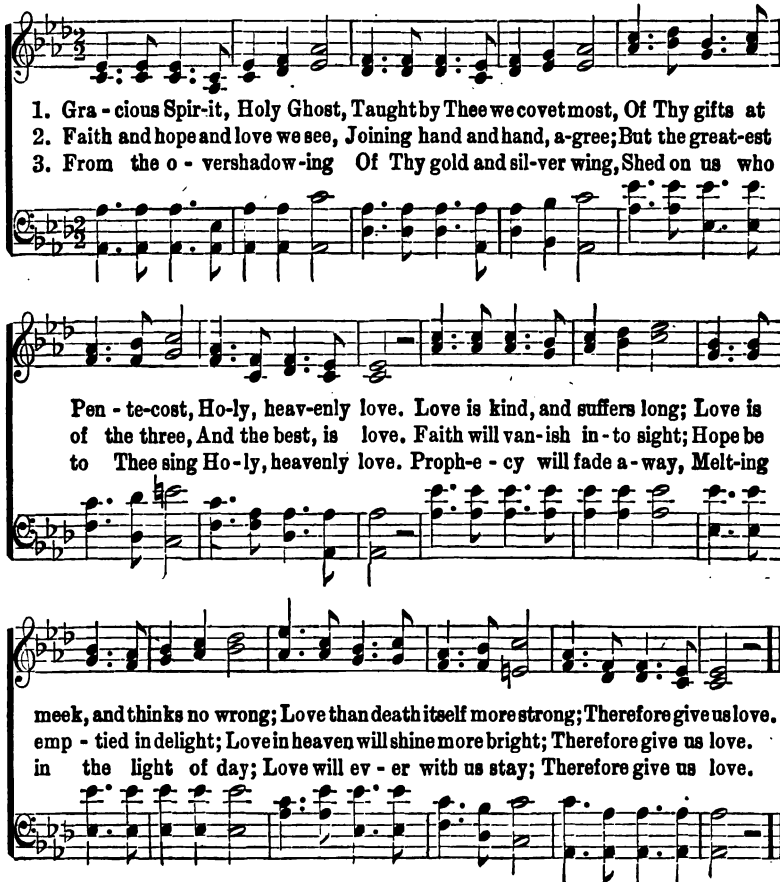
"Wor- thy is our Saviour King!" Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 Be a crown and kingdom won, And, bright a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
 When from sin and sor-row free; Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ever-more.

345

Therefore Give Us Love.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

TUNE: "SCOTS WHA' HAE."
 Arr. by J. B. T.



1. Gra - cious Spir-it, Holy Ghost, Taught by Thee we covet most, Of Thy gifts at
 2. Faith and hope and love we see, Joining hand and hand, a-gree; But the great-est
 3. From the o - vershadow-ing Of Thy gold and sil-ver wing, Shed on us who

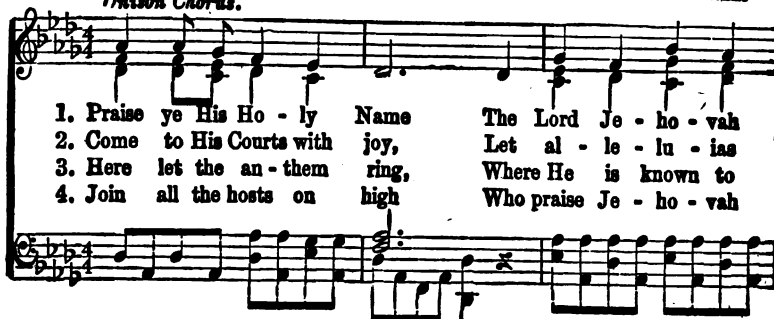
Pen - te-cost, Ho-ly, heav-enly love. Love is kind, and suffers long; Love is
 of the three, And the best, is love. Faith will van-ish in - to sight; Hope be
 to Thee sing Ho-ly, heavenly love. Proph-e - cy will fade a-way, Melt-ing

meek, and thinks no wrong; Love than death itself more strong; Therefore give us love.
 emp - tied in delight; Love in heaven will shine more bright; Therefore give us love.
 in the light of day; Love will ev - er with us stay; Therefore give us love.

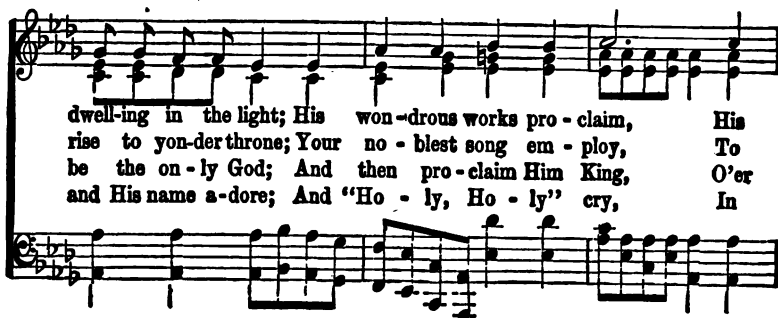
346 'Exalt and Praise His Holy Name.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.
Trio Chorus.

D. B. TOWNER.



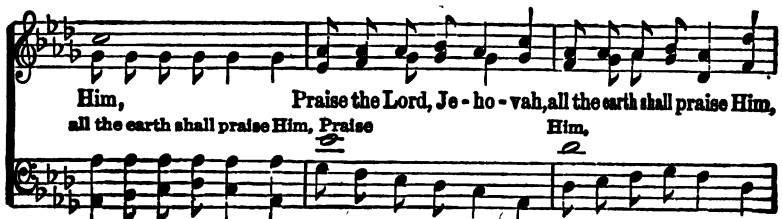
1. Praise ye His Ho - ly Name The Lord Je - ho - vah
2. Come to His Courts with joy, Let al - le - lu - ias
3. Here let the an - them ring, Where He is known to
4. Join all the hosts on high Who praise Je - ho - vah



dwelling in the light; His won-drous works pro-claim, His
rise to yon-der throne; Your no-blest song em-ploy, To
be the on-ly God; And then pro-claim Him King, O'er
and His name a-dore; And "Ho-ly, Ho-ly" cry, In



CHORUS.
wis-dom and His bound-less might... Praise
make His praise and glo-ry known...
all the wait-ing earth a-broad.... Praise the Lord Je-ho-vah.
sweet ac-cord for-ev-er-more....



Him, Praise the Lord, Je-ho-vah, all the earth shall praise Him,
all the earth shall praise Him, Praise Him,

Exalt and Praise His Holy Name.

Praise Him, O Sing His praise whose
An-gels and arch-an-gels praise Him in the high-est,

name is Love, Ex-alt and praise
praise Him ev-er glo-rious,

Him o-ver all vic-to-rious, Praise Him ev-er glo-rious,
Praise

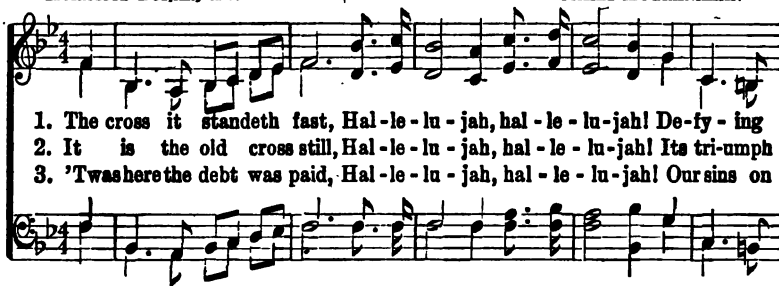
o-ver all vic-to-rious, Praise
Him, Let Him be ex-alt-ed!

Him, The King of kings who reigns a-bove.
Let Him be ex-alt-ed

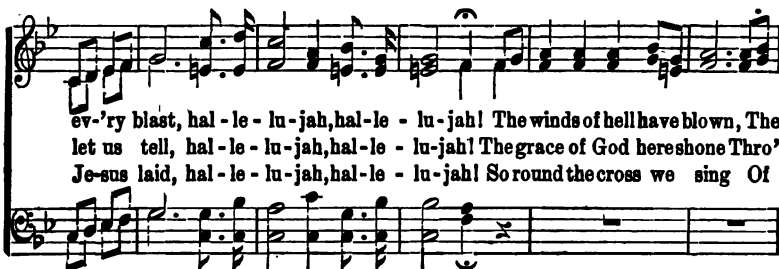
Hallelujah for the Cross!

HORATIUS BONAR, arr.

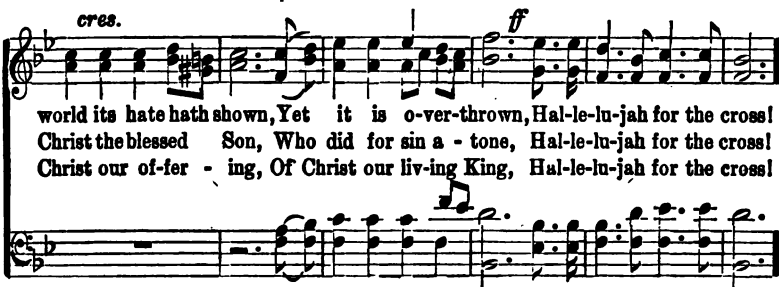
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. The cross it standeth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! De-ty-ing
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Its triumph
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Oursins on



ev-ry blast, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
 let us tell, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone Thro'
 Je-sus laid, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing Of

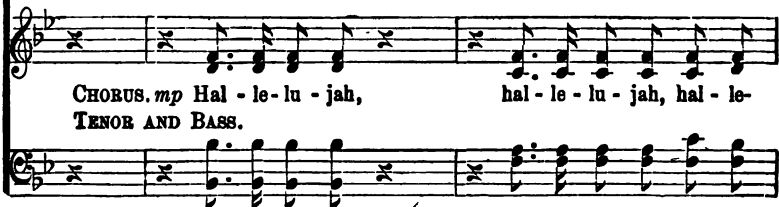


cres.
ff
 world its hate hath shown, Yet it is o-ver-thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Christ our of-fer - ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

SOLO. SOP. OR TEN. OF DUET.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
 SOPRANO AND ALTO.*



CHORUS. *mp* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
 TENOR AND BASS.

*If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, omitting the middle Staff.
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Hallelujah for the Cross!

lu - - - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah,
lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah,

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line with chords and eighth notes.

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss!
Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss!

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line with chords and eighth notes.

FULL CHORUS.

* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!

This system consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line with chords and eighth notes.

cres. *ff*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss!

This system consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line with chords and eighth notes.

*For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

J. B. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai - ly man-na still pro- vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

SELECTION I.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he arose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

SELECTION II.

The Ten Commandments. Exodus 20:1-17; Matthew. 22:37-40.

1 And God spake all these words, saying:

2 I *am* the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

3 Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

4 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of *any thing* that *is* in heaven above, or that *is* in the earth beneath, or that *is* in the water under the earth:

5 Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God *am* a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me:

6 And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

7 Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain: for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

8 Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

9 Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

10 But the seventh day *is* the sabbath of the LORD thy God: *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that *is* within thy gates:

11 For *in* six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the LORD blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

12 Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

13 Thou shalt not kill.

14 Thou shalt not commit adultery.

15 Thou shalt not steal.

16 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

17 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that *is* thy neighbour's.

* * * * *

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second *is* like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

SELECTION III.

Man's Lost Condition. John 3:1-17.

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh *is* flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit *is* spirit.

7 Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

8 The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

9 Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?

10 Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?

11 Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness.

12 If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?

13 And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, *even* the Son of man which is in heaven.

14 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

15 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

16 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoso-

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ever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

17 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

SELECTION IV.

Christ's Atonement. Isaiah 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, *there is* no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were *our* faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he *was* wounded for our transgressions, *he was* bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace *was* upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

8 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

9 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither *was any* deceit in his mouth.

10 Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him; he hath put *him* to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see *his* seed, he shall prolong *his* days, and the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide him *a* portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors: and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION V.

A Divine Exhortation. Ezek. 18:20-32.

20 The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the

father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him.

21 But if the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

22 All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him: in his righteousness that he hath done he shall live.

23 Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God: and not that he should return from his ways, and live?

24 ¶ But when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and doeth according to all the abominations that the wicked *man* doeth, shall he live? All his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned: in his trespass that he hath transgressed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die.

25 ¶ Yet ye say, The way of the LORD is not equal. Hear now, O house of Israel; Is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?

26 When a righteous *man* turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and dieth in them: for his iniquity that he hath done shall he die.

27 Again, when the wicked *man* turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.

28 Because he considereth, and turneth away from all his transgressions that he hath committed, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

29 Yet saith the house of Israel, The way of the LORD is not equal. O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal?

30 Therefore I will judge you, O house of Israel, every one according to his ways, saith the Lord God. Repent, and turn *yourselves* from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.

31 ¶ Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

32 For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn *yourselves*, and live ye.

SELECTION VI.

A Divine Warning. Prov. 1:20-33.

20 Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets.

21 She crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, *saying*,

22 How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?

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23 Turn you at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you.

24 Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded;

25 But ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof:

26 I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh;

27 When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you.

28 Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me:

29 For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the LORD:

30 They would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof.

31 Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way and be filled with their own devices.

32 For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them.

33 But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

SELECTION VII.

Penitence. Psalm 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done *this* evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden *part* thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness: *that* the bones *which* thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me *with thy* free Spirit.

13 *Then* will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: *and* my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O LORD, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God *are* a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shall thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

SELECTION VIII.

The Divine Invitation. Isaiah 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for *that which is* not bread? and your labour for *that which* satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye *that which is* good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, *even* the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him *for* a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations *that* knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 For my thoughts *are* not your thoughts, neither *are* your ways my ways, saith the LORD.

9 For *as* the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish *that which* I please, and it shall prosper *in the thing* whereto I sent it.

12 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and

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the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

SELECTION IX.

The Way of Pardon and Peace. Psalm 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledge my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

9 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

10 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked; but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

11 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

SELECTION X.

The Means and Message of Salvation. Romans 10:4-17.

4 Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth.

5 For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doeth those things shall live by them.

6 But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:)

7 Or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.)

8 But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy

heart; that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

9 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

10 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

11 For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

12 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

13 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

14 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

15 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

16 But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

17 So then faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God.

SELECTION XI.

Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. John 14:15-26.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

16 And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;

17 Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

18 I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

19 Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.

20 At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me and I in you.

21 He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved by my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

22 Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?

23 Jesus answered and saith unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

24 He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me.

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25 These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you.

26 But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

SELECTION XII.

Thanksgiving for Mercies. Psalm 116.

1 I love the LORD, because he hath heard my voice *and* my supplications.

2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon *him* as long as I live.

3 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

4 Then called I upon the name of the LORD; O LORD, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

5 Gracious *is* the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God *is* merciful.

6 The LORD preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

7 Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.

8 For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, *and* my feet from falling.

9 I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

10 I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted:

11 I said in my haste, All men *are* liars.

12 What shall I render unto the LORD for all his benefits toward me?

13 I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the LORD.

14 I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people.

15 Precious in the sight of the LORD *is* the death of his saints.

16 O LORD, truly I *am* thy servant; I *am* thy servant, *and* the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

17 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the LORD.

18 I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people,

19 In the courts of the LORD's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION XIII.

Security and Assurance. Romans 8:28-39.

28 And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them, who are the called according to his purpose.

29 For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the

image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren.

30 Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified them he also glorified.

31 What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us who can be against us?

32 He that spared not his own Son but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

33 Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth.

34 Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

35 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

36 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

37 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

38 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

39 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

SELECTION XIV.

The Word of God. Psalm 19.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth *is* from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the LORD *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the LORD *are* right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the LORD *is* pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the LORD *is* clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired *are* they than gold, yea than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

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11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12 Who can understand *his* errors? cleanse thou me from secret *faults*.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins*; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

SELECTION XV.

The Chaff and the Wheat. Jer. 23:16-29.

16 Thus saith the LORD of hosts, Hearken not unto the words of the prophets that prophesy unto you; they make you vain: they speak a vision of their own heart, *and* not out of the mouth of the LORD.

17 They say still unto them that despise me, The LORD hath said, Ye shall have peace; and they say unto every one that walketh after the imagination of his own heart, No evil shall come upon you.

18 For who hath stood in the counsel of the LORD, and hath perceived and heard his word? who hath marked his word, and heard *it*?

19 Behold, a whirlwind of the LORD is gone forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind: it shall fall grievously upon the head of the wicked.

20 The anger of the LORD shall not return, until he have executed, and till he have performed the thoughts of his heart: in the latter days ye shall consider it perfectly.

21 I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran: I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied.

22 But if they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings.

23 *Am* I a God at hand, saith the LORD, and not a God afar off?

24 Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the LORD. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the LORD.

25 I have heard what the prophets said, that prophesy lies in my name, saying, I have dreamed, I have dreamed.

26 How long shall *this* be in the heart of the prophets that prophesy lies? yea, *they* are prophets of the deceit of their own heart;

27 Which think to cause my people to forget my name by their dreams, which they tell every man to his neighbour, as their fathers have forgotten my name for Baal.

28 The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully.

What *is* the chaff to the wheat? saith the LORD.

29 *Is* not my word like as a fire? saith the LORD; and like a hammer *that* breaketh the rock in pieces?

SELECTION XVI.

Christ Teaching to Pray. Luke 11:1-13

1 And it came to pass, that, as he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.

2 And he said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.

3 Give us day by day our daily bread.

4 And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

5 And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves;

6 For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him?

7 And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

8 I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many *as* he needeth.

9 And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

10 For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

11 If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

12 Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

13 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

SELECTION XVII.

Union with Christ. John 15:1-11.

1 I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every *branch* that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3 Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except

it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye *are* the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast *them* into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

9 As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and *that* your joy might be full.

SELECTION XVIII.

Love. I Cor. 13:1-13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have *the gift of* prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Love suffereth long, *and* is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Love never falleth: but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall fail: whether *they be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these *is* love.

SELECTION XIX.

Christian Giving. 2 Cor. 8:9-15; 9:6-11.

9 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

10 And herein I give my advice: for this is expedient for you, who have begun before, not only to do, but also to be forward a year ago.

11 Now therefore perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have.

12 For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

13 For I mean not that other men be eased, and ye burdened:

14 But by an equality, that now at this time your abundance may be a supply for their want, that their abundance also may be a supply for your want: that there may be equality:

15 As it is written, He that had gathered much had nothing over; and he that had gathered little had no lack.

6 But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

7 Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

8 And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:

9 (As it is written, He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth for ever.

10 Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness;

11 Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.

SELECTION XX.

Personal Evangelism. Acts 8:26-40.

26 And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert.

27 And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of

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the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship,

28 Was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the prophet.

29 Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot.

30 And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readeest?

31 And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him.

32 The place of the Scripture which he read was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth:

33 In his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth.

34 And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?

35 Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus.

36 And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?

37 And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.

38 And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing.

40 But Philip was found at Azotus: and passing through he preached in all the cities, till he came to Caesarea.

20 And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

21 His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

22 He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

23 His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

24 Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed:

25 And I was afraid, and went and hid my talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

26 His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gathered where I have not strewed:

27 Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

28 Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.

29 For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

30 And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

SELECTION XXI.

Service and Reward. Matt. 25:14-30.

14 For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.

15 And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

16 Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.

17 And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two.

18 But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

19 After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

SELECTION XXII.

Trust for Daily Needs. Matt. 6:19-34.

19 Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

20 But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

21 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

22 The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

23 But if thine eye shall be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

24 No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and

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despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

25 Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

26 Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

27 Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

28 And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

29 And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

30 Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, *shall he* not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith?

31 Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

32 (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

33 But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

34 Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day *is* the evil thereof.

SELECTION XXIII.

Trust in Face of Trial. Psalm
37:1-9; 23:28.

1 Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake

wrath: fret not thyself 'in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the LORD, they shall inherit the earth.

* * * * *

23 The steps of a *good* man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way.

24 Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the LORD upholdeth *him* with his hand.

25 I have been young, and *now* am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

26 *He* is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed *is* blessed.

27 Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

28 For the LORD loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

SELECTION XXIV.

The Providence of God. Psalm
139:1-14; 17, 18, 23, 24.

1 O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known *me*.

2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.

3 Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted *with* all my ways.

4 For *there is* not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O LORD, thou knowest it altogether.

5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

6 *Such* knowledge *is* too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot *attain* unto it.

7 Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou *art* there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou *art there*.

9 *If* I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

10 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light *are* both alike *to thee*.

13 For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

14 I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous *are* thy works; and *that* my soul knoweth right well.

* * * * *

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17 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

18 *If* I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

* * * * *

23 Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

24 And see if *there be any* wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION XXV.

The Second Coming of Christ.
John 14:1-3; I Thes. 4:13-18;
5:1-11.

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it *were* not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there ye* may be also.

* * * * *

13 But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

14 For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

15 For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive *and* remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

16 For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

17 Then we which are alive *and* remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

18 Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

* * * * *

1 But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you.

2 For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.

3 For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child: and they shall not escape.

4 But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.

5 Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness.

6 Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober.

7 For they that sleep sleep in the night; and they that be drunken are drunken in the night.

8 But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation.

9 For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ,

10 Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.

11 Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do.

SELECTION XXVI.

Heaven. Rev. 7:9-17.

9 After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

10 And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

11 And all the angels stood round about the throne, and *about* the elders and the living creatures, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God.

12 Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, *be* unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

13 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

14 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

15 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

16 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

17 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

SELECTION XXVII.

Christ's Future Reign. Psalm
72:1-19.

1 Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

2 He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

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3 The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

4 He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

5 They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

6 He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers *that* water the earth.

7 In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

8 He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

10 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

11 Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

12 For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and *him* that hath no helper.

13 He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

14 He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

15 And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

16 There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and *they* of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

17 His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and *men* shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed.

18 Blessed *be* the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

19 And blessed *be* his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled *with* his glory. Amen, and Amen.

SELECTION XXVIII.

National Holidays. Deut. 8.

1 All the commandments which I command thee this day shall ye observe to do, that ye may live, and multiply, and go in and possess the land which the LORD sware unto your fathers.

2 And thou shalt remember all the way which the LORD thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what *was* in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments, or no.

3 And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy

fathers know; that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every *word* that proceedeth out of the mouth of the LORD doth man live.

4 Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell, these forty years.

5 Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the LORD thy God chasteneth thee.

6 Therefore thou shalt keep the commandments of the LORD thy God, to walk in his ways, and to fear him.

7 For the LORD thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills;

8 A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey;

9 A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any *thing* in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

10 When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the LORD thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.

11 Beware that thou forget not the LORD thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes, which I command thee this day:

12 Lest *when* thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt *therein*;

13 And *when* thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied.

14 Then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the LORD thy God, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage;

15 Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, *wherein were* fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where *there was* no water; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint;

16 Who fed thee in the wilderness with manna, which thy fathers knew not, that he might humble thee, and that he might prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end;

17 And thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of *mine* hand hath gotten me this wealth.

18 But thou shalt remember the LORD thy God: for *it is* he that giveth thee power to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant which he sware unto thy fathers, as *it is* this day.

19 And it shall be, if thou do at all forget the LORD thy God, and walk after other gods, and serve them, and worship them, I testify against you this day that ye shall surely perish.

20 As the nations which the LORD destroyeth before your face, so shall ye perish; because ye would not be obedient unto the voice of the LORD your God.

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282 From Greenland's icy mountains
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